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UNCLE SAM
AND HIS COUNTRY
OR
SKETCHES OF AMERICA

ALFRED FAIRPOINT.

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Kofoid

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UNCLE SAM AND HIS COUNTRY.

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UNCLE SAM

AND HIS COUNTRY;

OR,

SKETCHES OF AMERICA,

IN 1854-55-56.

BY

ALFRED PAIRPOINT.

"Go, little book; from this my solitude
I cast thee on the waters—Go thy ways,
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good!
The world will find thee after many days."—SOUTHEY.

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DEDICATION.

Inscribed, by permission, to His Excellency,

THE HONOURABLE

GEORGE M. DALLAS, ESQ.,

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

SIR,

To you, as the Representative of the American Nation, the following Work is respectfully dedicated. Did it possess twenty times the ability it does, I should be only too proud to place it under your protection. None can know better than yourself the great advantages which must accrue from a reciprocity of good feeling between the twin countries—England and America.

Happily the prejudice which existed is rapidly fading away, the dawn of brighter days of mutual understanding is now appearing—and with the view of aiding in this "consummation, so devoutly to be wished," I have endeavoured to be faithful to the subject I have under-

taken, and to illustrate the great fact, that "UNCLE SAM AND HIS COUNTRY" are not so bad as prejudice would paint them.

As an Englishman, who, when a stranger and a traveller on American soil, received many acts of kindness from its people, I would not be so ungrateful but to remember, with very lively feelings of gratitude, their hospitality and friendship to me; and, therefore, cannot return it in a more appropriate manner than in dedicating a Work, treating of them and their country, to the distinguished gentleman who is now dwelling amongst us as the Representative of that Great Nation.

THE AUTHOR.

THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS READER.

PROBABLY, in glancing over these pages, you will be induced to ask who is *Uncle Sam?* And those readers who are unacquainted with the *sobrique*, as applied to the American Nation, I would inform, that *Uncle Sam* is not one person, but the name given when speaking of the American people generally—in the same-wise as *John Bull* is applied to *England*, and the *Britishers* universally. Having, during my residence in the *New World*, opportunities of gathering varied information relative to the United States and the Canadas, during the years 1854-5-6—in committing them to paper, I have ever had but one object in view, viz.:—that of speaking the truth. And, indeed, in this particular age, when so much is said for and against the Americans, and their Country, it behoves him (let he be whom he may) to deal

with the incidents of a Nation's manners, habits, or customs (whether peculiar or not) with an impartial pen; and with such views I have treated of this large Continent, and influential people, as I really found them; and it is with all sincerity when I say,—speed the time when the jealousies of countries shall divide us no more. Having, therefore, come before the world, I submit my work to the reader's notice, and claim his fullest indulgence, hoping that the various descriptive scenes of American life, their institutions, commerce, and progress, interspersed with anecdotes relative to passing adventures, which occur to travellers in their different phases, I shall not be presuming, when I trust that by endeavouring to unite amusement with instruction, to be the means of beguiling the tedium of a passing hour. This being my first essay in the literary world, as such I leave it to a lenient Public, who, I have no doubt, will receive it with its manifold imperfections.

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UNCLE SAM AND HIS COUNTRY.

PART I.

I.—OUTWARD BOUND—THE PACKET-SHIP.

> How sweetly the voice of affection can heal
> All the wounds that the spirit is destined to feel!
> But who can assuage the dark woes of the heart,
> When the fiat of destiny calls us to part?

ON a cold and foggy November day, a large American packet-ship of some 2,000 tons burden was gliding down the grey waters of Old Father Thames, bound for New York, and tugged by a little grimy-looking steamer —yclept the *Dragon*. The passengers had taken a last farewell of their friends on shore, and many a prayer had gone up to Heaven for a safe voyage and future success;—nor were there wanting those who were painfully conscious that from the friends they had just left, they were perhaps to be separated for ever. Speedily passed we down the Channel with a fair wind, sighted the Isle of Wight, and brushed by *Land's End*, the last portion of British soil we should see for a time, if, indeed, we ever returned at all.

The first few nights at sea are extremely bewildering to the novice. Placed in a narrow berth, rocked from side to side, and half-dead with the nausea and langour of sea-sickness, he cannot help viewing all around him in a gloomy aspect;—nor is he much comforted by the officious kindness of the steward or stewardess, who walks actively about, serving now one—now another of the suffering passengers with chicken-broth, tea, or some other mess suitable for the occasion. The company, too, is very miscellaneous, divided by pride into many classes;—for the first-cabin passenger would deem it beneath his dignity to converse with him in the second, and he again with the more humble one in the steerage:—nor is it till they severally become tired of their own set, that the wealthier will condescend to speak to those who pay a lower rate for their passage, though all of them are equally at the mercy of the waves and separated from the yawning ocean only by a few thin planks. In fact, nowhere is pride more predominant than on board of packet-ships or steamers, where those of humble circumstances, travelling according to their means, are too often treated with a sort of contemptuous pity, quite disgusting to men of sense and good feeling. In saying this, we have no wish to cast a slur on those who travel luxuriously; but the contempt of the rich sea-travellers towards the poor is so general and so marked a feeling, that we deem it nothing less than a duty to expose it. A five-weeks' sea-voyage is of course some-

what monotonous; though, if the various passengers choose to be pleasant and sociable, there is always some amusement at hand to vary the scene. Eating and drinking though seem to be the leading occupation of the live-long day:—no sooner is breakfast over than dinner is in preparation, nor dinner than tea, and so on, not to speak of the sundry biscuits and bottles of stout, ales, &c. swallowed by the more ravenous between the different meals. As for the first-cabin dinners on board these packet-ships, they are most luxuriously provided with soups, poultry, pies, and sweets, besides joints of fresh meat;—and every variety of choice viands that the most fastidious epicure could desire. How *some* of the passengers avail themselves of the good fare provided—will appear from the following anecdote of *a lady without an appetite.* An old lady—a chief-cabin passenger—was continually remarking to those about her, how much she regretted that she could not enjoy her food, and repeatedly alleged that she was so weak, she "could not eat a morsel;" which, coming from her, was a supremely ridiculous assertion, as this delicate valetudinarian was the universal topic of conversation on account of her gormandising propensities. I have often seen her partake of almost every dish in the successive courses at dinner, eating at such a rate that tears of perspiration would stream down her face from the exertion, and ending all by retiring, *ill*, from the table!

Of the stewards and waiters on board these ships I can say little in praise; for they are mostly coloured

men, and like that class, when out of sight of the superior officers, full of the most offensive assurance and impudence. I could mention many instances illustrative of this:—one will suffice. On a rather stormy day, as we were about to sit down to dinner in the state-cabin, the vessel was pitching so uncomfortably as to make it difficult for the passengers to keep their legs. Several, and among them three or four ladies, rather qualmish, were staggering and reeling to and fro, clutching at any thing that offered, in order to get to their seats at table. This, of course, furnished matter for inextinguishable fun and laughter to the saucy niggers, who forthwith proceeded to tumble about in the same manner, mimicing the poor passengers' sufferings to the very life, for the amusement of their grinning companions. When the captain, however, came in to take his accustomed seat at the head of the table, these shameless mockers were as grave, attentive, and polite, as if they had been serving at the ordinary of a first-rate boarding-house. Now it is the interest of every captain that his passengers should be comfortable and treated with respect;—and the best thing that could be done is to make it understood among the passengers, that all complaints of impertinent behaviour shall be at once redressed by admonition or punishment of the culprit. As for the crew, we of course had, as passengers, little to do with them;—but I remarked that, so far from being the jolly, good-tempered sort of fellows that landsmen suppose sailors at

sea—those on the vessel, at least that I sailed in, were crabbed, morose, and ever discontented either with the ship, the wind, the weather, the officers, or their provisions. I am bound to say, however, that the apparently tyrannical conduct, bad usage, and disgusting oaths they encountered from their superiors in office were enough to make any set of men gloomy and discontented; and should they resist, irons, and the cat, would be their inevitable doom as mutineers. I believe that on board the ocean-steamers, *Jack* meets with far better treatment; but in the ship I sailed, there could not well have been a more surly, quarrelsome, blasphemous crew—very poor representatives, methought, of those jolly tars who hazard the dangers of the seas, or are represented in novels, and by nautical heroes on the stage.

The chief amusement among the passengers are backgammon, cards, novel-reading—most vessels having a small library of light literature—conversation, and sometimes editing a newspaper. Among the ladies, scandal is a never-failing topic, and I fear many of the gentlemen are by no means disinclined to a little genteel slandering of their neighbours. In fine weather, too, when the deck can be promenaded, most are out walking on the poop, or playing at shuffleboard, a game in which a flat piece of wood is thrown into certain squares chalked and numbered on the deck. With all these appliances, however, life on board a packet-ship would be dull enough, were it not for a few passing

incidents, such as seeing a stray whale, a gambolling porpoise, or a strange sail. In the last case all eyes are directed towards it, and numerous are the speculations concerning the same. Then up go the signal-flags, which anon are answered; and when the signal-book has been consulted, the captain or mate will tell his passengers the name, destination, and other particulars of the passing sail. It sometimes happens, however, that during the whole voyage not a single ship appears in sight, and nothing presents itself to the view but sky and water,—the vessel seeming all the time to be the centre of a circular lake bounded only by the horizon. Beautiful, too, is the ocean on a calm day, when the ship glides gently before the wind, and the sun's rays make the liquid expanse sparkle like a thousand diamonds. Such a scene as this, methinks, realises the poet's description:—

> How calm, how beautiful comes on
> The stilly hour, when storms are gone,—
> When warring winds have died away
> And clouds beneath the dancing ray
> Melt off and leave the sparkling sea
> Fresh as if day again were born
> Again upon the lap of morn.—MOORE.

We were fortunate in having fine weather every Sunday during our voyage. On such occasions, after the necessary work of the ship has been done, the sailors are allowed a few hours' rest; and in many of the packet-ships, Bibles, Testaments, and Tracts are distributed through the vessel,—a practice likely to produce much moral benefit,—as the coarse, unthinking,

or profane man is more apt here than on shore to be struck by the lessons unfolded in the Inspired Volume. A ship, freighted with people, somewhat resembles, methinks, a human heart,—being a congeries of conflicting passions—good and evil, pleasurable and painful; and were the characters and feelings of the confused mass duly dissected, strange indeed would be the exhibition of hopes blasted, suffering unheeded, guilt and crime as yet unpunished!

Numerous are the intentions entertained by the many passengers an board a packet-ship on their way to a new country, nor can an observer fail to be amused at hearing of the plans arranged for their future operations on their arrival at New York. One party, for instance, are going into the interior as agriculturists,—another have resolved to practice the trades that formed their occupation in their native land, their imagination running high as to their chances of future success, and all looking exclusively at the sunny side of the picture. One feature, however, is almost universal—namely, that they have undertaken the voyage against the consent of their relations, and that their friends are mostly in respectable circumstances, who would be shocked to know that they had gone out as second or third-class passengers (although in most instances these very friends had engaged and paid for their berths). Yet such is their boasting talk,—an act of useless folly in itself, which raises in the listener a derisive smile, and causes the speaker to lose that very respect which

he is so morbidly anxious to gain. Outside show, they fancy, commands homage, and no matter what their means may be, their imagination is that if they travel as poor persons, they will be treated as such.

No landsman, who has only seen a ship lying quietly at anchor, can imagine how the sea could possibly raise a large vessel of several hundred tons up and down like a tiny boat; but so it is, and one cannot without astonishment and awe behold the huge craft now borne upwards on a monster wave and anon descending into the trough of the sea, while the waves all around are lashing their fury as if they would burst through the very planks of which it is composed. An October gale on the Atlantic is indeed a fearful sight, and it usually lasts many hours, during which the hoarse cries of the excited officers, intermingled with oaths—which some seem to think indispensable to awaken and sustain the energies of the crew—the shouting of the sailors, as they hurry from one rope to another, the howling of the wind through the cordage, and the occasional flapping of the sails, all combine to paralyse and bewilder a novice who is making his first sea-voyage. As night approaches, too, he is apt to take a glance at the trail of the ship, and sometimes saddening thoughts will arise, whether he shall ever again behold those from whom he has been parted, until at last the eye moistens with melancholy reveries and he is glad to retire to his cabin and there forget, if possible, his anxious thoughts and gloomy forebodings.

The gale, perhaps, has lulled a little, though it is still tempestuous; and as he turns first on this side, then on that, in his narrow bed, with the chance of being thrown out altogether, he begins to wish he had never left his friends on *terra firma* to encounter the perils of the deep.

One night, I remember, when the vessel gave a sudden lurch, I was hurled from my berth down on to the cabin-floor, and slightly bruised; but as I had no inclination for a repetition, instead of returning to my bed, I lay partially dressed on the floor. In the morning all was confusion; the steerage-passengers' provision-chest had been upset and broken, some having lost all their eggs by breakage, or suffered similar disasters, and the ship's carpenter had plenty of business for days in repairing the damage, and again securing the chests and boxes.

The gale had somewhat abated, as six or seven of the cabin-passengers, myself among the rest, with the surgeon of the vessel, were quietly talking in the saloon, when a mighty wave struck the ship with such tremendous force that we all fell. The cordage that held the seats broke, and we were precipitated pell-mell over each other. One lady had a child in her arms, which a gentleman near her tried to save, but without success. As soon as we recovered from the shock, we assisted the ladies to rise, and all were quickly upright again, as before; but this little mishap served as a subject of merriment for many a day afterwards. When the captain saw us, soon after the accident, he

asked if we wanted to dash out our brains; but when it was explained that the lashings of the seat had given way, he heartily joined in the laugh.

Towards the close of the voyage, the passengers were constantly talking of seeing LAND soon, and imagining all kinds of suppositions. If we asked the captain or the mates, however, we could rarely get a definite answer; for up to the very last they seemed to delight in keeping us in a state of uncertainty. While passing the foggy banks of Newfoundland, amid a constant mizzling of rain, our ears were saluted every minute by the dreary ringing of a large bell, as a signal to prevent collision with other vessels; but I must do the captain and his crew justice by remarking, that the utmost vigilance was maintained throughout—there being five men constantly on the look-out, one on the forecastle, and one in each of the four boats that hung on the ship's side, all of them literally drenched to the skin during the two hours of their watch, and looking like spectres in the twilight, as they anxiously peered through the fog. This part of the voyage to America, indeed, is the most dangerous of all, as regards the chance of collisions, and when that inhospitable coast is passed, all become easier in their minds, assured that the worst is over.

One amusing incident happened during the voyage, which I may here relate. An Irishman had for some days employed his optics for no other purpose than casting admiring glances on the fair form of a first-

cabin lady passenger:—in fact, the fellow seemed perfectly bewitched, and whenever the lady appeared on deck, his eyes followed her. It so happened, however, that the gallant Hibernian had a partner in the shape of a wife, in whom was soon aroused that green-eyed monster—jealousy. On seeing his faithlessness, she gave a discordant howl, and then sent forth a volley of abuse on her passive and astonished spouse—intimating to the bystanders that he—the unloyal wight—was keeping his fine ladies in the best cabin, while she—poor suffering wife—was compelled to put up with the meanest fare and lodgment. At last, her rage was no longer confined to words, but vented itself in a liberal display of physical force; for she struck him several blows in the face, and then retired in high dudgeon from the deck to her domicile below. This, and similar amusing occurrences, served in some measure to relieve the tedium inseparable from a long sea-voyage, which is often so tiresome as sorely to try the tempers of so many individuals thrown together for several weeks, and from whose society there is no possibility of escape till reaching the termination of the passage. . . . But enough of this—as Byron has it:—

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;—
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind,
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall, and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land; and all is well.

It was indeed a jocund morn, when a seaboy, from the masthead, shouted *land-ho;*—and never shall I forget the animation that lighted up each countenance. Yet it seemed only like a vapour rising out of the sea; that was enough. It was the land of Long Island (called by the early Dutch settlers Staten Island). At last, after sailing several hours, a dashing pilot-boat came alongside, out of which sprang an American pilot with his carpet-bag—a sure sign that we might expect to remain a night or two more at sea. After shaking hands with our captain, and handing about some New York papers, he immediately proceeded to take charge of the vessel; and as he walked up and down the deck, we could get a good survey of the new arrival. He looked quite different from an English river-pilot; for instead of wearing the careless, nautical costume that we are accustomed to see in our own country, this New Yorker seemed more like the proprietor of a wholesale store—dressed, as he was, in black trousers, a light grey coat, and black velvet-napped hat, which certainly made him appear more as a landsman than a navigator of the deep. Very shortly, however, we had an opportunity of judging of his seamanship; and truly he did his work in a systematic, sailor-like style, which made good the old adage, that the "clothes do not always make the man."

We had now reached Sandy Hook, about twenty miles from New York,—whence, by the aid of a tug-steamer, we made our way in a few hours to the Quarantine

Station, opposite Staten Island. The scenery of this Island is very pretty, and the sight of the cleanly kept gravel walks between the gardens, the passing and repassing of pedestrians and vehicles of all descriptions was quite refreshing to our eyes, after having been cooped-up five weeks in a ship out of sight of land. As soon as the vessel anchored, I left her in the tug-boat with the captain and other cabin-passengers for New York.

II.—NEW YORK AND ITS LIONS.

New York (the population of which, in 1850, amounted to upwards of half-a-million of persons) is situated on Manhatten Island, at the confluence of the Hudson and East Rivers, and has a harbour of much easier access than that of Boston, and exceedingly spacious—said to be sufficient to accommodate the combined navies of the world. It was with curious sensations that I first set foot on American soil, at the wharf close to the battery;—but as we arrived without the great bulk of the passengers, were saved much of the annoyance that is generally experienced from the legions of idlers, runners, porters, and the like, who frequent the landings, and are eager to prey on the unwary with their swindlings and extortions.

I was fairly bewildered, as I emerged from the mass of people that pressed along the lower end of the Broadway, jolted and hustled as I was, of the living stream around me, as well as by the vast numbers of huge, showily painted omnibuses, carriages and cabs, carts, trucks, &c., that crowded the streets of the great commercial capital of the United States; nor was my perplexity at all diminished by the sudden contrast of so bustling a scene with the quiet, monotonous life I had been leading on board the packet.

As I was on my first arrival not a little puzzled by the geographical features of New York, I shall now—at the risk of being deemed prolix—give a brief sketch of its general situation, as seen on a map or chart. It is built on a long tongue of land, about a mile and a half or two miles broad, at the southern extremity of Manhatten Island, and is flanked westward by the Hudson; eastward, by the East River and Long Island Sound, which separates Brooklyn and Long Island from the city of New York; while southward extends a magnificent harbour or sound about eight miles long and four broad, with a sufficient depth to allow the largest merchant ships to unload at the wharfs. The harbour, moreover, is approached in two directions—from the north-east, through Long Island Sound and the East River; and from the south-east, at the point called Sandy Hook, which is nearly twenty miles south of the Battery, and forms the entrance to an expansive bay, flanked westward by Staten Island, and called

Raritan Bay. The inner harbour, which is entered by a strait or channel little more than half-a-mile wide, called the *Narrows*, is studded by numerous islets, on which forts and batteries are erected as well as on the two larger islands above mentioned, which, in case of attack by sea, would give a warm reception to any hostile fleet. Finally, opposite New York, on the west or right bank of the Hudson, are Jersey City and Hoboken, in New Jersey; on the east (across the East River), are Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and Astoria.

The original city of New York (or *New Amsterdam*, as it was called by the Dutch settlers prior to 1674) was built quite at the south end of the tongue of land above described; and that part of it, though mostly irregularly built in narrow, winding streets, is still the densest and most busy locality. About a mile more north, however, we may see distinct marks of a regular plan—wide, handsomely built avenues—such as *Broadway*, the favourite promenade of the New Yorkers, nearly three miles long, with an uniform breadth of eighty feet; the *Bowery*, a busy, trading thoroughfare, and many others. Crossing these avenues, which run from north to south, are numerous streets running at right angles to them; and with few exceptions, both the streets and avenues are designated by numbers, not names—as Second Avenue, Fourteenth Street, &c. *Wall Street*, opening on the east into the Broadway, is, perhaps, one of the handsomest streets; contains, among several other fine buildings, the *Merchants'*

Exchange, a noble, granite edifice, with a massive Ionic portico; this is the centre of the stock and monetary operations of New York. Pearl Street forms a curve, about a mile long, and comprises many spacious warehouses—being the chief seat of the dry goods and hardware business. Front and Water Street are the resort of the wholesale grocers, commission merchants, outfitters, &c., and, with South Street, may be said to contain all requisite to the shipping interest; while *Canal Street*, which crosses the Broadway at right angles, is chiefly occupied by stores, and is the seat of an extensive retail trade. Handsome, however, as are many of the streets of New York, they are by no means so clean and well kept, as might be expected in so great and wealthy a city; and with respect to parks, squares, and airing grounds, there are very few indeed. The *Battery*, looking on the harbour, covers about a dozen acres, and is planted with fine trees; near it are the *Castle Gardens* and *Bowling Green;* but, perhaps, the most ornamental open space in the entire city is the *Park*, near the centre of the Broadway, in which is the City Hall. It is well laid out with planted walks, and has a handsome, central fountain. Hudson and Washington Squares are the only other spaces worthy of notice at present; though it is not improbable, that as building is constantly going forward on the north side of the city, other squares will rise up to supply the deficiency we have mentioned.

My attention, on landing, was first of all attracted by the great height of the buildings, which rise from seven to nine and even ten stories above the street. It is seldom, however, that one business alone is carried on, or that a single family resides in these houses, the custom mostly being, similarly to that observed in Edinburgh and Paris, to divide the houses into flats or sets of chambers, with the names of the proprietor or proprietors of each at the bottom of the staircase, while the floor, nearest the street, is occupied, in some instances, by hair-dressers, oyster saloons, restaurants, dram-shops, &c. Indeed, the rents in the best parts of New York are so extremely high, as to render it necessary that every available part should be let, in order to clear the rental, which considerably exceeds that usually charged in the better parts of London.

Another peculiarity that cannot fail to strike a stranger on his first arrival, is the clearness and dryness of the atmosphere; for, as the coal in general use is anthracite, from which there is little or no smoke, the blue sky is almost always visible, and the houses, built either of brown free-stone or bright red bricks, look as clean and fresh as if they had just been renovated with paint or varnish. Marble, however, is now coming much into fashion for the erection of new houses, as it is quarried in large quantities in several of the neighbouring States.

The Hotels in New York, and indeed most of the

largest cities in the United States, are on a very magnificent and extensive scale; for pleasure-seekers and strangers are not the only persons that patronise them, it being usual with men of business, and sometimes their wives and families even, to resort habitually to these establishments, the regulations of which are so admirable, that, however great their size, and the number of their inmates, there is not the slightest noise or confusion. The principal of these at New York are ASTOR HOUSE, of world-wide reputation; IRVING'S; the METROPOLITAN; and the magnificent new hotel, the "SAINT NICHOLAS." These, truly, are more like towns than hotels, and furnished with a splendour not exceeded, if equalled, by any of the establishments in Paris and London, while they are provided with every comfort that can be required by the most fastidious valetudinarian. Any one, however, who makes *Astor House* his temporary residence, or, indeed, any of the hotels in the Broadway, must make up his mind to nights of broken rest, for the omnibuses and carts of New York seem to be in perpetual motion all through the twenty-four hours.

Another peculiarity in New York, and, indeed, in most American cities, and one that strikes a domesticated Englishman as being strangely uncomfortable, is the very general habit of *living in boarding-houses*, instead of keeping private houses or living in lodgings, and that, too, not only in the case of single persons, but entire families, a custom which I attribute to the

enormous rental of dwellings, and the difficulty of getting good domestic servants in a small private establishment. For single men, these boarding-houses are undoubtedly very convenient, as they furnish all that can be needed at a fair cost, with opportunities, also, of cultivating good female society; and to gay, young, newly-married couples, such a mode of life may be agreeable enough. To fathers and mothers of families, however, we should suppose it would be far otherwise, and that they would prefer the quietude of the home fireside to the bustling and constantly public life of a boarding-house. Yet some of the New Yorkers think not thus; for, having no love of domesticity, they care not to be troubled with houses and servants, like ourselves; their darling pleasure consisting in paying morning calls, going out to parties, fêtes, plays, &c.; a life, in fact, quite at variance with that domestic peace and tranquillity which is so highly valued among us.

Nearly opposite Astor House, in what is called the Park (but which to my idea is more like a small square), stands the CITY HALL, within which may still be seen the identical chair in which the immortal Washington sat, when presiding over the first American Congress; which, till the erection of the new capital, Washington, used to assemble at New York. The cupola, that crowns this hall, commands a noble view of the whole city and its three hundred churches, as well as of the forests of masts belonging to the clean clipper-built ships that crowd its wharfs, and show the vast

commercial activity prevailing in New York.* In a small apartment in this cupola a man is constantly stationed, whose duty it is, both day and night, to keep a sharp look-out for fires, and sound an alarm in case of need, by striking an enormous bell with a ponderous hammer—the sound of which can be heard all over the city; and the number of strokes given indicates the particular ward or district in which the fire has broken out.

The system of FIRE-ENGINE COMPANIES, or guilds, is another very remarkable peculiarity of New York, and well deserving of notice. The engines are large and powerful machines, capable of throwing large bodies of water with great force to the top of the very highest buildings; and the Fire-companies (for there are many) are formed by some fifty or sixty young men, who elect from among themselves a foreman or captain, a second foreman, steward, and clerk. These men do precisely the duties performed by the Fire-brigade in London, and that, too, without compensation. They usually live together; and, night and day, in all weathers, are they ready at their posts; nor is it unfrequent that these men pay the penalty of death from

* About 4,000 vessels annually have on the average of five years (1851-6) arrived at the port, three-fifths of which were American, and one-fourth British; the total tonnage in and out amounting to more than three millions of tons. New York has also about eighty ocean and other steamers of about 140,000 tons aggregate burden.

their unnatural exertions; for the engines are propelled solely by hand-labour. Long ropes are fastened to them, and they are dragged by the men assisted by boys to the scene of action. Great rivalry, too, prevails between the companies, which shall reach the fire first—this spirit being often carried to such a height as to breed much jealousy and ill-will. One of their lodging establishments I visited purposely, and I found sleeping accommodation for about fifty men. The sleeping apartment was of large dimensions, scrupulously clean, and apparently very comfortable:—some of the men were in bed, having been on service the night before. The attendant, too, was at great pains to show me the queller of the fiery element; for every American fireman has a deep veneration for the engine of his own company, and looks at it with emotions of pride, as he thinks of the many dangers it has been in, and tells of its speed and its prowess as second to none in that or any city in the world. The construction and embellishments, however, of these engines do not allow them to carry much hose; and large stores of it are accordingly kept in constant readiness at the City Hall, together with carriages to carry hook and ladders, the latter intended for the same purpose as the London fire-escapes, while the former are rapidly driven to the spot required by horses mounted by a postillion driver.

The Washington and Fulton Markets of New York are of great extent, and supplied with an almost endless variety of the choicest articles of food—meat,

poultry, fish, vegetables, and fruits from all parts, which are conveyed hither partly by steamboat and sailing craft—also by the numerous railways from the interior.

Among the many handsome and extensive stores in the Broadway, TAYLOR'S SALOON carries off the palm from all the rest, by the splendour of its furniture and appointments, which seem rather suited to a fairy palace than a sublunary café and restaurant. The refreshments, comprising ices, confectionary, tea, coffee, wines, and liqueurs, are all of the first quality, and excellently served. The effect at night, when the establishment is lighted up, and the hundreds of burners reflect their splendour on the white and gold, of which the walls are composed, is gorgeous in the extreme;—and one only wonders how the enormous rental and other expenses can be covered by the light articles sold on its marble counters.

The principal new buildings, which command the stranger's notice, are the NEW CITY HALL, now in progress of erection—a marble edifice, which, when complete, will have cost 2,500,000 dollars; and COOPER'S INSTITUTE, a very handsome structure, set apart for the cultivation of learning and science, erected solely at the cost of its founder, who has thus fairly earned from his fellow-citizens, the honours of a civic crown.

During my stay at New York, I several times crossed over to BROOKLYN, and I was much surprised at the immense business done by the steam ferry-boats,

in transporting passengers from early dawn till midnight, and in some cases all the night through. Their freights consist not only of passengers, but horses, buggies, carts, and even omnibuses. We may notice, also, that in the morning nearly all the passengers, mere boys, as well as more mature men, are busily engaged in reading newspapers; for, indeed, the New Yorkers are, like the Athenians of old, so passionately fond of getting acquainted with the news of the day, that until they have got hold of their darling journal, which costs but a trifle, about three-half-pence, they are restless, unhappy, and out of their element.

At Brooklyn is a very pretty burial-ground, called GREEN WOOD CEMETERY, extremely tastily laid out in the semblance of a magnificent flower garden, with broad and handsome gravel walks, plantations, &c., all arranged in a style highly creditable to the managers of this place of repose for the dead.

The custom in the United States, for those who can afford it, is precisely similar to that prevailing in the cities of Scotland:—the head of a family purchases a plot of ground in a cemetery, and rails it in with a light ornamental iron fence, in which state it remains, until either the owner or some member of his family dies, when the little spot is called into requisition as a resting place for the beloved deceased. How solemn are the thoughts, and what lessons of moral instruction present themselves, as we walk through such a garden of the dead, in which so many lie silently within their

earthy tombs, waiting the call of Him, who will judge both quick and dead—persons, whom a few short months before, it may be, shed a halo of joy around them, by the wit, humour, talent, and learning which they exhibited in the company of friends, companions, and relatives who, amid the busy scenes of life have—so selfish is man—almost forgotten them. Yet, both those who survive, as well as ourselves, and the spirits of those whose bodies lie around, will have to appear before the heavenly tribunal at the last assize, to give an account of our doings, good and ill, while in the flesh,—a fearful thought, which should urge us to increased diligence in the walk and life of faith! The cemetery is some miles in circumference, and the stranger should be careful to observe the paths, as otherwise he might wander for hours and not find an outlet. Some of the monuments are neat designs of sculptured work; and it seems customary here to erect a marble lamb, or a cherub, to the memory of a child, &c., as affecting mementoes of the departed.

Brooklyn Navy-yard is another place that well deserves a visit. It is very extensive, and most conveniently arranged for the purpose to which it is devoted; every branch of ship-building, block-making, chain-cable, and anchor-forging, in short, every department of naval architecture being conducted on a magnificent scale, by the aid, wherever possible, of steam-power; which, we may here observe, plays generally a much more important part in the manufactures of

America than it does in England. We saw some large steamers and two or three frigates, besides smaller vessels in various stages of their progress towards completion. We also went out in a boat to inspect an American man-of-war that was lying at anchor in the bay outside the dockyard. She was on the eve of leaving for a long cruise, and all hands were busy in preparation. On descending the companion-ladder, therefore, we found all in bustle and confusion; the marines were cleaning their accoutrements; the sailors—some reading or writing, others laughing and singing—while some few, who seemed as if they had once held a different position, appeared wrapped in meditation on the prospect before them, amid such a miscellaneous mass of shipmates. Friends, too, were on board, taking leave of those so soon to depart; and one young man in particular, I noticed in conversation with a female, whose pale, anxious face proclaimed her to be his mother. He was leaning against the bulwark, and as the boat approached which was to take his parent ashore, we could not but notice the nervous twitching of his countenance, betraying the intense agony he felt. Then came the parting; and the silent pressure of the hands—the almost hysterical embrace of the mother—the pale, averted faces of both, down which the tears coursed in channels distinctly visible, spoke volumes as to the troubles of those brave fellows, who leave all they most love ashore to serve their country on the deep. The ship we thus visited was of large size, having four decks, crowded with

sailors and marines. All the departments seemed admirably arranged, and the cutlasses and firearms shone like silver with their fine polish, as we saw them displayed in the armoury and cabins. The hospital and the surgeons, moreover, reminded us forcibly of the mournful operations that devolve on the latter, when the vessel is in action—an occurrence which, fortunately, has rarely taken place for several years.

To return to New York, one of its leading *lions* is Barnum's Museum. This exhibitor, who has seen so much of the ups and downs of life, is known almost as well in England as on the other side of the Atlantic; a wonderful example how much may be effected, and how large a fortune amassed by schemes, tickling the public taste in wonderful shows. The Museum is in the Broadway, a capital situation for attracting the notice of visitors; and it comprises, besides a menagerie of wild beasts, a collection of stuffed birds, a few small mechanical figures moved by clockwork, and a dozen or two of very badly-executed wax models. The place, however, is not at all suited for a menagerie; as the hot atmosphere of the rooms, in which the wild beasts are confined, gives rise to animal smells that are anything but pleasant, and in summer all but intolerable. Such a short-sighted policy proves how little they value the lives of the animals; for good, pure air is as conducive to their health as to the comfort of the visitors. A needless act of cruelty in a keeper excited my disgust. He was cleaning the cage of a Bengal tiger, and

the animal would not move as wished, so he beat him with a long iron scraper, until it actually bent with the violence employed. The tiger was very naturally much irritated at this treatment towards one of royal blood; and he roared and dashed at the bars of his cage with such fury, that I really began to fear he would break through and make a leap on the people below; in which case, what a scramble would there have been with a loose tiger down in the crowded Broadway! The visitors cried "shame;" but the excited keeper, in no very enviable position, paid little attention to their remonstrances, except by telling them to mind their own affairs. Among other curiosities that we saw, was one of Dr. Kane's celebrated dogs, that did such notable service in his late Arctic Expedition:—it was a quiet, large-sized animal, and seemed by his melancholy look and mute appeals sadly to long for his liberty. A small theatre is attached to the establishment, in which are held musical, dramatic, and monologue performances in the afternoons and evenings.

III.—RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN THE UNITED STATES.

We shall now for a time take leave of New York and proceed on our way to Boston, a distance of some two hundred and thirty miles, whither I was called by

business. Having taken my place by the railway to that city, I soon found myself in a very long carriage, with short transverse seats running parallel to each other—an open space or passage down the middle for the accommodation of the conductor or passengers. Each seat held two persons, and was cushioned at the bottom and back—a contrivance also being added, whereby the back might be reversed should four friends desire to converse facing each other, in adjoining seats. The accommodation, indeed, for railway travelling in America is, in my opinion, superior to that of most other countries, where there is a marked distinction of classes; for here there is, generally speaking, only one arrangement and one class—with the exception that, at stated times, emigrant cars are attached for the poorest kind of travellers. On entering the carriage, each passenger's ticket is taken by the guard or conductor, who gives a card in return, indicating the names of the cities and towns at which the train stops, as well as the distances from each to each respectively, so that even an entire stranger at once becomes acquainted with the names of the places passed, and the amount of the ground traversed. On first leaving New York, four horses are attached to each car for the purpose of drawing it to the suburbs, where an engine waits to convey the train to its destination. These horse-railways, however, are in general use for locomotion in all the leading streets at very low fares.

I confess I was not a little surprised to see the open, unguarded state, in which the railways here are left. Foot-passengers cross and recross the lines at will, with the greatest nonchalance; and even children playing in the streets run across with apparent impunity, if we may judge by the rareness of accidents. Nay, vehicles of all kinds run quietly along the road, close to and nearly side by side with the train, without causing much alarm to the horses. One circumstance amused and surprised me, how soon the passengers got tired of a sitting position, or each other's company; for no sooner was the train in motion, than several of them were seen hurrying out through the passage and opening the door at the end, when they would step across to the next car, and so on to a third; a practice which travellers are warned against, as fraught with great danger, but which is constantly repeated, spite of every caution, by restless passengers.

The American engines, I may observe, burn principally wood; in consequence of which, their chimnies are formed in the shape of a wide-mouthed funnel, with an iron net-work at the top to keep the cinders and burning fragments from flying out. The body is constructed very similarly to that of the English engine, but painted in a lighter and more showy colour; and I noticed one arrangement, that I thought most excellent—a square cabin or compartment made of iron and glass for sheltering the engineer and stoker, who thus can see all around them, without being themselves

exposed to the scorching sun or wintry storm. Were our own railway companies to adopt this humane plan, instead of exposing their servants to the inclemency of the weather, many valuable lives would be preserved, and premature widowhood and orphanage prevented, which now result from engineers' exposure, night and day, to the severity of the winter.

After traversing towns and villages too numerous to mention, we at length reached Hartford, in Connecticut—whence, after a brief stay, we travelled onward, till we arrived at Springfield, in Massachusetts, a place noted for its arsenal, and manufacture of fire-arms, and where large quantities of the newest inventions in all kinds of warlike implements are deposited.

IV.—BOSTON, ITS INSTITUTIONS AND BABY-SHOWS.

THE consciousness that I was approaching my destination excited in me great interest; and I found that the engine takes the trains into the very heart of the city. The first view of Boston is extremely attractive, surrounded as it is by the small but pleasant towns and villages of Roxburg, Charleston, Cambridge, &c. The railway bridges near it are of great length—sometimes reaching two miles, and being built of wood do not look very safe; but the cars constantly pass over them,

with but few accidents. Their summits, too, command some very fine views, and as the eye glances around, the undulations of well-wooded and ever-varying hill and dale, with the silvery bay in the distance, present a magnificent panorama.

On entering this city (the capital of Massachusetts) the stranger is agreeably struck by the cleanliness and good order—though withal somewhat of formality—that reigns throughout. The houses are built of red bricks, and most of the larger have long flights of steps to approach the street door; besides which, the windows have mostly light-green Venetian shutters, which give them an extremely graceful and cheerful appearance.

I must now trespass a little on my reader's patience, while I speak of myself. I had come out to the United States purposely to take a commercial appointment in a firm at Boston, and I was naturally anxious concerning the reception with which I might meet from my new employers, of whom I knew nothing, except by report. There were two of them, one an American, the other a tolerably educated German, who was the manager of my department in the business. When I presented myself at their house on the evening of my arrival, the German addressed me in his broken English—"You have come a long vay to vork," and treated the journey as lightly as if I had only come from an adjoining county; while the American, after eyeing me from tip to toe, without saying a word,

quietly resumed his writing, which my entrance had interrupted. I was ordered to attend next morning—and as I slowly walked to my hotel, I thought I had been ill-employed in risking a long and expensive voyage at their request, to meet with a reception so cold on my arrival. The very next day I at once saw that my presence was not at all welcome; for the German treated me with a cold hauteur that was very disheartening, and threw every impediment in my way—in fact, did all he could to make my position as uncomfortable as possible. The motive that prompted them to this unworthy conduct is still a mystery to me; nor can I account for it on any other principle than by supposing that their business had greatly decreased since their first correspondence with me. I in a few weeks quitted their house in disgust;—yet good, after all, came out of evil—for I very shortly procured an appointment, a little distance from Boston, in which I remained during the rest of my stay in America.

I would caution the reader, however, against supposing that by the above, I mean to charge American employers with want of principle and disregard of their positive written engagements, for I know of honourable instances to the contrary; but I would warn all persons leaving their English homes for the United States, in search of employment, not to rely too much on written contracts; for the chances are that they will do better without any, and I have great doubts whether, if the

matter were tried, however strong the morality and evidence of the case, any compensation would be awarded for the infraction of agreements contracted in different countries.

To return from my digression; Boston has a well-wooded little park, which, from the fine umbrageous trees that it contains, proves a great boon to the inhabitants, when the scorching rays of the midsummer sun drive them from their brick-baked streets. On an elevated spot, within this enclosure (somewhat inappropriately termed BOSTON COMMON) stands a circular edifice with a cupola, which gives it something the appearance of a miniature St. Paul's. This is the STATE HOUSE of Boston, where the Senate and Legislature of the State hold their Parliamentary Councils; and both for the chaste design of the interior, and the good order in which business is conducted, this place well deserves a visit. The stranger, too, is reminded of the important initiative part played by Boston in the War of Independence, by an old drum hung against the gallery rails of the Senate Chamber, said to have been taken at the battle of Lexington, in 1775—the first that was fought in the great national struggle. The Senate, or Upper House, is composed of forty members,—the House of Representatives of 356, both elected annually, like the Governor and Executive Council.

Boston was, during my stay there, the scene of one of Barnum's most eccentric and amusing speculations.

BARNUM'S BABY-SHOW, indeed, met with greater success here than in any city of the Union, except New York. In some parts of America, the scheme was a downright failure; but at Boston, the model babies met with every encouragement, and the spacious music hall, where they were exhibited, was daily crowded, almost to suffocation. A raised platform was constructed all along the entire length of the building, on which the children were placed, handsomely dressed—some in the arms of their mothers or nurses, others running about under the guardianship of their parents. The show lasted three days; long before the expiration of which, the poor children got heartily tired of the forced restraint, as they abundantly showed towards the close, by an everlasting chorus of squalls and shouts. Some of the young candidates were undoubtedly very pretty; but beauty of face, went far less with the judges towards winning the prize, than symmetry of form. The candidate that won the first prize—500 dollars—was a Miss Stacey, of Boston, a prettily formed little girl, about two years and a-half old, beautifully dressed, and looking altogether like a little fairy. At the same time was exhibited a Master Scott, about three years of age, who had carried off the first prize at the New York show—as far superior to Miss Stacey in prettiness and softness of features, as she surpassed him in archness and vivacity. They were seated side by side, and looked a charming pair, and it was amusing to see with what enthusiasm the

young lady clasped her companion round the neck in order to get a kiss, while he, ungallantly, struggled on his side to avoid the infliction of so much love from his fair companion! In this exhibition, also, were twins, triplets, and even one quatern—that is four little beings brought into existence at one birth (and only five weeks old). The number of visitors that crowded round these miniature specimens of humanity was immense, and the heat was so great as almost to threaten their existence. We trust that such cruelty is not often repeated. Mr. Barnum himself was present, and rubbed his hands with great glee at the success of his undertaking.

The same afternoon I visited Bateman's Coloured Baby-show in Chapman's Hall—an exhibition quite novel and interesting. The negro babies are undoubtedly very pretty and curious in their way, and most of them have a quick ear for music, as was abundantly shown by the joyous throwing up of their arms and merry laugh, as soon as a tune began to be played on the piano. The proprietor of the exhibition here, also, passed occasionally through the room, catching up a fine little boy or girl; and I noticed especially a noble lad, who, when asked his age and birthplace, would call himself in broken English "Massa Dorge Jackson," kick his legs, and look altogether a most comical figure. We may here observe, as a curious characteristic of the coloured race, that they are fond of giving their children fine and high-sounding names—such as Agamemnon,

Hanibal, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Washington, Jackson, &c. The mothers and relatives in charge of the babies were attired in habiliments of great style, and decked out in all the colours of the rainbow,—the children being mostly dressed in white—some in brighter colours;—and we may add, that the parents universally appeared quite delighted and proud at the public notice and exhibition of their offspring. One infant in particular, from Spanish America, I saw, the father of which was only sixteen and the mother fifteen—this, too, being their second child! Another curious object in this sable show was a coloured woman, aged 108, but so healthy and active, as to be able to walk to church, even at that great age. She had been born a slave, but manumitted early in life, ever after which she had chiefly lived in Boston, and was hence called "Mother Boston."

On another occasion I witnessed a review or inspection of the MILITARY COMPANIES (a sort of militia corps) on Boston Common. The uniform of the soldiers consisting of blue long-tailed coats, and trowsers of the same colour, hats similar to those of British troops of the line, white epaulets, and white belts. The United States' Government, I believe, find the uniforms and firelocks,—while the music, loss of time, and incidental expenses are provided by the men. The French drummers were employed to furnish the music on this occasion, and caused no slight sensation with the roll of their sixteen drums; but, in all other respects, this attempt at playing soldiers was anything but interesting. The time taken up in

drilling must make this a very expensive amusement for men in business, and when all was done, they presented but a very sorry figure, marching in the worst of order, and especially when turning, straggling and regaining their places by indecent haste. It is only fair to remark, however, that although these citizens have little time for drilling, they are all excellent marksmen, and would do great execution with the rifle in the hour of need.

The South Boston Blind Asylum is a noble institution, intended to relieve the sufferings of humanity; and we wish that more money were expended in the encouragement and extension of these and similar asylums throughout the world, and not in the support of desolating wars, which, however good the cause in which they may have been undertaken, are, beyond all doubt, a disgrace to the nineteenth century. The asylum is beautifully situated, on a lofty eminence overlooking the bay of Boston, and commanding a fine view of the city and surrounding country; its lofty position contributing not a little without doubt to the health of the unfortunate patients. Notwithstanding their affliction, however, they contrive to amuse themselves. Most of the boys play on one or more musical instruments with taste and correctness, besides which there is a small musical hall in the building furnished with a good organ, which is played by the pupils alternately; and both the boys and girls join in singing sacred and other music. Their voices sounded very

harmoniously; and though they were shut out as it were from all that is beautiful, and their lives a mere blank, yet a calm serenity reigned on those dimmed faces, which showed that their hearts were at peace.

With the intelligence of one of the patients in particular I was deeply interested; and as her name has won a general celebrity, I need no apology for enlarging on the case. Laura Bridgeman is at the same time *deaf*, *dumb*, and *blind*, nor can she either taste or smell, the only sense remaining to her being that of touch, in which all her faculties and intellectual developments are concentrated; and it is quite astonishing to witness the rapidity with which her fingers move in close contiguity with those of her teacher, for it is by this method alone that she can communicate her thoughts. She has been an inmate of the asylum ever since she was eight years old, and is now twenty-five. She is of middle height, spare in form, and her health is very precarious. Her eyes are covered with green silk; yet though they were hidden, her countenance bears the impress of great intelligence. In fact, its frequent changes, as she talked with her beloved master and her attendants, showed a susceptibility of deep emotions. How a poor girl, thus four-fold afflicted, could be open at all to any mental cultivation passes my comprehension; but, nevertheless, Dr. Howes has wonderfully succeeded in his efforts at instruction, for she has not only acquired a plain education, but has learnt also some of the sciences, thus putting to shame many, who, blessed

with all their faculties, are yet too indolent to put them to a right use.

Another institution of great interest at South Boston is the SCHOOL FOR IDIOTS. Of all branches of teaching, this must call for the greatest stock of patience on the part of the instructors: and in this instance, all of them are ladies.

To their credit, however, be it said, the inmates are, by the gentlest of means, taught reading, writing, needlework, &c., exercise with the dumb-bells, and garden cultivation; all of which have a beneficial result, and sometimes lead to a glimmering of returning reason, that cannot fail of gladdening the hearts of their kind instructresses. During my visit a young lady teacher played the piano, and the poor pupils accompanied her with their voices, singing with an accuracy that quite surprised me. One unhappy boy in this establishment especially attracted my attention and pity by the strange deformity of his head, which appeared as if flattened by a vice on either side to such a degree, that there was scarcely room for the parting of the hair; and I only wonder how he could live with a cranium so remarkably formed. I was told that his mind was a blank, all but inaccessible to any instruction. The bedrooms of the scholars are spacious and well ventilated; and attendants sleep close to each ward, in case of violence or accidents among the poor patients. The manageress is a Mrs. McDonald, a very kind and lady-like person; but, in fact, all the teachers were so likewise, and

presented quite a model specimen of gentle sisters of humanity.

The only other important charitable institution in South Boston, is the HOSPITAL FOR INSANE PAUPERS, the admirable arrangements of which, and the humane treatment shown to the sufferers, prove the skill used in carrying out the great intentions of the establishment. The wards are formed in the shape of long galleries, the patients' bedrooms opening on either side of the central corridor. When I entered with the physician, I was somewhat alarmed at the patients' clustering around us, and chattering in excited tones; but the medical superintendent's calm look and demeanour, soon had the desired effect of inducing them to make him their confidant, and numerous were the complaints which they made, one of another; some of them ridiculous in the extreme. Yet he patiently heard all, and promised immediate reparation of their supposed injuries. I was told, in answer to my inquiries, that very little physical coercion is required, except in extreme cases, as moral influence has been found more successful even with mad people, than all the brute force that could be employed. One of the patients, a fine-looking man, told me confidentially aside, that he had been for years one of the Boston firemen, and had been severely injured by the falling of some bricks on his head, while in the execution of his duty, and he desired me to intercede with his brother for his release; "because," said he gravely, "although they treat me well here,

I do not like associating with crazy people." I afterwards asked the physician if he had been thus injured. "Oh, no," replied he, "this is the tale he always tells to a visitor." At certain hours of the day, the patients are taken out to exercise in a large garden, and I saw a number of them with a single keeper, working with spades, hoes, rakes, &c. Had not moral influence predominated, this one keeper, methinks, would have stood a poor chance among so many.

The women's department is similar to that of the men, and spite of my deep pity for their misfortunes, I could not help being amused by their repeated curtseying salutations, for not content with doing it once, they followed us through the wards, and repeated it incessantly. In some of these poor unfortunates, however, I noticed a quiet, melancholy sort of insanity, which rendered them wholly indifferent to the approach or notice of strangers, for they paced to and fro in the ward in one continual walk, the very images of despair.

In these wards, while conversing with the physician, and carrying my hat in my hand, I felt somewhat nervous, when on turning round, I observed a bevy of these unhappy fair ones dogging my footsteps, and really began to fear they might have some amorous, or perhaps even sinister designs against me; but ere long, I discovered the reason of their pursuit. They were anxious to possess themselves of a portion of my hat lining, which, after tearing out with great effort, they carried triumphantly off to a distant part of the

ward, and when I again approached in the course of my visit, flourished it with defiant laughs in my face.

This asylum is supported by the State, and has accommodation for some hundreds of patients, each ward being presided over by an efficient officer; and in the women's wards, I was surprised to see with what perfect ease and coolness, as well as immoveable firmness, an apparently very young lady managed upwards of fifty patients under her immediate management. I was the more surprised at this, because I was told that the females are generally more difficult to manage than patients of the sterner sex.

V.—DORCHESTER & ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

My business having now called me to Dorchester, a pretty country town, about five miles from Boston, the reader is invited to the perusal of a few rural sketches. The town stands beautifully situated on rising ground, commanding a fine view of prettily varied hill and dale scenery on one side, while on the other is the island-studded bay of Boston, chequered by the white sails of the vessels that daily and hourly float on its placid waters. The charms of a suburban life can nowhere be better enjoyed than here; and is the resort of some of the wealthiest and most influential merchants from the neighbouring city, whose handsome

houses and quaint-looking picturesque villas, with their gable fronts, and neatly cultivated gardens, give to the whole neighbourhood a peculiarly pleasing aspect. It may be observed, however, that here, as in most parts of Massachusetts, both garden and field cultivation are laborious and expensive, on account of the extreme rockiness of the country, which scarcely allows a plot of soil to be seen, and must be cleared to some depth by the blasting of gunpowder to prepare it for the processes of horticulture.

A new comer to a quiet country town, the greater part of whose life has been spent in crowded cities, must necessarily feel somewhat dull at first; but, if he be really a lover of Nature, this dulness will soon wear off; and so it was with myself, to whom the picturesque walks and drives, the variety and novelty of everything I saw, seemed to possess a soothing and indescribable charm. An American village is very similar to one in our own country, as regards the curiosity with which they gaze on a new comer—(especially if he be an Englishman). The news rapidly spreads, and some of the maturer matrons and gossips of the place then make it their business to ascertain if the stranger is likely to make a permanent stay—if so, whether he is sober, industrious, and of respectable connexions; for no persons throughout the Union are so strict in their moral requirements as the ladies of Massachusetts. However, I suppose, my character must have been written on my face; for though no one

could know anything about me, having no connexions whatever—good, bad, or indifferent in America, I was speedily received with a cordial and generous hospitality, that I can never recall without the liveliest sentiments of gratitude to all who lived in that pleasant town, to which, as it would seem, I was led by some friendly gale of Providence.

As for the employers whom I now went to serve, they were gentlemen in every sense; and during the whole of my stay I ever had reason to be thankful for the fortunate circumstance that placed me in their service. In fact, they treated me as an equal, rather than a subordinate—and never, on any occasion whatever, was I subjected to the insulting treatment which I had received from my late capricious managers. My attempts to please here met with all success, the business arrangements gave the fullest satisfaction—and in short, during the whole two years that I remained with them, I can justly say, that their conduct, as American employers, merited the highest approbation.

VI.—AMERICAN COUNTRY BOARDING-HOUSES.

THE boarding-houses of America, especially in country parts, are matters of necessity to a single man; nay, in some villages and towns there are neither hotels nor

private lodgings to be had, so that he has no alternative. Different customs prevail in different establishments of this kind; but I must say, that when the rate of payment is generally pretty high, it is rather hard to be compelled to eat whatever a landlady may choose to provide, whether agreeable to the palate or not, or whether one be ill or well. Nevertheless, like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, which never alter, the arrangements cannot be changed; and, therefore, at first, felt this American mode of living somewhat awkward, though I got used to it after a time, and could relish apple and pumpkin pies for breakfast as well as the best of them.

The private boarding-houses, in pleasant families, are agreeable enough; but when a boarder is daily reminded by a proprietress of the high price of provisions, or some family squabble is reproduced at the dinner-table, one is apt to leave it with any but agreeable impressions. At one of the houses where I resided, we had an old landlady, about whose dinners there was a peculiarity quite the reverse of pleasant. At a stated time, say twelve o'clock, all the boarders were supposed to be in their places at the dinner-table; but the old lady would have the dinner served up half-an-hour previously, in order to supply to each individual his or her portion. The idea was capital, and a master-stroke of economy; but the result unhappily was, that we always had a *cold dinner*, which to me is at any time far from agreeable. Yet the Americans

submitted to her whims without a murmur, and said that I should be unpopular if I interfered. This same lady was quite a character in her way, for she devoted herself with especial diligence to the reading of newspapers. Her depth in this sort of knowledge, indeed, was immense; and with such skill in political lore, that she could fully sustain an argument on any subject, however great the opposition, rocking, meanwhile, to and fro in her rocking chair, and laying down the law so loudly, and with so strong an emphasis, that she soon drove her opponents from the field. One more anecdote respecting her, and I have done. The sultry hot weather of July and August fairly threw me into a fever, during which, I must in justice say, the old lady attended me with great kindness. One day, however, I was worse than usual, and having no relatives in America, I could not help feeling a sort of despondence which doubtless was pourtrayed in my looks; when, perhaps, for the purpose of cheering me, this Job's comforter in petticoats observed, "Young man, it would be a great pity, I guess, to have to *bury you* so far away from your friends!"

While on the subject of private boarding-houses, however, let me observe, that a great deal depends on the boarder making himself as agreeable as he can to the host and hostess, as well as to the other guests of the house; for a sour-tempered person will find himself subjected to a thousand petty annoyances. In many families with whom I resided, I gladly acknowledge

that I can speak in the highest terms, both of their general household arrangements and individual kind attentions.

VII.—THE COLD WEATHER AND SLEIGH-RIDING.

At length the cold weather came on, and I can say of a truth, that it is most intense; so much so, indeed, that great care must be taken, or else the nose and ears will be frost-bitten. The cold, bracing air, nevertheless, is highly salubrious, and the health of the inhabitants is, generally speaking, far better and stronger in winter than in summer. The snow-storms, too, are very violent, as to render it impossible for the wayfarers to see their road; besides which, such an astonishing quantity will sometimes fall in a single night, as to drift, in many places, to a height of eight or ten feet.

> Through the hush'd air the whit'ning show'r descends,
> At first thin, wav'ring—until at last the flakes
> Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
> With a continual flow; while all around
> Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
> Is one wide dazzling waste that buries wide
> The works of man.

In such a case, the municipal authorities are accustomed to send men with machines, drawn by oxen, in order to level the highways sufficiently to allow a passage for the mails and ordinary traffic.

Sleigh driving is to a stranger a peculiarly pleasant and exciting amusement. The silent smoothness with which the vehicle dashes through the snow, the internal ease and comfort of the conveyance, the gay trappings of the horse or horses that draw, and the numerous sleighs one meets, with fast trotting steeds, all contribute to give an indescribable charm to this favourite winter recreation. Ladies especially are seen to great advantage, while employed in this agreeable mode of travelling; for their well-assorted travelling costume becomes them wonderfully—while their merry, ringing laugh, sounds full of life and vivacity, and the clear atmosphere, fanning their cheeks, gives the countenances an air of charming naiveté, and paints their complexions with the roseate hue of blooming health. It is a merry time—this season of sleigh-riding in the United States—every person's spirits seem unusually light and elastic; and sometimes companies of twenty or thirty persons are collected to fill a gigantic sleigh, drawn by six, or eight horses. Then is it, when all are snugly tucked up, that as the poet says:—

> Obsequious to their call, the docile steeds,
> Yield to the sleigh their necks and whirl them swift,
> The joy-bells tingling as they whirl along
> O'er hill, and dale, heap'd into one expanse
> Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
> With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.

In this case, it is usual to drive to some hotel or house at a considerable distance, where, after a merry dance, or cheerful chat, they partake with zest of a

well-served supper, and then return home by moonlight in their swift conveyance. These parties, however, are now and then attended by melancholy results, and this was especially the case in the severe winter of 1856, when several small sleighs reached home with their two occupants literally frozen to death!

VIII.—A VISIT TO A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

One day, in mid-winter, I was invited by an American friend who kept a school in Dorchester, to visit another schoolmaster who lived some ten miles off. A sleigh just large enough for two and a good horse were provided, and away we went, well wrapped up in buffalos' robes tucked around the knees—a precaution which the severity of the cold renders absolutely necessary. In our way we had to pass through the ancient town of Quincy,* and also remarkable for a house which was once the residence of John Quincy Adams, one of the early Presidents of the United States. It is a modest, unassuming dwelling, but possesses, withal, an air of comfort and order in all its appointments. It is built, like most of the old-fashioned American country houses,

* This town is noted as the first in the United States where railroad operations commenced.

chiefly or wholly of wood, painted white, with thin, green window blinds, that give it a very light and cheerful appearance, and I believe the son of the former President still owns the estate and makes it his residence.

At length, after passing through several villages, with pretty churches, concerning which I received a fund of interesting information from the worthy *cicerone* by my side, we reached the country school-house, and were received with the most hospitable courtesy by the schoolmaster, whom I soon found to be one of those bluff, but kind men, who hide a warm, honest heart under a somewhat rough exterior. Nevertheless, in his profession he was a strict disciplinarian, and would enforce, under heavy penalties, if requisite, the observance of order and regular diligence. To give, I suppose, some idea of his mode of procedure, he introduced us to his school-room, and bade the boys and girls rehearse their lessons in our presence. Some of them consisted in the recitation of speeches, and then it was that the old gentleman was in his glory; for he would now and then stop the declaimer and pronounce the speech himself, accompanying it with suitable action, and then bid the boy imitate him. When the youth had succeeded to his satisfaction, then the master's eyes brightened up, and he would smilingly observe, "I knew you could do it, if you only tried." As for the ladies, they were rather shy of exhibiting before strangers; but the inexorable teacher insisted on their

repeating their lessons, which they did with eyes brimming with tears, and faces blushing scarlet, answering only in a subdued whisper to their master's interrogatories. "Ah, my girls," said the bluff old schoolmaster, "you will have to go through heavier trials than this. These gentlemen are only my friends and visitors, and their presence, so far from intimidating, should encourage you. In a few days the school committee will be here to examine you: what will you do then?" I may here remark, that by the committee, he meant certain gentlemen selected by the votes of the people to ascertain by annual examination, whether the teachers had done justice to their pupils; and should the answering be so unsatisfactory as to show neglect on the part of the instructor, the examiners are empowered by their office to suspend him from his functions during the succeeding year, or finally dismiss him. All the State schools, be it understood, are supported by Government grants, and every one, of however humble rank, is at liberty to send his children—a dozen, if he has them—for instruction free of charge. In proof of this, I have often seen the children of wealthy merchants or traders with those of mechanics and labourers trudging in friendly company to the same school-house, neither one nor the other dreaming of any disparity in their several conditions. In fact, next to its freedom, America enjoys no greater blessing than its educational system, which is universal in its application, as foreigners no less than natives share its advantages.

But to return—my friend asked permission to question the scholars—a request at once cheerfully granted. The boys answered readily and with confidence; but the poor girls were at first like timid fawns, though by degrees they recovered their confidence and gave accurate replies. Meanwhile, the worthy pedagogue informed me in an undertone of his educational plans, and I could see, from the enthusiasm which he exhibited, that he not only was the very man for his post, but that he endeavoured to exercise the control of a parent rather than a mere schoolmaster. At length, when the exercises were over, he told his pupils, that one of his visitors (myself) was from London, the great city of England, and he (the teacher) was much pleased that they had acquitted themselves so well and made such a good impression, as it would have been mortifying that any person should carry back an unfavourable report respecting the school discipline of America.

After the children had been dismissed, and having been invited to supper by the good schoolmaster, we all three proceeded in sleighs, about three miles off, to his dwelling; the place of honour, by the side of the man of letters, being given to the stranger as a mark of respect. His conversation on the road I found highly amusing and intelligent; and, *en passant*, we halted awhile to inspect the farming stock of a Massachusetts' agriculturist. The barn, or ox-shed, contained between forty and fifty cows; horses of the best breed for farming purposes that I had ever seen in America; and

machines for a variety of purposes, such as ploughing, cutting hay, smashing turnips, &c., for machinery is used here in almost every farming operation; nor could we avoid expressing our admiration at the neatness, cleanliness, and good arrangement that prevailed throughout the establishment.

On our arrival at the schoolmaster's, a kind welcome, a good fire, and a cozy parlour, were very acceptable after a ride through the frost. The hostess, a kind, placid lady, after seeing us comfortably seated, busied herself with preparations for our supper, which was indeed a most bountiful one, consisting of toast dipped in milk, apple and mince pies, cake, preserves, beautiful butter, and excellent tea, with good country cream. All these good things, backed by a warm welcome, and seasoned with cheerful conversation, constituted one of the most agreeable evenings that I passed during my stay in the United States.

In due time we took leave of our kind entertainers, and turned our horse's head homeward; nor shall I ever forget the loveliness of that night, when the moon shone with a lustre that made the country look like a transparent view of snow-clad scenery, and the stars sparkled with a brilliance and coruscation quite unknown in England. Away we went, the bells jingling merrily on the horse, as he trotted at a smart pace through the icy and snow-clad road. We were delayed, however, nearly half an hour, owing to the break-down of a waggon, for some of the lanes are only

passable by one vehicle at a time; and, in winter, the snow lies in such quantities, that it has to be banked up four or five feet high on the side path. Such delays as these are dangerous; for though the sleigh traveller be ever so well wrapped up in buffalo-robes, the cessation of motion may give him a chill, and when his limbs are once benumbed, his life is worth but little. We were more fortunate, arriving in good spirits at our destination, not a little delighted with our trip.

Before leaving the subject of sleigh-driving, I may relate an anecdote of some interest. Returning home from a visit, in company with some American friends, one bitter cold and sleety evening, while the snow lay heaped on the side paths in massive heaps, we chose the horse road, as being more clear and level, from the continual passage of vehicles. As we were trudging along at a smart pace to keep up the circulation, we heard the bells of a sleigh at a short distance, and accordingly stepped aside to let it pass. When it came up, however, we found that it had lost its driver, so we united our efforts to stop it; but as the horse was young and skittish, the vehicle also very light, and easily dragged along the snow, we had no other alternative but to cling to the reins and give the bit an occasional jerk, till at last the runaway was tired out and easily secured.

On examining the sleigh, we could see no vestige of a wrapper or buffalo-robes, so we resolved to lead the horse and vehicle back, in hopes of finding an owner

for it along the road. After proceeding some distance, we espied two forms peering through the darkness (for there was no moon visible), and on approaching nearer, we discovered a lady and gentleman, the former carrying some small parcels, the latter loaded with buffalo-robes, which were covered with snow. We soon heard from them what had happened. The horse had become restive, run against a snow-bank, upset the sleigh, and spilt both of them in the road. Fortunately, however, they were not hurt, and they were most profuse in their thanks for our services, as they would otherwise have been compelled to walk eight miles, ere they could reach their residence. The lady, indeed, was terribly frightened, and trembled with the cold, so that we were all much pleased at having been able to render this kindness to a suffering sister.

IX.—ICE CUTTING.

This is an interesting and very necessary winter occupation in the United States; besides which, in Massachusetts at least, ice has become an important article of export, employing some sixteen or eighteen companies in Boston alone. Even in England, every one has heard of the ice from Wenham Lake, Massachusetts; and the trade is now quite marvellous to the Southern States, West Indies, and different parts of Europe.

FRESH POND, the place I visited, is a large ornamental lake, about thirteen miles from Boston, noted for the crystal clearness of its water, and from this the best ice is taken. In going in a sleigh to witness the process, we had to pass through an unfrequented road, in the snow of which our vehicle got embedded, and we had some difficulty in accomplishing our journey. On arriving at the lake, I was much struck with the scenery, which even in mid-winter was magnificent, presenting a prospect for miles, of hill and dale, variously blended, while the edge of the lake was bordered with large trees, that formed a foreground for the woods and groves behind.

The process of cutting the ice is thus effected:—the upper crust, or inferior ice, is planed off by a machine drawn by horses, after which the fragments are cleared away by an apparatus like a scoop, also drawn by horses. The surface thus pared is clear and glassy, ready for the markers, who draw a line with a sharp instrument to indicate the dimensions of the blocks to be cut, which are then sawn, until the same are almost severed, when a broad, flat-faced crowbar is used to divide them. The squares are floated into a small canal (cut for the purpose), and passed on to the ice-houses, and hauled up into the buildings by steam power. The houses in which the ice is deposited, consist of a range of lofty buildings of large dimensions, and necessarily also, of great height, owing to the many blocks therein contained. The process of stowing away

these blocks is very peculiar; they are laid, one layer over the other, and the interstices filled with snow, so as to make a compact mass, and then covered with tan, in such a way that the whole remains perfectly cold and solid till the following summer. The immense trade done in this way would surprise a stranger; yet, when it is considered that every housekeeper is compelled, by reason of the great heat in summer, to make use of this valuable commodity, it is no wonder that it becomes so profitable an article of trade. Ice-cutting seems like cold work to the looker-on, yet the workmen are always stript to their shirt, and appear bathed with perspiration. The after-effects, though, are sometimes disastrous; for one of the workmen, whom I saw, fell into a stupor, as he returned home (the effect of cold after heat), rested on the wayside to sleep, and never awoke again.

X.—AMERICAN SEWING SOCIETIES.

These associations, somewhat peculiar to the United States, consist of companies of ladies, who elect from their own body a president, secretary, and other officers—their praiseworthy object being to assist the poor by the labour of their nimble fingers, just as the ladies of Dorcas societies do in "the Old Country." The members each subscribe so many dollars annually,

to form a fund for materials, charitable gifts, &c.; meetings for business are held monthly, and the sewing-work is performed at the houses of all the members in turn. This is unquestionably a good institution, and well worthy of general imitation in England; yet the ill-natured have denounced these associations as mere côteries for gossip and scandal. Be this as it may, still these societies are exceedingly creditable to the female community of America, on account of the sympathy and aid they furnish to the poor, gladdening the hearts of the desolate, and warming the cold hearths of those who, but for them, would be starved in the severe winter by cold, hunger, and nakedness. God speed then such associations in their charitable work, and may the prayers of the widow and the orphan ever continue to go up to heaven, in thanksgivings, for the assistance which have been timely furnished in their hour of need.

These societies occasionally give a grand fête, somewhat resembling a fancy-fair in England, when the assistance of the gentlemen is usually called in to superintend the business-arrangements. I had the pleasure of serving as a steward on one of these occasions, and my duties were to superintend the preparation of the hall of celebration, engage the music, invite speakers, and attend to a host of other items required for an event of such grandeur and celebrity. I was much struck with the profuse liberality displayed by nearly all the townspeople of both sexes, and every age,

in bringing gifts in aid of the festival, such as cakes, tarts, hams, and tongues, pumpkin pies, artificial flowers, fancy ornaments, and a hundred other miscellaneous presents to grace the counters of the fair traders in the bazaar. A large company assembled on the eventful evening; the admission being only a quarter of a dollar, or one shilling English, which entitled the visitor to partake of a handsome collation and all the amusements of the fête: several gentlemen, mostly clergymen, addressed the meeting on the subject of temperance, and the evil consequences of its opposite. The neighbouring gentry, too, usually send presents of money, when the distance hinders them from giving their personal presence.

I may here also mention an ingenious Yankee device for drawing the dollars from the visitor's pockets. Independently of the stalls, for the sale of fancy goods, a miniature post-office was erected; a gay looking structure, adorned with flags and flowers, looking indeed more like a beautiful boudoir than a post-office; to serve at which, a pretty young lady was selected as post-mistress, in order to attract the young gentlemen, and induce them to inquire at the office for letters. The fair post-mistress then asks them the name of the letter inquired for, and other ladies are inside, acting as clerks, and writing the same on blank letters, which are handed to the inquirers on payment of twelve cents, about sixpence. Should the young gallants, however, offer a larger coin, he seldom gets any change,

as the object is to receive everything — give back nothing. The insides of the letters contain bits of poetry, feigned lovers' epistles, moral maxims, and a variety of subjects suitable to either sex, the letters for ladies or gentlemen being carefully kept apart to prevent confusion.

XI.—AN AMERICAN SPRING.

WINTER had now given way to Spring, which in the United States is a season very trying to an European constitution, on account of the suddenness and violence of the changes then taking place. The month of March is noted for its inclemency, violent winds, and rains, driving everything before them, as if the elements had concentrated all their forces to do every possible mischief; nor, indeed, is there any settled weather in general till quite the end of April,—

> ——————— when no more
> Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,
> But full of life and vivifying soul
> Lifts the light clouds;—forth fly the tepid airs,
> Balmy, delightful, unconfin'd, and free.
> Nor only through the lenient air this change
> Delicious breathes;—the penetrative sun,
> His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
> Of vegetation, sets the steaming pow'r
> At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth
> In various hues, while Nature from her lap
> Outpours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
> And fruits, as num'rous as the drops of rain,
> Or beams that gave them birth.

In fact, the first of May is, throughout the Northern Atlantic States, regarded as the beginning of fine weather, and usually marked by equestrian jaunts, picnics, &c. June is a very balmy season. The pine-groves look cool and inviting, the numerous feathered songsters gaily carol out their welcome to returning summer, and all nature seems to wear a smile. What a relief is it now, to be able to dispense with one's Indian-rubber boots and thick clothing, and once more to sally forth into the green fields that have been for months hidden by a thick crust of ice and snow. The thaws, I may observe, are extremely rapid, and cause such accumulations and overflows of water, that bridges, trees, haystacks, and sometimes houses, are carried away by the force of the flood.

XII.—BOSTON REVISITED.

In passing up and down Trement Street, Boston, I was invariably struck by the appearance of an immense brick building, which I found on inquiry to be the piano-forte works of Messrs. Chickering and Sons, by whose kindness I was permitted to inspect their establishment. It occupies an entire square, 254 feet in front, by 262 in depth, covers altogether 52,000 square feet, and has a central court or area of about 28,000 square feet. It is five stories high in front, six in the

rear, and has walls sixteen feet thick, built of Charleston bricks, of which nearly three millions were used, with 25,000 casks of lime and cement; besides which, 1,650,000 feet of timber was needed in the construction of the interior, which, including all the stories, comprises twelve acres of flooring, lighted by 900 windows, and at night by 11,000 gas burners, with ample accommodation throughout for the workmen employed in their several avocations. The stores and workshops are heated wholly by steam, conveyed through iron pipes, the length of which (including the gas pipes) somewhat exceeds eleven miles. The saw-mills and other machinery in the establishment are propelled by a steam-engine of 100 horse power, and about thirty-five pianos weekly are turned out by the 300 workmen constantly on the premises. Such facts abundantly prove the musical taste of the Americans; and when we add the statement, that upwards of 2,000 annually are imported from England, we shall not be far from the mark if we estimate the annual sale of these instruments at between six and seven thousand.

In one of my rambles through this city, I chanced to enter an African Methodist Church. It was a long, dilapidated building, with bare walls, and looked on the whole as cheerless as a disused country barn. I entered, and took my seat, when presently a negro door-keeper politely apprised me that I was sitting on the wrong side, and when I looked around me, I could see the coloured ladies smiling at my blunder. It appears that in these

assemblages the custom is for the men to sit on one side; the women on the other, and I had been indiscreet enough to venture into the forbidden ground reserved for the sable daughters of Eve. I need scarcely observe that I quickly rectified my mistake, amid the undisguised merriment of the simple-hearted worshippers. The clergyman, a youth of colour, spoke in a powerful voice, and with no small amount of elocutionary energy, enforcing the lessons of Holy Writ with truthful and emphatic arguments, delivered wholly in extemporaneous language. The sermon concluded, one of the congregation rose and addressed his brethren in nearly the following strain:—"Broders and sisters, I take this moment as one appropriate to claim your attention in regard to an appeal in behalf of one of our poorer broders, and you must allow me to say, bredren, it is one great discredit to this church not to attend to this poor broder's wants during his sickness. You must bear in mind, it is as necessary to pay this poor broder's board bill, as it is to get clothing and food for your wives and children. What I want you to understand is this, broders and sisters, that there will be a meeting of this church to-night, when I hope you all will be present, not one of you absent, and that you will all bring dat with you to get this poor broder of ours out of his trouble. Allow me to remind you, bredren and sisters, to come fully prepared with money to put in the plate. I do sincerely hope you all will come, and not stop away on account of the little asked

of you, but be at the meeting to-night, and do what is just to this poor broder, and pay his board honourable, for it is a downright shame it has not been settled long ago. Come one then—come all, and do not forget to bring with you what is needful to assist our friend—so will you prove yourselves good Christians. Come then—for God's sake, come!" This harangue, with all its repetitions, is nearly, word for word, as I heard it spoken; and what surprised me most was, that even previously to his appeal, the plate had already been sent three times round in my presence. The poor blacks, it is true, gave only cents or coppered coin, but I should imagine such frequent levies must have the effect of disheartening some of them from going to church. I may observe that, as the day was warm, the faces of the listeners shone like burnished silver in the sun. I was struck also by the gay, flaring colours of the female costume. It was evident, however, that this was quite according to the taste of the gentlemen, whom I could every now and then see directing furtive, admiring glances at their sable dulciners.

Boston City, Ward Four, is so exceedingly wealthy, that at the last valuation, in 1852, it was assessed on a valuation of seventy-five millions of dollars—being nearly sixteen millions more than that of the real property in the entire State of Vermont,—more than four times the valuation of the real and personal estates in Boston on the first year of the present century, and more than double that in 1815, forty years ago. It exceeds the

valuation of the entire city in 1832, and nearly trebles in amount that of the whole real property of Boston ten years before, when the city-charter was adopted. In fine, the taxes paid on the property in this single ward greatly exceed in amount the aggregate expenditure of the four States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, for the year 1852.

XIII.—INDEPENDENCE DAY AT DORCHESTER.

THE fourth of July, in the United States, is looked on all the year round as the leading fête day of the Americans; and the juvenile Yankees save up money for the occasion, to buy fireworks, treat their friends, &c. &c. The previous night is invariably one of bustle and preparation,—the firemen decorating their much-beloved engines, others drilling the children of the various schools to walk in becoming order on the approaching day, and others again preparing triumphal arches or banners to grace the annual procession. On the night preceding that held in Dorchester, where I resided, sleep was wholly out of the question, owing to the vast numbers of itinerant performers, playing on old drums, French horns, fiddles, tin-kettles, &c., varied occasionally by music of a better character, addressed by love-sick serenaders to their ladies fair. Day was

ushered in by the frequent firing of artillery, merry ringing of church bells, the rapid ding-dong strokes of the fire-bells, and, in short, a Babel-like confusion of sounds, absolutely bewildering to an inexperienced stranger. The procession, which was formed at a pretty early hour, consisted of a cavalcade of mounted gentry and farmers, a long line of carriages containing ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, followed by others conveying the magistrates and other officials of the town; next to whom came the Governor of Massachusetts with his staff, escorted by a body of Independent Cadets (a military company of gentlemen-volunteers); after these came the president of the day, Marshal P. Wilder, and the honourable Edward Everett (formerly Ambassador to the Court of St. James's), in carriages, followed by the committee, officials, and others, too numerous to mention. The pageant, too, was vastly improved by the accession of the fire companies, headed by the Boston brigade band, with the chief engineer on horseback, appropriately dressed, leading this part of the procession. The names of the different companies were:— first, the *Fountain*, a large-sized engine, almost covered with roses, evergreens, and flags, decked out by the girls of the place; secondly, the *Protector*, similarly decorated; thirdly, the *Torrent* (with its own band of music), the engine magnificently ornamented, and escorted by its company, a noble set of fine young men, who looked highly picturesque in their cool uniform of pure white shirts, black caps, and

trowsers, as they marched correctly in time to the sound of the music. These were followed by the *Alert*, the *Independence*, and the *Tiger*, which with their escorting companies, closed this section of the procession; and I may observe, that for this day only, the engines are drawn by finely-caparisoned horses. Another peculiar feature was a vehicle, shaped like a large boat, and drawn by eight horses, the captain and steersman of which were dressed in the uniform of Washington's time; and it was filled by several beautiful young ladies, scholars from the Everett school, escorted by flower girls and school children, whose pretty straw hats and white dresses gave a very gay appearance to the whole affair. The final destination of the pageant was a gigantic tent, on a height at a little distance, under shelter of which thousands listened in raptures to the eloquence of Edward Everett, the great American jurist, statesman, and scholar. The demonstration at Dorchester, in 1855, was of unusual magnitude, and brought thousands of people from Boston and the neighbouring places:—in fact, it was a day that will form quite an epoch in the annals of the good old town.

Celebrated as the birth place of that eminent statesman to whom we have just alluded, the inhabitants of Dorchester sent a deputation, in 1854, to wait on Mr. Everett, with a request that he would favour them with an oration on the approaching anniversary of American Independence. This celebration was, owing

to the delicacy of that gentleman's health, deferred till 1855; and, meanwhile, invitations were courteously sent to the inhabitants of Dorchester, in the English County of Dorset, by the descendants from which the American town was chiefly settled. The letter of invitation, and the reply, is as follows, and will be found to throw much historical light on the origin and progress both of the parent-town and its offspring, and are replete, also, with expressions of a cordial good-will and friendship subsisting between the two, and which, we trust, will ever abide unbroken between the people of these two great countries: --

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE CITY OF DORCHESTER, DORSET, ENGLAND.

FRIENDS, *May 8th*, 1855.

Your place being the residence of many of our progenitors, and from which this town derived its name, we address you with an affectionate interest.

It is, comparatively, but a few years since our ancestors left their quiet homes, and launched forth upon the ocean, to make a new home for themselves and posterity, and take up their abode in this, then inhospitable wilderness of savages and wild beasts. As we look back upon the history of this period, it appears as if events had been transpiring for two centuries—to bring forth and educate for the work this inestimable race of men. They came to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences; and although their treatment of those who differed from them in religious sentiments was often harsh, cruel, and almost inexcusable; yet we must remember, that they were the most tolerant of their age—and that toleration was a doctrine not then dreamed of by the great mass of mankind; even now,

many are they who fall short of its Christian requirements. We must also admit, that it is not just to judge that generation by the standard of the present. We believe that this is almost the only country ever settled that had not the lower motive of gold-plunder or conquest for its paramount object. But time will not permit us to go into a lengthened history of those men; suffice it to say, they loved their native land, sung of its sacred memories, and prayed for its true glory: they had "great contempt of terrestrial distinctions," and felt assured that "if their names were not found in the register of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life."

This state of things continued until they thought that encroachments were made on their chartered rights, which they endeavoured to remedy with all the skill of practical diplomatists; but nothing could prevent a final separation; in the fulness of time the breach was made, which might indeed be called "manifest destiny."

About thirty-six years after, another little misunderstanding occurred; but the lapse of time has healed all breaches, and all misunderstandings, and we claim you as brethren beloved, and recall the time when our fathers sat side by side, gloried in the same country, and looked forward to the same destiny. It was meet that the separation should come, and the great doctrine of "Westward, the Star of Empire, takes its way," be fulfilled. That Star has reached its culminating point, and planted its banner by the setting sun; henceforth, civilization must travel East, and Asia and Africa be its field of operation.

It is supposed that this town was called Dorchester on account of the great respect of its early settlers for the Rev. John White, a clergyman of your place at that time, and an active instrument in promoting the settlement, and procuring its charter. They sailed from Plymouth, England, March 20th, and arrived May 30th, 1630; they came in the ship *Mary and John*, Captain Squeb, and were finally settled down here, as a

body politic, about June 17th, 1630. They were reinforced from time to time, and many remained here only for a short period, and then went to other places and made new homes. It is estimated that there are now living, in this country, two hundred thousand persons who are descendants of the early settlers of this town.

A little previous to the year 1700 (October 22nd, 1695), a church was organised in this town, which went to South Carolina, and planted another Dorchester; so that in civil affairs you have children and grandchildren in this western world.

A large number of persons of the following names, descendants of the early settlers of this town, are now living here or in this vicinity, viz.:—Baker, Bird, Blackman, Blake, Bradlee, Billings, Capen, Clapp, Davenport, Pierce, Preston, Vose, Tileston, Sumner, White, Withington, Wales, Tolman, Robinson, Hewins, Howe. Glover, and some others. Any information concerning these names would be very interesting to us—appreciated, and treasured up for posterity.

The inhabitants of this town propose to celebrate the 79th anniversary of our birthday, as a nation, on the coming July 4th. Hon. Edward Everett—a native of this place and late Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, will address the assembly. The sons and daughters of the town of Dorchester—wherever scattered—are invited to come to their ancestral home, and unite with us on this occasion.

It is too much for us to ask that a delegation might be sent from your borough to add to the interest of this Festival; but should one—or more of your citizens—whom you would approve, be in this country, it would give us great pleasure to have them attend as our guests.

Dorchester adjoins Boston on the south, contains about 8000 inhabitants, and for its size is one of the wealthiest towns in the country: its valuation last year was 10,182,400 dollars.

Its location is one of great interest; and its founders had an eye for the beautiful, when they pitched their tents upon this Land of Promise: their hands cultivated these spreading fields, and "helped to subdue a wilderness, which now blossoms like the rose." Within the last generation, science has subdued the elements and made them applicable for the purpose of man; distance is computed by time, and not space, so that you seem neighbours as well as friends—and by this epistle, we reach forth across the ocean, offer you the right hand of fellowship, and in imagination look forward to that future—when the only question asked by all nations will be, How does it stand related to eternal truth?

With great respect, your friends, the undersigned, Members of the Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society,

EDMUND P. TILESTON.
EDMUND J. BAKER.
EBENEZER CLAPP, Jun.
WM. D. SWAN.
WM. B. TRASK.
WM. H. RICHARDSON.
JAMES SWAN.
SAMUEL BLAKE.
EDWARD HOLDEN.

[The Reply.]

FROM THE MAYOR OF DORCHESTER, ENGLAND, TO THE MEMBERS OF THE DORCHESTER ANTIQUARIAN AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.

South Street, Dorchester, Dorset, England,
16th June, 1855.

Gentlemen and Friends,

Your letter, which as Mayor it fell to my lot to receive, has created a feeling of interest amongst us, and we welcome, with great cordiality, the communication from those whom we may style kinsfolk.

I have caused your letter to be printed, and have circulated it amongst such persons especially as are likely to assist us in our inquiries on the subject of it.

I, myself, and I believe many others, would gladly pay you a visit, but that we cannot spare the time required to do so.

We feel that we cannot furnish you with an account of our town and neighbourhood, in such a manner as we would wish, in time for your anniversary, but we hope, by the 80th anniversary, to be enabled to collect a portfolio for you, which, if you wish, we will gladly forward to you. I have already a nucleus of the collection.

Mr. White's name is still known in the borough, and there are still names amongst us, which are enumerated by you. The town itself does not probably exceed by much the limits it had when our common ancestors left it.

Being surrounded by the lands of the Duchy of Cornwall, which are held in common, there has been a constant check upon increasing our bounds. We are, however, we trust, increasing our station amongst other towns, and we hope, ere long, that the obstacle to our extension may be removed.

The county gaol, and other public buildings, being situated here, and the assizes and quarter sessions being held here, add to our importance. The suburb of Fordington now forms part of our borough. We have five churches, and several chapels for those whose doctrines differ from the Church of England. Of these churches, two are in Fordington and three are in Dorchester. The Holy Trinity Church was rebuilt in 1824-5; the Church of All Saints about five or six years ago. The Church of St. Peter's is the oldest in the town. There is now a scheme on foot for restoring and repairing this edifice, and for giving greater accommodation to our poorer brethren. When completed, we shall give them upwards of two hundred free sittings, and the building will then be a handsome specimen of architecture. At present the committee are stayed by want of sufficient funds.

Two important railways, the London and South Western, and the Great Western, approach us; whilst at eight miles distance we have the port of Weymouth, and the island of Portland, with the quarries, whereon the Government have established convict prisons, and by convict labour, in great part, are forming a breakwater.

Our design is to furnish you, if acceptable, with a full description of the town and neighbourhood, accompanied with such views as we may be able to procure or furnish, to illustrate our account. We do not think we can do this, with justice to the subject, before next summer, but if you will then accept it as a pledge of good feeling and good fellowship, it is humbly at your service.

You will, perhaps, let me know how these matters should be sent to you, and with every good wish for your welfare,

I remain, yours very faithfully,

THOMAS COOMBS, Mayor.

Mr. Everett's oration lasted more than three hours, and is generally considered as one of the finest and ablest accounts of the rise and progress of the United States that has ever been delivered. His explanations of the early settlement of the country at Plymouth and Dorchester, the progress and difficulties of the earliest colonists, and their indomitable perseverance are admirably told with all the powers of true eloquence; nor did the speech lose any of its interest from the circumstance, that, on the very heights where it was delivered, Washington first lighted his camp-fires at the opening of the great struggle which terminated in American Independence. The oration, however, on account of its length, was not delivered in full, but it was published a few weeks afterwards, and I would strongly recommend its attentive perusal to all that would truly appreciate the historical facts illustrative of the early settlement of America, and especially her connexion with the parent country.

Though not honoured by a nomination to the post of a deputy from the English town of Dorchester, for the very good reason that the people of that place were not aware of my residence in its transatlantic namesake, I was nevertheless present, by invitation, during the whole of the festivities, and I look back to the day with pride and satisfaction, as the speeches, toasts, and sentiments were all full of a generous, cordial warmth that was highly gratifying to a stranger. A display of fireworks on Mount Bowdoin concluded the

amusements of the day, which was kept with the usual honours, also, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities of the Union.

XIV.—EARLY SETTLEMENT AT PLYMOUTH, &c.

THE early history of British enterprise in America was, from my earliest recollection, ever a subject fraught with the greatest interest to me; and it was in order to satisfy my thirst for information on this subject, that I paid a visit to the ancient town of Plymouth, about forty-five mile south-east of Boston, remarkable in history as the landing-place, in 1620, of the pilgrim fathers, who emigrated in the good ship *Mayflower*. The actual rock on which the adventurers first landed, has long been nearly covered with stores and warehouses; but I saw some traces of them in the old church-yard, where are many tombstones dating as far back as 1720, and they were buried there, I was told, as early as 1622. The pilgrims, however, had to be very particular in burying their brethren, not to leave any records of the deceased, as the Indians were much exasperated at the great mortality among them, and obstinately held that the invaders had introduced a scourge to afflict the natives. This church-yard stands on a hill several hundred feet above the level of the

sea, and commands a noble prospect of the ocean and surrounding country.

The PILGRIM'S HALL is a sort of antiquarian museum, comprising an interesting collection of papers and curiosities, presented to the town of Plymouth by the descendants of these early settlers. I noticed in particular many highly curious articles brought over in the *Mayflower*, such as a small cabinet of very peculiar workmanship, a part of a sea-chest, a large antique sofa, wearing apparel, two bibles, a couple of old-fashioned wooden chairs much disfigured by the knives of antiquity-hunting visitors, and other items. I saw, likewise, an admirable painting, executed by W. S. Sargent, that represents the adventurers landing with their wives and children; nor could one gaze without pity at the forlorn condition of the pilgrims landing on the bleak shore amid ice and snow, accompanied by their beloved partners, whose delicate frames, in many instances, sank beneath the severity of the trials to which they were exposed. The picture is of large dimensions, and I was especially struck by the commanding attitude of Sagamore, the friendly Indian chief.

Another curiosity that we inspected was a parchment-deed, sent by the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, to Governor Winslow, dated 1654, investing the latter with power to act as arbitrator between the English nation and the States-general, with several other letters of an almost equally early date, that can be read with

a little patience. Fronting the hall is a piece of the identical rock, which the inhabitants placed as a memorial inside an enclosure; on the railing is inscribed the forty-eight names of those illustrious fathers of the Anglo-American Republic, who, driven from their English homes by religious persecution, sallied forth across the ocean to plant the standard of the Cross in an almost unknown and savage land, thus inaugurating a new era in the history of the world. In fine, looking back through the annals of the two last centuries, one cannot contemplate without admiration the vast amount of agricultural enterprise and commercial greatness that has been achieved in so short a time; and could the pilgrim fathers rise from their graves, to see the rich harvest that has since arisen from the humble seed sown by themselves, they would be fairly astonished that the continent, which in their time was tenanted only by the red Indian and the beasts of the forest, is now endowed with all the inestimable blessings of a free government, and offering every incentive of activity and enterprise, not only to her own sons, but to strangers from other lands.

PART II.

My Tour Through Canada.

As one who looks on landscapes beautiful,
Will feel their spirit all his soul pervade;
Even as the heart grows stiller by the lull
Of falling waters when the winds are laid.

HAVING long felt a desire to visit the British possessions in America, I obtained a month's leave of absence for that purpose; and in July, a season of intense heat, left Boston for Burlington, passing through Fitchburg, Concord, and numerous other cities and towns, in my way to New Hampshire; nor could I avoid being struck with the magnificent woodland scenery, and wild natural beauty that presented themselves to the eye, as we passed in the railway carriages.

I.—THE WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH.

VERMONT, with her chain of snow-clad mountains, whose summits seem to pierce the sky, is a county presenting scenery of a most romantic and sublime character. Some of my readers must be acquainted with the story of the White Mountain Notch, where an entire family of nine persons was buried some years ago under an

earthslip from the mountains. On visiting the scene of this catastrophe with a party of gentlemen, we could not help a feeling of awe at beholding the air of desolation that prevails throughout the valley, and especially about the little farm-house occupied by the death-doomed family of the Willys. A small hotel has been built close to the spot of the catastrophe; but it is only occasionally occupied by a couple of men, who obtain a livelihood by selling refreshments to travellers. After partaking of a biscuit and a glass of wine, our attendants blew a blast on a tin horn, the sounds from which immediately wakened up the echoes from the further side of the mountain, and we then repaired to the rock in the rear, near which the avalanche divided, and then rushed off in different directions, leaving the little farm-house (from which the unhappy family fled in their terror, to meet their death) unscathed and untouched. One of the rough, but kind-hearted and honest persons who had charge of the premises, acted as guide, and pointed out the spot where the bodies were found. One of our party thereupon remarked, that the destruction of the entire Willy family, under such dreadful circumstances, was one of the most melancholy casualties he had ever heard of. "Yes, sir," said our guide fervently, "yes, I guess that was a pretty sollum accident."

On reaching Burlington, we found a steamer waiting to convey us across Lake Champlain; and, verily, after the eternal din and racket of railway travelling, a

quiet, easy passage over the smooth water was a most agreeable change. American steamboats, as the reader, perhaps, is aware, have a raised upper-deck to serve as a promenade for passengers, and commanding a view of the scenery through the chain of lakes, so that passing a calm evening on deck, while traversing these waters, is a treat by no means to be despised. I took tea on board, and found it very refreshing after the heat, dust, and fatigue of a long day's travel. We landed at Plattsburg, where I slept (as much at least as the mosquitoes would let me), and early next morning once more embarked and steamed across another portion of the lake to Rouse Point, at which, being a frontier-town of Canada, a custom-house officer examined our luggage—merely as a matter of form. Thence we proceeded once more by railway, passing, at a rapid rate, numerous very French-looking towns and villages, reaching at last the right or south bank of the river St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal, to which city we crossed in a large steam ferry-boat.

II.—MONTREAL.

On landing in this, the chief commercial city of Lower Canada, I was greatly amused to see the scores upon scores of cab and hack-drivers, bawling and shouting out with all the power of so many stentors the names of the different hotels; while the policemen,

with their staves drawn, stood quietly looking on, with a dejected air, as if they but ill-relished their occupation. Montreal (which in the time of the French, before its capture in 1760, was called "Pillemarie") is divided into two parts,—an Upper and a Lower Town; the former, being the handsomer and more modern division; the latter, a collection of business looking streets nearer the river, the principal of which is Paul Street, extending parallel with the St. Lawrence through the whole length of the city, which may contain about 32,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are French, the rest Scotch, English, and Irish emigrants, Americans, and some few Iroquois Indians.

The leading edifice in the town is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a Gothic building of large dimensions, about 260 feet long, and surmounted by six towers, three of which facing the main front are 220 feet high; besides which,—a feature I never saw elsewhere,—there is a promenade on the roof, elevated 120 feet above the street, and commanding a fine view of the city, river, and surrounding country. The principal window is nearly seventy feet high; the main altar is most gorgeous in its appearance, wondrously rich with paintings, carvings, and other symbolical representations of the Catholic faith; and the edifice is said to be capable of accommodating 10,000 persons. This church, however, the newspapers inform us, has very recently been destroyed by fire. Adjoining it is the seminary of St. Sulpice, a handsome educational estab-

lishment, superintended by the Roman Catholic clergy, and, as I hear, well attended by students in the higher branches of learning. The English Cathedral Church is a handsome Grecian edifice, and has a lofty and most beautiful spire.

Among other places of interest, I visited the *Hôtel Dieu*, a sort of convent, consisting of a lady-superior and thirty-six nuns, who wait on and support the sick, all of whom seemed to be excellently well attended to. It was, indeed, a most pleasing sight to see these Sisters of Mercy hurrying to and fro, and seemed highly delighted at the interest we showed in examining the establishment. There are two other nunneries of a nearly similar character, and a General Hospital, said to be one of the best regulated in America, but I did not visit them. I peeped into the *City Hall*, however, which I found to be a fine large building; and in it is a Senate-chamber, a hall of very elegant design, admirably contrived for the despatch of business. The Post-office is the best and handsomest I have seen in America, with the single exception of the United States' General Post-office at Washington. Montreal has four large market-houses; but I cannot say that the goods exposed in them for sale looked very tempting, owing to the thousands of flies and insects that hovered around and settled on the wares. The weather, however, was so oppressively hot during my visit as to make it all but impossible to walk abroad in the middle of the day, and to cause great lassitude, as well as

a feverish thirst. The trade of the city is very extensive, both with Canada and the United States, and it had formerly a large business in furs; but the latter, I understand, has greatly declined within the last twenty years. There is also a marked activity observable here among all classes connected with manufactures and trade,—an activity which, according to Mr. McGregor, has sensibly increased in late years. The position of Montreal, too, at the head of the ship navigation of the St. Lawrence, and near its confluence with the Ottawa, and the easy communication open with the United States, by means of the River Richelieu, Lake Champlain, Hudson River, and the railways, necessarily make it one of the greatest emporiums of British America; as also the easy and quick access of travelling to the interior of the Canadian possessions, by the great resources of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, is another important feature in connexion with this city.

III.—THE ST. LAWRENCE AND ITS TRADE.

On leaving Montreal, I took a cabin berth in one of the steam-packets, which in the summer ply daily between this place and Quebec, the distance being about a hundred and eighty miles down the St. Lawrence;—and I would here remark, that owing to a strong competition between the companies, the fares were

exceedingly moderate. I paid but two dollars (8s. 4d. English) for a cabin berth, including a supper and breakfast; but this is only an exceptional case—for I never elsewhere found American travelling so cheap as it has been represented by recent lecturers in London; and as for short railway trips, they are considerably more expensive than in England. We started at six in the evening, and the interest of the passage was not a little enhanced by the circumstance of our frequent falling in with the huge, floating timber fields of the lumberers (trading from up the country, down to Quebec), who, after collecting the logs cut from the forests, at the mouths of the various rivers flowing into the Great Lake, form them into immense rafts; but capable of division and subdivision, to allow of their passage through rivers, and down the rapids, and sloping aqueducts—called slides—common on the St. Lawrence between Lake Erie and Quebec. These rafts sometimes have on them whole families, with their bedding and cooking utensils, by means of which they make themselves as comfortable as if they were at home. It is a curious life of hardship and adventure that these Canadian boatmen lead; and yet they always seem merry and light-hearted; chorusing, as we passed them, their wild—

> Hi, oh! boatmen row,
> Singing down the river Ontario,

and capering about as if they had never known an hour of trouble. I may add, that at night they alway[illegible]

beacon-fires on board these rafts—as otherwise they would stand a chance of being run down by the numerous steamers that ply up and down the river.

The timber trade of the St. Lawrence is immense, amounting annually to upwards of forty millions of feet, four-fifths of which (amounting on the average of the last five years to about £1,200,000 in value) are exported to Great Britain. In illustration of this, I may instance a merchant of Quebec, Mr. William Rice, said to be the most extensive dealer in lumber or timber throughout North America. He has erected a lumber-wharf on the River Du Loup, 120 miles below Quebec at a cost of 120,000 dollars (£30,000), and has constantly at work there, and at four other stations, 100 saws, all set in motion by water-power; besides which, he annually purchases some millions of feet from the Ottawa. He has for some years, also, furnished employment to between 2,000 and 3,000 men, and freighted upwards of a hundred ships annually for the European markets.

During the night of my journey down the St. Lawrence, I was several times awakened by the stoppage of our steamer, and a confused murmur of voices. On approaching my cabin window to discover the cause of the tumult, I dimly perceived through the gloom, men delivering wood from the landing piers for our engine-fires (which here are but rarely fed with coal), the voices I heard being those of the men calling out the number of wads, or baskets full, as they were brought

in. After a few interruptions of this description, I rose early and went on deck, when I found that the rain which had fallen during the night, had given a fresh and verdant aspect to the well-cultivated farms that meet the eye at short intervals, and stretch far inward from the river's bank.*

IV.—QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, as most of the world knows, is situated on a promontory terminated by Cape Diamond, at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles Rivers. The approach to it down the river is extremely beautiful; the rocky heights on either side, the quantities of shipping riding at anchor, the Lower Town under the cliffs, and the immense masses of timber-logs partly aground, partly floating in the stream, all contributing to give a diversified aspect, while high above, elevated three hundred and fifty feet above the river, bristling with cannon,

* The following geographical facts, respecting the great basin of the St. Lawrence, may not be without their interest for the general reader. It is one of the largest rivers in the world, extends, from its source in the St. Louis above Lake Superior to its mouth, through 27° of longitude, and is upwards of 2,000 miles long; the water-surface of the entire basin, including Lake Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, and Ontario, being estimated at about 73,000 square miles; and such is the depth and amount of water discharged, that competent authorities have

rises the citadel, which has not inaptly been termed "the Gibraltar of the New World." On reaching my hotel, after landing, my first inquiry was—what sights were best worth seeing; and, in consequence of what I was told, I applied to the town-major for a permit to view the fortifications. This granted, I proceeded to toil up the heights—no very easy task on a broiling July day in America—and, on arriving at the gate of the citadel, I was passed by the sentinel to a sergeant, and by him to the commandant of the garrison, who, having *viséd* my pass, and found all correct, handed me over to an intelligent artilleryman, who was to act as my *cicerone*. It is indeed a formidable fortress; for, in the first place, the position is fortified by nature; and in the next, wherever it is in the least degree exposed, it has been so strengthened by immensely strong works,

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supposed it to contain more than half the fresh-water on the globe! The St. Lawrence greatly varies in breadth, and in the middle part of its course it encloses a great number of islands, and forms numerous rapids. In those parts of St. Croix, Detroit, and Niagara Rivers, where there are no large islands, the stream is from three-quarters of a mile to two miles broad; but at the Sault of St. Louis, five miles above Montreal, it narrows to five furlongs, after which it widens to nearly two miles, though at Quebec it is only 1,314 yards broad. Lower down its breadth rapidly increases; and, finally, at the island of Anticosti, 350 miles below Quebec, it rolls into the ocean a flood nearly 100 miles broad, discharging hourly the enormous quantity of seventeen hundred millions of gallons of water! The tides are perceptible as high as Three Rivers, 432 miles from the mouth, about half-way between Quebec and Montreal. Ships of the line can go up to Quebec, those of 600 tons to Montreal, above which a succes-

erected on the most approved principles, that it is justly deemed all but impregnable. I need scarcely say that the fortress is abundantly supplied with huge cannons, balls, bombshells, and large stores of ammunition. From the flagstaff, at the summit of the citadel, I enjoyed a splendid view of the heights of Abraham on one side, the Upper and Lower Towns, and the River St. Lawrence for many miles both ways, as well as the windings and mouth of its tributary—the St. Charles. The soldiers of the garrison looked healthy, hardy fellows, and when I questioned my guide how he liked his residence in Quebec, he replied that he was very well-contented, not overworked, and that when a cool breeze came off the water, on a broiling summer's day, they were not so badly off. I then remarked to him on the severity of the Canadian winters "Oh, as for that,"

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sion of rapids unfits it for navigation, except by *scows* or flat-bottomed boats of ten or fifteen tons. These difficulties, however, are overcome by the construction of the Welland canal, forty-four miles long, which enables vessels of 130 tons to avoid the Niagara Falls, and enter the deep navigation of Lake Erie and the upper parts of the St. Lawrence basin. Lastly, let us observe, that this mighty river is the great commercial thoroughfare of our Canadian provinces, and the northern states of the North American Union; its banks, and those of its lakes, being studded with flourishing cities and towns, such as Quebec and Montreal, Three Rivers, Kingston, Toronto, Buffalo, Oswego, &c., with others yearly springing into existence; nor can the trade, carried on by its medium, amount annually to less than eight or nine millions sterling.—*Darby's Geog. View of America; New York Gazetteer, &c., &c.*

said he, "we have to keep the court-yard clear of snow, which gives us plenty of work, and circulates the blood in our veins, and then on the long, dark evenings we have a bit of a dance with our comrades' wives and daughters." When I had seen all, I retraced my steps, and visited the obelisk, erected by Lord Dalhousie in the castle-garden, to commemorate the death of the gallant English and French generals, Wolfe and Montcalm, who fell in the memorable battle, fought on the heights of Abraham, September 13th, 1759, a battle which resulted in the total annihilation of the French power in Canada.

A little below the heights, close by the residence and offices of the Governor-general, is a handsome terrace, which forms the fashionable promenade of Quebec. The city is divided, as observed before, into an Upper and Lower Town; the former, on the summit of the promontory; the latter, on the shore beneath; besides which, there are two suburbs, those of St. John and St. Roche, where the streets and houses are much handsomer and more regularly built. The houses in the Upper Town are mostly of stone, some of brick, with tin-covered roofs that glitter in the sun, painfully to the eyes. The Old or Lower Town has narrow, dirty, and in many parts, steep streets, with stone, and sometimes wooden houses, covered with shingles; nevertheless, it is the great seat of business, and the river-banks are lined with warehouses and wharfs, the latter of which project from one to two hundred feet in the

stream, to facilitate the lading and unlading of the shipping.

The principal buildings in the Upper Town, are the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame, an irregular structure, with a tower surmounted by a tin-covered spire, and capable of holding 4,000 persons; and the Protestant Cathedral, built in the Roman style of architecture, and having a lofty spire; and, lastly, the Mansion of the Governor-general. A few months before my visit, a large fire had, among other buildings, totally destroyed the Parliament House; but I have since heard that it has been rebuilt, and now is one of the most elegant and extensive edifices in Quebec. I paid a visit, among other places, to the Court-house: the trials were carried on both in French and English, and I was amused to see the perspiring ardour with which the advocates pleaded in behalf of their clients, on a day when the thermometer was 92° in the shade. The other public buildings are the Legislative Chambers, the Quebec Bank, the Exchange, the French College, and the *Hotel de Dieu*, a very valuable hospital, where the sick are nursed wholly by nuns, who here, as at Montreal, are a most useful and charitable class of persons. One day, let me add, I crossed in a steam ferry-boat to the opposite side, called Point Levée, in order to get a better view of Quebec and its fortifications, nor was I by any means sorry for the trouble that I had taken, for the city and river presented a most magnificent and extensive panorama.

Shortly before my leaving Quebec, a large vessel came to anchor in the harbour, which had brought over a number of emigrants from Germany; and so pleased were the passengers with the captain's behaviour, that they evinced their sense of it by purchasing at the city some silver articles to present to him as a testimonial. As this was a somewhat rare occurrence, I could not help noticing it, and I was told that they were of the better and wealthier class, who could well afford the outlay:—yet, would the captains and officers generally of emigrant ships do more to deserve reward, even the poor, I think, would gladly join their mites to bestow it.

A few words about the population, and then farewell to Quebec. The census of 1852, returned it at 42,052, a large majority being of French extraction, speaking very correct French, and professing the Roman Catholic Religion; as also many of the better class of Irish, chiefly Dublin people. Society, too, is more polished and refined here than in Montreal or any other town of British America; but there is a strong tendency to extravagance among the upper classes of the French, nor would it be easy to find a place, where there prevails such extreme jealousy regarding the distinction of ranks.

V.—RETURN UP THE ST. LAWRENCE.

I NOW once more traversed the noble St. Lawrence, and having resolved to visit Upper Canada, I purchased a through-ticket to Niagara Falls, by way of the Lachine rapids. I was especially pleased to find some Indians on board (with their interpreter), most of whom were young, finely formed men, but with repulsive countenances:—they had with them a considerable quantity of skins, and I heard that they were in the employment, as trappers, of the Hudson Bay Company. The steamer that received us was a perfect little palace, having a superbly furnished saloon, with velvet-covered chairs and sofas, magnificent looking-glasses, pianos, harps, &c., with a well supplied library of books,—Canadian, American, and British newspapers,—everything, in short, that the most fastidious traveller could desire. It was, indeed, beyond all comparison the best British steamer I had seen in Canada, and most especially was I pleased with its gentlemanly captain, who—as he headed the well-furnished table—played the host with a dignified ease that I had seldom seen elsewhere. How different this little floating palace, to the dingy steamers of the Thames, and their motley race of captains!

As I am now passing upwards to Niagara, some notice will naturally be expected of the rapids, so

characteristic of the navigation of the St. Lawrence. They come down with such violence, indeed, that some of the worst cannot be overcome even by steamers, except with the aid of locks. It is a tedious process this: for we were fully six hours in getting through eight locks which we had to pass in the twelve miles that these rapids extend. I would advise those, therefore, who wish to visit the Canadas, expeditiously, to begin with Upper Canada, and after traversing the lakes go down instead of up the river—by doing which they would avoid the unpleasantness of passing through the locks;—nevertheless, as I have seen some of these steamers passing down the rapids, I should rather think that nervous persons would be flurried and agitated at a rate of locomotion far exceeding that of the quickest railway travelling; and I am sure it must require a very quick-sighted and experienced pilot to steer the vessel safely through the numerous snags (or stems and branches of trees entangled in the stream) and the many strong and conflicting currents that meet on these waters.

And now, as I have to make this floating hotel my temporary home for several days, let us glance around on our *compagnons de voyage*. A miscellaneous group, indeed, are they—of every class—from the grazier, lumber-dealer, and commercial man, to ladies and gentlemen from the Canadas and United States, in the mere pursuit of pleasure. Various were the discussions I heard; but the war, with England and Russia,

seemed an all-engrossing topic of debate, which would often lead to high words, and occasionally continue so long, that chilly night, far in advance, would warn the debaters to retire to their berths. The Canadians, I must say, I found very courteous and intelligent in their explanations to me respecting the agriculture, commerce, and social habits of their country.

VI.—LAKE ONTARIO; ITS CITIES, AND ITS THOUSAND ISLANDS.

> And while the vessel swiftly flies
> Against the stream, direct his eyes,
> To rest on beauties which abound,
> The rapid river's banks around.

We now entered the beautiful, smooth, and glassy-watered Lake Ontario, the most easterly and least elevated of the great Canadian Lakes, though still 230 feet above the tide-level of the St. Lawrence. It is about 170 miles long, and near its centre about 70 miles broad; while its depth is so astonishing as somewhat to exceed 80 fathoms, or 490 feet, thirty feet more than the height of the cross of St. Peter's at Rome! The sunsets on this magnificent piece of water I considered extremely beautiful:—the shape of the streaks was most peculiar, and the variously tinted colours, blending one with another, gave the effect of a splendid

transparency. The Lake is constantly traversed by sailing brigs, scows, and schooners, and by large steamers plying between Toronto and Kingston in Canada, and Gennesse, Oswego, and Sackett's harbour in the United States. Its banks are in general level, and mostly covered with wood, though now variegated by increased cultivation. On the Canadian side, in particular, the soil is of remarkable fertility, owing to the rotten stumps and clearings of decayed branches, and dead leaves from the forests, which combine to form a black vegetable mould of profuse richness:—indeed, I saw many crops of wheat growing in such quantities, that the stalks actually impeded each other's growth. I should imagine, therefore, that there would be great scope here for settlers of agricultural habits, as the land, like that in the States of the Far West, requires but little preparation, and the life is much less toilsome than is the case with farmers in other localities.

Apropos of a settler's life, I am reminded of a strange story, illustrative of Yankee indifference. A farmer sent his son for a log to put on the fire; but the boy brought only a mere stick, whereon papa gave him a whipping for his negligence. The young gentleman then went out again for a larger log;—but, lo, and behold, he did not return till twenty-five years afterwards. The choleric old gentlemen, whom we have already seen to be a strong advocate for corporal punishments, was calling to one of his grandsons to bring in a large log for the fire,—when, to the surprise

of all but one, in stalks the missing son, now a middle-aged man, who had so unreasonably long absented himself, bearing a huge log in his dexter hand. The old man eyed the new comer askance, quietly examined the log, and after carelessly throwing it on the fire, thus curtly addressed the runaway:— "this ere log 'll do, but ye have been a tarnation long time a-fetching it."

In traversing Lake Ontario, we passed within sight of Brockville, where a monument is erected to the memory of General Brock, and we also steamed through the far-famed THOUSAND ISLANDS, which extend in groups for many miles, furnishing a series of magnificent views, one succeeding the other, and keeping the eye constantly engaged in gazing on the rich variegated verdure and beautiful woodlands with which most of them are covered. The steam-boat companies, moreover, always arrange to pass them by daylight, so that travellers need not fear disappointment. By the way, an anecdote is told, in connexion with these Islands, of a gentleman, who having engaged in the Canadian rebellion, had to hide himself here from the troops sent after him, under the late General Worth; and, during his long concealment, he was regularly supplied with provisions by his heroine daughter Kate, who visited him in her canoe, and has acquired the name of "the Queen of the Thousand Islands."

On arriving at KINGSTON, the former capital of Upper Canada, I had to change steamers, and, as we had to wait here for several hours, I availed myself of

the interval to see the town and fortifications. Kingston is a long, straggling place, covering a considerable area of ground, and has some good streets, lined with stone houses, but the pavements or side-walks are poor, made mostly of planks. The harbour is excellent, having water for large ships to lie close to the shore, and attached to it is a considerable naval dockyard. I also obtained leave to visit Fort Henry, one of the strongholds of Upper Canada, garrisoned by several companies of British troops. The authorities showed us every civility, explaining all very satisfactorily; and as I had an American fellow-traveller with me (this section of my journey), I was glad that the orderly conduct and comfortable homes of the garrison, as well as the good arrangement of the fortifications, gave him a favourable impression of our national military system. The population of Kingston is only about 3,000, less than half of what it had in 1830, a decrease owing to the adoption of Toronto as the seat of government for Upper Canada.

We again embarked on a steamer, proceeding westward, and after traversing about 140 miles, reached the city of TORONTO, which lies on the northern shore, near the western extremity of Lake Ontario. We had very agreeable company on board, including some good singers, and a young lady who performed well on the pianoforte, accompanying the rest, and occasionally giving us specimens of her own vocal powers. Henry Russell's songs seemed most in request, such as "To the West, to the West," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "All

folks are Gone," and many others. After a voyage of about sixteen hours, we entered the deep, circular bay of Toronto, and again disembarked, to proceed still further westward in another steamer. Toronto is on the whole a handsome town, regularly laid out in spacious streets, lined with houses, now chiefly of stone. The principal public buildings (none of them very remarkable) are the Government, the Parliament, and Court-houses, Bank, Lunatic Asylum, College, Cathedral Church, &c.; and there are about 42,000 inhabitants, of whom it is said 13,000 are Roman Catholics.

VII.—NIAGARA FALLS.

On leaving Toronto, we made for Lewiston, on the Niagara river, just below the Falls, which town we reached in a few hours, and there found coaches awaiting our arrival to convey us to the railway depôt, from which a short trip by rail brought us within sound of the cataract, while we could ever and anon see the spray rising like a white mist into the atmosphere.

As respects the Falls, so many have written, and so eloquently on this wonder of nature, that I almost despair at any attempt at description; yet, as no two writers have described them precisely alike, I shall humbly endeavour to record my impressions on viewing this stupendous spectacle. On first looking at Niagara

Falls, one cannot avoid a feeling that we are here within the precincts of God's holy work, the glorious temple of the Great Living Spirit; and the thought immediately following is—how insignificant, in sight of such a work of the Divine Architect, are man and all man's undertakings. The scene, in fact, more than realised the words of Charles Mackay:—

> Mighty Niagara, whose voice we hear
> Bursting in thunder, loud, sublime, and clear,—
> Thy glorious waters, like an ocean hurl'd,
> From the blue heav'n to overflow the world,
> Fill us with wonder, as we stand afar,
> Humbled to think how small and mean we are;
> And as they rush, and foam, and burst, and roll,
> They speak high language to the awe-struck soul.

The deafening roar of the falling waters seemed to resolve itself into steady, stately sounds of majestic music, louder, grander, and more imposing, than could have been elicited from all the organs and orchestras in the world. On the beauteous spray, I could fill many pages of description, so truly and poetically sublime does it appear—as it rises like a pure white cloud of filmy vapour and assumes a variety of fantastic shapes, ascending high into the atmosphere, every now and then receiving the most lovely and varied tints as it meets the sun's rays. Cold, indeed, must he be, who can gaze on this stupendous waterfall without being awe-struck by its magnificence and gigantic, indescribable power; nay, even when we see the wondrous velocity of the rapids immediately above the Falls, we shrink

with apprehension at the thought how soon those waters are to rush down the mighty chasm and be dispersed in mist. Niagara, too, presents a variety of aspects; for at one time we may see it enveloped, as it were, in, and partly hidden by, the beauteous spray; a moment after it will shine forth fully revealed in the sunlight, and again appearing covered with a dense intensity of gloom that gives it the semblance of a wild, tempestuous beaten sea. In short, no one can look with indifference on this majestic scene—no one turn from it without a feeling of gratitude that he has been permitted silently to worship his Creator in this sublime temple of the Almighty power.

As some of my readers, however, may prefer positive facts to moral reflections, I shall here subjoin a few particulars that will give some practical ideas of the stupendous grandeur of these Falls. The Niagara River issues from the eastern extremity of Lake Erie, and after forming several islands—one of them twelve miles in length, and pursuing a pretty smooth course of about thirty-four miles, is first propelled over a succession of rapids, having a descent of fifty feet in half-a-mile, and is then precipitated over the Falls, which are divided by an island about 500 yards broad, perched in the very centre of the cataract, in two distinct sheets of water—one of which, on the Canadian side, called from its concave shape the *Horse-shoe Fall*, is 600 yards wide and 158 feet deep; while the American Fall, on the opposite side, is about 200 yards wide and 164

feet deep,—so that the entire breath of the river from shore to shore is about 1,400 yards;—and the quantity of water hourly precipitated into the chasm beneath has been calculated at 11,524,400 tons. The depth of the water, however, be it understood, is much greater on the Canadian than the American side; and hence, while the scarcely hidden limestone-rocks below the American Fall, cause the flood to be broken into foam, the deep green hue of the billows beneath the Horse-shoe Fall is but slightly changed by the crests of foam rising above them. Lastly, the waters immediately after their union below the cataract are again contracted into a stream not more than 160 yards wide, rushing through a deep trench, bounded by perpendicular walls, that have been cut by the action of the waters during the lapse of many succeeding centuries.

In passing under the *Horse-shoe Fall* (the bottom of which is reached by a spiral staircase), much care must be taken; for it is attended with some danger, owing to the slipperiness of the ground from the effects of the spray, and an unlucky false step would precipitate one into the whirling gulf beneath. Flannel and India-rubber suits are put on the adventurous visitors at the guide-house, and then is the journey begun. Our guide was a tall, strong, dark-coloured Canadian, who led the way down many dilapidated steps formed out of the rock, until at length we reached the narrow path that was to lead us directly under the Fall. As we proceeded, he gave us a glass of water issuing from

certain rocky crevices, which he alleged to possess the wondrous property of healing all diseases! We were six in number, and the guide directed us to hold one another's hands and face the rock, turning our backs to the immense body of the cataract. We had not advanced far, however, before our breathing became difficult and painful from the rarefaction of the atmostphere, and though the falling water in some parts drenched us through and through, we were in a strong perspiration. We walked very slowly sideways for some distance, till at length one of our party was reported to be fainting, whereupon the guide instantly called to us with stentorian lungs (barely heard, however, owing to the roar of the cataract), to halt and return sideways, as we had advanced, without turning round. It was a curious and bewildering sensation, being directly under so many thousand tons of water; and when I gave a timid glance upwards, I had a strange and mingled feeling of fear and reverence at beholding the mighty, watery avalanche. The rushing sound of the Horse-shoe Fall is indeed most terrific, when heard in close proximity to it, and when we emerged from the narrow opening, we felt truly thankful, in spite of all the majesty of the spectacle, that we had escaped unharmed from our perilous adventure.

As the best, and, indeed, only simultaneous view of both the Falls, is to be had from a distance of about 300 yards on the river below them, a pretty little steamer, yclept the *Maid of the Mist*, has been

brought into requisition, and plies daily (Sundays excepted), during the summer, between the Suspension-bridge, presently to be described, and the Falls. A trip in her cannot fail of proving interesting even to those least affected by the sublimities of nature. After a short ride of about two mile, stemming the rapid current, we at length came in full view of the American Falls; after which, we were boldly steered to the very mouth of the Horse-shoe Cataract; whence, after satisfying our curiosity, we emerged from the enveloping rainbow-gilded spray, and then turned back on our homeward way. The magnificence of the scene, as the gallant little steamer passes through the floating, filmy vapour, can only be appreciated by those who have witnessed its grandeurs. Waterproof dresses are provided for the passengers, and many a merry laugh rings from the ladies as they survey one another in their Indian-rubber disguises.

VIII.—THE NIAGARA SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

THIS stupendous structure, which spans the rock-enclosed river two miles below the Falls, was the work of the well-known American engineer, Mr. J. A. Roebling, of Trenton, in New Jersey. It is suspended by wire ropes, forming a single span of 800 feet, and has two

floors, like the new bridge at Newcastle-on-Tyne—the lower one being for the ordinary traffic of horses, foot-passengers, &c.; that above, elevated eighteen feet over the last, exclusively for railway trains. The main cables, to which the wire ropes are secured, are fastened by massive iron chains sunk from twenty to thirty feet into the native rock, and rest on cast-iron saddles placed on the tops of the towers on either side. These cables are of course extremely strong, for it is no uncommon occurrence to see a train of heavy loaded luggage-cars, weighing upwards of 1,200 tons, covering the entire bridge from end to end. To construct any other kind of bridge over this deep and rapid stream, would have been purely impossible, and the enterprise may be regarded as a complete engineering triumph.

IX.—ANECDOTES ABOUT THE FALLS.

Among the many exciting incidents connected with the Rapids and Falls of Niagara, the following may not prove uninteresting. On the evening of June 17, 1853, two young Germans, belonging to a sand-scow that lay moored for the night at the French landing, took a small boat attached to her, and started on a pleasure trip down the river. Nothing more was known of them till the next morning, when one of the party, Joseph Avery, was discovered clinging to a log embedded

between rocks in the midst of the rapids, just above the falls—the other, without doubt, having been carried over the precipice the evening before; for the inmates of the toll-house had heard cries through the night, but not suspecting their source, had paid no further heed. As soon as the peril of the unhappy survivor became known, vast numbers of townspeople and strangers hurried to the river-side, eager to assist in his rescue from impending death, and a boat was let down the current by ropes, but it swamped ere it reached him. A second was brought, and succeeded in reaching the log, but the lines attached to it became hopelessly entangled in the rocks. Early in the afternoon, however, a stoutly-built raft was prepared and let down the river, till it lay alongside the log, and to this Avery bound himself with cords sent to him for the purpose; but even this expedient failed, for the raft had only been drawn a little way towards the shore, when it became immovably fixed in the rocks, though the poor fellow laboured with all his efforts to assist his anxious helpers on shore.

It was now nearly sunset, when a final attempt was made to rescue him by bringing down a ferry-boat, and sending it towards the raft. Poor Avery, seeing it approach, and the means of deliverance thus apparently within his reach, loosened the cords that bound him, and sprung to reach the boat, but through weakness and exhaustion missed it and fell into the water, along which he was rapidly hurried and borne over the cataract, a lifeless mass—beneath the very sight of a

brother from a neighbouring town, who hearing of his peril, had hastened to the spot in the hope of saving him.

As I was one day, during my stay, glancing over the wooden bridge that overlooks the Horse-shoe Fall, a boatman came up to me and observed, "Could this bridge speak, what fearful tales might it tell! I well remember," said he, "a party, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, and little daughter, with a male friend, who was looking over this bridge, as you are now. Well, sir, this friend in the exuberancy of his delight at the splendid sight of the waters, caught up the little girl, jestingly saying, 'I will throw you over;' when the child, startled by the sudden act, leaped out of his arms into the whirling rapids beneath. Instantly did the young man, whose recklessness had caused the accident, jump into the rushing tide with the intention of saving her—but in vain—they were both precipitated over the Horse-shoe Fall. The body of the little girl was found, with the head frightfully crushed, between two rocks, about a couple of miles below the cataract; the young gentleman was never found. Alas, sir," said the honest, feeling fellow, "this calamity shed a melancholy gloom for weeks over the neighbourhood." And well it might, thought I; the sufferings of the parents must have been beyond expression, when they beheld their darling whirled about in the eddies, and after giving, perhaps, one last look, and uttering one half-stifled death-scream, borne over the precipice, and

parted from them for ever. Yet, not for ever, let us hope;—her sainted soul doubtless awaits in heaven a glad re-union with those from whom she was, by so dreadful a visitation, severed on earth!

X.—THE RETURN—ALBANY.

THE time during which I had resolved to enjoy the wild glories of Niagara having come to a close, I took a last, lingering, fond, farewell look at its fascinating waters, and then proceeded by the New York and Erie Railway (Albany-branch) on my return home. The weather was at this time intensely hot; and as the extreme heat and dust, combined with the fatigue of railway-travelling had made me very ill before, I imagined I might avoid much of that inconvenience by taking the night train, which is generally closed to protect the passengers from sparks, dust, and cinders. The sequel proved, alas, that I had made an unhappy choice. The night was extremely sultry; and the great number of passengers in the carriages, with not a single window open to let out their imprisoned breaths, gave me a stifling sensation, which before the end of our long journey had brought on a racking headache. The first and largest place at which we stopped, on our way to Albany, was BUFFALO, a busy lake-port and commercial entrepôt, having a population of some 25,000

persons, and a vast increasing trade; and we afterwards passed by ROCHESTER, on the Genesee (population 32,000), SYRACUSE, ROME, and many other places,—arriving at Albany about eleven in the forenoon.

ALBANY, as some of my readers may know, is the capital of the State of New York, and one of the oldest settled cities in the Union, dating its foundation, in 1613, to the Dutch, a year prior to that of New York by the same people. It stands on very uneven ground, rising from the right bank of the Hudson to the height of more than 200 feet, and is on the whole a well-built city, having, among other public edifices, a Capitol at the top of the principal street, and near it the City-hall and State-hall, the first and last of which are the seats of the legislative and executive authorities of the State of New York. It happened to be the market morning when we arrived, and the whole place was busy with country people bringing their farm produce for the supply of the inhabitants. Albany, I heard, has extensive manufactories, chiefly for—two very opposite articles—viz., carriages and hats; and its position, at the junction of the Erie and Champlain Canals and on the Hudson in constant communication with New York, as well as being the centre of an extensive railway system, makes it a place of great business and importance as a trading entrepôt; nor can it at the present time have less than 54,000 inhabitants. During my brief stay, I went down to the canal pier and wharfs, the quantity of canal

craft, sloops, and barges at which, together with tug-boats and magnificent Hudson steamers, all convinced me of the large amount of river and canal traffic carried on through the medium of Albany.

XI.—SARATOGA, AND ITS VISITORS.

To have been so near Saratoga and yet not visit it, would have been as bad as presenting the Play of "Hamlet"—omitting the character of the Royal Dane—especially as it was the very height of the fashionable season. A short pleasant ride of some thirty miles by rail took us to the place, which is charmingly situated in a champaign country skirted by hills, intersected by streams and lakes, and presenting occasionally some very beautiful, romantic scenery. In fact, I was forcibly reminded of that pretty description by John Scott, the Quaker poet:—

> ——————————Delicious hills,
> Bounding smooth vales, and they by winding streams
> Divided, which here glide thro' grassy banks
> In open sun, there wander under shade
> Of aspen tall or ancient elm, whose boughs
> O'erhang grey castles and romantic farms,
> And humble cots of happy shepherd swains.

Historically, it claims an interest as being the place, near which, during the revolutionary war, General Burgoyne and his troops were obliged (October 17, 1777,)

to surrender to General Gates, the American commander. Its present celebrity and prosperity, however, are due to the saline and chalybeate springs in the vale just below the town, the waters of which are in high repute both for renovating the over-taxed or inert system, and curing many descriptions of inveterate disease. The town consists of little more than a single spacious street, fringed with trees, having four or five churches, and several magnificent hotels with beautiful attached grounds—one of which, "the United States' Hotel," has accommodation for 400 visitors; besides the above, there are numerous excellent boarding-houses. Upwards of 40,000 persons visit these springs from July to September, and as many as 2,000 arrivals have been known in a single week,—including all the *élite* of wealth, fashion, and beauty, from every part of the Union, besides many of every grade of rank and variety in manners and character,—from the rich merchants and cotton-planters of Louisiana, Alabama, and Arkansas; the proud, polished land-owners of Virginia and Carolina; and the successful land speculators of Kentucky, Missouri, and Michigan, to the wealthy capitalists of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. In fact, here, at Saratoga, the traveller may see the strangely characteristic and strongly contrasted features of the whole Union brought before him at a single view, and study the varying characters in the different States under singularly advantageous terms. I question, too, whether Brighton or Cheltenham would

produce a larger assemblage of well-dressed and politely-mannered men, or a brighter array of feminine beauty than the *salons* and gardens of Saratoga. The ladies of the South, like their sisters of the North, are celebrated for their exquisite beauty. In symmetry of form and features, fine pink and white complexions, regular teeth, small mouths, and speaking eyes, indeed, they find few parallels in Europe; though at the same time they lack the full development of rosy, healthy beauty, and animated intelligent expression of our ladies on this side of the Atlantic. *Ennui* is a common visitor, I fear, to the fairest of our transatlantic sisters; and beauty with them is on the wane at least a dozen years sooner than with us. I am treading, however, on very dangerous ground, and shall abstain from any more invidious comparisons—just observing, that I have ever on all occasions received the kindest sympathy and most polite attentions from all the ladies, whom it has been my lot to meet either in society at Boston and Dorchester, or during my travels elsewhere.

XII.—RETURN TO NEW YORK—DOWN THE HUDSON.

On my return to Albany, I took one of those floating palaces, propelled by steam, which navigate the Hudson between that city and New York. This river, called

"the Rhine of America," is constantly traversed by steamers, and tugs conveying whole fleets of canal boats, besides merchant vessels, schooners, and river barges. For the greater part of its course it runs through a very remarkable valley, extending from the St. Lawrence through Lake Champlain to the Atlantic near New York, the level of which nowhere rises 150 feet above the tide-level. Its total length is 280 miles; but only 150 up to Troy, six miles above Albany, for sloops and river steamers; while large ships run up to Hudson only thirty miles below. Its breadth, near Albany, is rather less than a mile; at Hudson and Paughkupoie a mile and a half; but below the heights called "the Palisades" it widens considerably, and is nearly three miles broad at its entrance into New York harbour. Its only important branch is the Mohawk, which enters it from the west, near Troy. It were well to state, however, that the navigation is annually closed for about three months by frost and ice.

As for its scenery, nothing can well surpass the beauty of the landscapes presenting themselves on either bank—lofty, bold-looking mountains here; round, well-wooded hills there; and anon, fertile valleys stretching for miles upon miles on either side of the stream. In fact, the eye can never tire of such charming prospects as these. Hither retire the wealthy, the learned, and the fashionable of America; nor can we conceive a more delightful abode than one of those elegant and picturesque villas that dot its banks. The calm retirement,

and the sylvan beauties of this romantic neighbourhood, make it indeed a most welcome retreat, equally for the wealthy retired citizen, the successful poet, and the true lover of nature; besides which, the passing up and down of the many steamboats, and the white sails of the shipping, give a liveliness that adds not a little to the charms of this beautiful river.

The Hudson flows into the North River, close to and on the west side of New York, so that we were landed in near proximity to the busy throng of the Broadway. When I visited the northern metropolis before, it was mid-winter, but now it was the month of August, and intensely hot. As I availed myself of an English friend's invitation to stay at his house in the Broadway, I had ample opportunities of seeing the masses of people that walked up and down the noble thoroughfare, and I was much struck by their peculiar appearance,—dressed, as they mostly were, in white linen or jean, and wearing broad-brimmed straw hats, light bonnets, &c., which gave them a very cool and comfortable look in this oppressively hot season.

XIII.—NEW YORK REVISITED.

As I have already described the main features of New York, I shall now confine myself to such matters as I had not observed, or forgotten to notice on my previous

visit. Whatever may be said in disparagement of the sewerage and street régime of New York, there has been at all events a most ample supply of water since the completion, in 1848, of the CROTON AQUEDUCT AND WATERWORKS, which may vie in magnificence with the noblest hydraulic structures of any age, ancient or modern. I went to see the reservoirs to the north of the city, and they contain some thirty millions of gallons; but those, of themselves, give no idea of the grandeur of the undertaking. The aqueduct commences at a huge collecting pond, some forty miles north of New York, capable of holding eighteen million tons of water, which are carried by a long double-arched aqueduct of stone and brick, eight feet high, through hills, and across valleys and streams, as far as the Harlem River, a branch of the Hudson, which separates the northern part of Manhatten Island from the main land. Over this the Croton aqueduct is carried by a noble stone bridge, of fourteen arches, some five hundred yards in length, at a level of a hundred and forty feet above the river. These works have cost upwards of three millions sterling; but great and burdensome as the expenditure, the benefits have been immense, for not only are the entire population supplied with water far beyond their greatest possible wants, but a large surplus is constantly in reserve to extinguish at once the most destructive fires. The result has been a vast saving of property, and, as a matter of course, a large diminution in the rate of insurance. It is close to

Reservoir-square that the new Crystal Palace for the New York Exhibition was erected.

The Crystal Palace was not open when I was here before, and now I was too late to see the entire collection of articles exhibited. Nevertheless, there still remained some specimens of sculpture and plaster models, among which the best and most prominent was that of our Saviour, and the twelve apostles, larger than life, and seemed finely executed. There was also a small collection of tolerably good paintings, chiefly by American artists. The great glory of the Exhibition, however, was the mammoth tree from California, which, when growing, was 360 feet high, that is, as high as the cross from the pavement of St. Paul's, and having girth at its base of ninety-three feet. The rind was all that remained of this vegetable monster, so that visitors could enter its trunk, and a tolerably large dinner or quadrille party could enjoy themselves within. This tree, the largest of about a hundred of its species, has since, I believe, been exhibited in London. As regards the building itself, it is a light, fairy-like structure of iron and glass, but it will bear no comparison as regards size with that lately in Hyde Park, or the more recent one at Sydenham. It is in the form of an irregular octagon, with a central cupola, and eight minarets or towers at the angles, that irresistibly convey to the spectator's eye the idea of a gigantic cruet-stand.

My next visit was to the Academy of Music, the largest and most elegant theatre of New York, where

an Italian troupe were performing. The circle of boxes varied from those in our own opera house, in having only a very few private boxes, the far larger majority being open, as in our ordinary playhouses, only the seats, which are single, are so contrived as to spring forward when any one is passing or repassing. The *parquette*, or pit, is exceedingly well regulated for sight, and presents a pretty spectacle with its stall-like seats. The boxes are supported by white caryatides instead of pillars, and white is the prevailing colour throughout, relieved by ornamental gold-work, which gives the whole a very chaste and beautiful appearance. If any fault there be, it is this, and a very great one in theatres, that the complete blaze of architectural and decorative beauty before the curtain, dims the eye with its brilliance, and somewhat impairs the effect of the scenery behind. The opera of the night was Rossini's "William Tell," with Madames Lagrange, and Griolini, Senors Colletti, Badioli, &c., but, admirably as the music was sung, the attendance was but scanty. New York, I should here observe, has several theatres, the principal being Niblo's, the Broadway, Burton's, and the Metropolitan; besides which, there is an amphitheatre for equestrian performances.

The UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK, situated in Washington Square, is one of the finest buildings in the whole city. It is built of marble, in the English collegiate style, and has a frontage 180 feet long, with wings, and flanked at each end by towers; the centre

being occupied by the chapel, which, though small, is beautifully decorated somewhat in the style of King's College. There are eight or nine professors, and upwards of three hundred students, who receive instruction in classical, scientific, and professional learning.

During my stay this time, I visited HARLEM (on the invitation of one of my fellow passengers across the Atlantic); it is one of the pleasantest suburbs of the capital, from which it is separated by the Harlem River, a name given, no doubt, by the Dutch, who founded New York, in 1621, under the name of New Amsterdam. I crossed the river by the fine, modern stone bridge, of many arches, the design of which does great credit to its architect; and so pleased was I with my quiet, semi-rural ride here, out of the bustle of the great city, that I would by all means advise every visitor to take a trip to this pretty suburb.

Before I leave New York, however, I must mention one habit of the people, that constantly results in accidents of a more or less serious character (a failing that is very prevalent among the London steam-boat travellers of short distances); I mean their reckless jumping on and off the steam ferry-boats. In crossing over both to Brooklyn and New Jersey I have repeatedly seen this done, by females as well as males, in spite of the notices and cautions stuck up both on the piers and steam-boats, not to jump aboard or ashore, till after the boats are properly attached. The following occurrence, resulting from this dangerous

practice, I myself witnessed. The ferry boat was unmoored, and had already moved some inches from the pier, when a lady came rushing down the pier to get on board. One of the pier-men, satisfied that she could not jump so far, placed himself in front of her, with arms out-stretched to stop her rash leap; but the impetus with which she was descending towards the boat was so great, that he was forced backwards, and the lady precipitated, clinging to him, into the water. Every one stood aghast at the sight! but in a few seconds they both rose to the surface, the man with one hand supporting the lady, while with the other he manfully struck out, till the people on shore could get out the boat-hooks and rescue both of them from their perilous position. This lady was saved, it is true, and so was her preserver; but, during my stay in Boston, an accident happened that had fatal results. A young man, springing from the boat before it was fastened, fell between the pier and the vessel and was crushed to death between the two. Such occurrences, methinks, should act as a lesson even to the most venturesome.

XIV.—VOYAGE BY STEAMER TO BOSTON.

On leaving New York for Boston, having determined to go thither by water, I secured a berth in the steamer, *Metropolis*, one of the most superb specimens of the

floating palaces so common in America, Externally, it presented little difference from any other; but as soon as I entered the state cabin and saloons, I was astonished at their magnificence, which seemed more like a scene of enchantment than reality. The length, and fine proportions of the several rooms, and their gorgeous furniture—marble tables, velvet-cushioned chairs, satin draperies, carved and gilt cornices, splendid, large looking glasses, sculptured figures, vases of flowers, exquisitely-toned, finely-cased pianos, and fantastic, but costly chandeliers, all proved that no expense whatever had been spared in the fitting up of this gigantic steamboat. Comfort, moreover, is not forgotten, as the capital appointments of the state rooms and sleeping berths amply testified.

We left New York at half-past four in the afternoon, and proceeded to cross what is termed "the Sound." At half-past six a good supper was provided, at 50 cents. or two shillings each, and not even the most fastidious could complain either at the variety or quality of the provisions placed on table. Very little was said during the meal; for in America, as in England, when mere strangers meet, they find it very difficult to break off the chilling crust of reserve, and join in general conversation. I was very much amused, however, to see the hosts of coloured attendants that hurried to and fro, waiting on the passengers.

About four next morning we arrived at Fall River Railroad Station—half an hour previous to which, one

of the coloured servants entered our lengthy cabin beating repeatedly a Chinese gong, to awaken the sleepers and apprize them that they were to prepare for the shore. To be thus aroused out of deep sleep, by a sound alarming and mysterious to the unexperienced, was somewhat provoking, and the poor darkee got many a curse and some few cuffs from the more irritable sleepers for his pains. One old gentleman, in great wrath, shook his tormentor by the collar, and demanded the reason of such an outrage and disturbance in the quiet night; to which Cuffie, shrugging his shoulders, quietly replied—"You ought to know, saar, we are near the Fall River Station:—go to bed and sleep all day, saar, if you like; but don't blame me for not waking you."

Before we go on shore, I must give a few more particulars about this steamer. Its engines are said to be the largest and most powerful of any marine engines in the United States. The chief engineer's room is handsomely fitted up, in keeping with the rest of the vessel, with tables, mahogany sofa, and easy chairs—a large mirror being placed so as to reflect the action of the colossal, but highly polished machinery:—this apartment is reserved for the two principal engineers, the stokers and others being forbidden to enter it. These, and other steamers of this company, carry vast quantities of heavy goods in addition to their ordinary cargo; such as the whole apparatus of a travelling circus, including caravans, tents, scaffolding poles,

horses, &c., with numerous carriages. I noticed, too, a novel and singular mode of landing the baggage, when we arrived at the station. The passengers' luggage is ticketed, each owner being provided with a corresponding number, and it is then placed in small baggage waggons, which are with little trouble whirled off the boat, and thence removed by a well-arranged contrivance on to the railway trucks.

After safely arriving at Boston, on the conclusion of my fatiguing, but instructive journey, I naturally expected to find letters awaiting me from England, and on returning to the quiet monotony of business life, my feelings experienced a reaction and melancholy tinge from the delay caused by accident or carelessness; and in the words of the poet—

> Then how sweet 'tis to muse on the time that is fled,
> If to our satisfaction it passed;
> To remember each look, ev'ry word that was said
> By the friends we shall love to the last.

A letter, indeed, to one who has been for a long time separated from dear friends by some thousands of miles, is the only solace left him—and often have I indulged my hopes and imagination, as I have espied the Mail-steamer from England puffing up the Bay of Boston. Is all well, or has sickness, perhaps death, made havoc in the paternal dwelling—with a hundred other harassing thoughts? And then, even when the little messenger arrives—with what different feelings do we review its contents—joy, satisfaction, and gratitude,

with the pleasing anticipation, perhaps, of an early re-union on the one hand,—on the other, alarm, overwhelming sorrow, crushing agony. Oh, would that missives were always harbingers of joy; and yet, were it so, mankind would be over-presumptuous, rash in its aspiration, and too self-reliant on its own capabilities of governing the affairs of life.

As for letter writing, I know no truer source of consolation than the opportunity for the interchange of kindly feelings and anxious sympathies with those we love, and who, struggling like ourselves, feel a deep and absorbing interest in the difficulties we encounter. And then, again, the interest is not slight that is aroused by the perusal of old letters. Oh, what hopes and fears, what joys and griefs, are often centered in them, feelings common to our nature, feelings which make all hearts akin, from the humblest citizen to the monarch on the throne. Then what memories are aroused at the sight of a well known autograph from the hand of one whom we loved from childhood,—or haply it may be the tracing of one who has for ever left this vale of tears, but whose fond image still remains enshrined as the dearest treasure of the heart. Such are the feelings aroused by letters, written and received—the description of which, but imperfectly done at best, was suggested by my disappointment about "a delayed letter."

XV.—THE GREAT UNITED STATES' AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

THE Agricultural Society of the United States holds a fair once a year in different great cities of the Union alternately. This was held at Boston in the October of 1855, and it lasted several days. The ground selected was a large tract of newly-made land recovered from the Bay of Boston by filling it up with earth at an immense cost. Yet, expensive as this process may have been, it is already repaying the authorities by its value for building purposes. The scheme was tried with great success some years ago at the *Neck*, now one of the leading thoroughfares of Boston, but which a quarter of a century ago formed a part of the Bay. This desire to add by extraordinary expedients to the building ground in immediate contiguity with the city, is perfectly intelligible, when we consider the high rentals, and the necessity which the leading commercial men feel of being close to their places of business.

Who would have thought that such mighty results would have followed from the exasperation of a mob of females throwing the tea overboard, because it was taxed ? Yet that first act led to the great struggle for liberty, in which so many brave men imperilled their lives, and which ended at last in American Independence. Well, the very site of the Agricultural Fair was that spot of the Bay where the Boston ladies

wetted their tea. On this occasion, however, the meeting was not for an insurrectionary, but a peaceful purpose, and the olive-branch had taken the place of the rifle; "and no more of war's alarms;" for agriculture was now the noble object of a pacific rivalry, —a rivalry, which, if properly carried out, cannot fail of promoting and exalting the condition of this great country and its almost boundless tracts of land;—and Heaven grant that such pursuits, which spread plenty and happiness wherever they are cultivated, may never be interrupted by any outburst of unnatural war, as some restless spirits delight to prophecy.

The cattle were in excellent condition, and in vast numbers,—comprising Durham short-horns, Devons, Alderneys, Ayrshires, &c., &c.; bulls, oxen, cows and calves; besides which there were some excellent breeds of sheep and swine of all sizes; also several varieties of horses. The animals had been brought from all parts of America,—some even from Europe; and the English won several prizes and gained general admiration. The American horses were far superior to the English in respect to speed, especially in fast-trotting, a pace much prized by the sporting Yankees.

A course was made for the occasion, which being of circular shape, enabled the visitors to have a good sight of the races. These fast-trotting horses were mostly harnessed to exceedingly light chaises, made only for one person, the wheels of which seemed scarcely strong enough to bear the weight of the driver; and I was

told that it is very fatiguing work to prevent the horses from breaking out of the trot,—a circumstance which would at once lose the race. This racing is very exciting work; and some of the best horses trotted a mile in two minutes and forty seconds.

Bands of music played at intervals in different parts of the ground, and stands were erected for the ladies. In short, I never saw Boston so gay, thronged as it was by visitors from all parts of the Union.

The streets of the city were scarcely passable:—omnibuses, hacks, and carriages of every description were brought into requisition; and into any of these conveyances, as chance might be, the travellers rushed from the railroad station, without the slightest compunction, as to the breakage either of springs, horses' backs, or their own bones. The weather, it must be owned, was rather unfavourable to the exhibition; for it was beyond a joke to stand still and watch the proceedings with a cold, cutting, easterly wind in one's face. The visitors, nevertheless, nothing daunted, came by thousands, and the animation of the scene was no little enhanced by the brilliant display of the ladies, who graced the fair with their presence.

In conclusion, I may notice in particular some magnificent oxen, of colossal dimensions, that were yoked to waggons with heavy weights inside, for the purpose of testing their powers of traction one against another, by seeing which would first reach a point at a few yards' distance. The "hi-hi," of the drivers, shouted with great

vehemence, seemed to bewilder the poor beasts, who would look right and left, and then dart off at a sharp pace, quite surprising in such clumsy-looking, though useful animals.

XVI. FANEUIL HALL AND BUNKER'S HILL.

This building, whose history is dear to all Bostonians, —nay, all Americans,—was the scene of the earliest agitation of American Independence;—and the great men, who first conceived the thought, never relaxed in their addresses, till the people were ripe for the struggle, which had so glorious a termination. Its situation is central, in Dock Square, near the City-hall, Exchange, and New Custom-house, almost on the edge of the bay, where the first act of revolt was committed that led to the long internecine war with Great Britain. When I visited the Hall it was adorned with flags and banners, preparatory to a grand public dinner. Its walls were hung with good portraits of, Washington and other generals; Jefferson, Adams, and many eminent statesmen of the United States;—and I was particularly struck with a gigantic painting, thirty feet long by nine in height, composed of groups of perhaps eighty figures, Webster being in the foreground, addressing the Senate in his famous reply to Haynes on some popular measure. The likeness, I was told, is very faithful. Faneuil Hall stills continues to be a centre of agitation; for, to this day, whenever the Bostonians, or any portion of them,

conceive, rightly or otherwise, that they have any grievance requiring redress, they immediately convene a meeting here, in order that the matter may be discussed, and the wrong, if possible, remedied. As in the case of the prohibition of selling liquor, measures were taken here to resist compliance; and though the Government did their best to enforce the *Maine Liquor Law* by the seizure of spirits, the infliction of fines, and imprisonment, it was found to be useless;—it being "unconstitutional," and consequently unrecognized.

One day, during my stay at Boston, I walked a mile or two to Bunker's Hill, a steep acclivity, 110 feet above Charlestown, to which city it belongs. This celebrated height commands a panoramic view of the Bay, and the whole country round for many miles; and the day I visited it, the calm, serene beauty of the scenery spoke of a peace and prosperity which had no existence eighty years ago;—for it was here, that on June 17, 1775, was fought one of the earliest and most celebrated battles in the American revolutionary war. The provincial troops having established themselves during the night on a portion of this height, a British force was sent to dislodge them; but though the latter ultimately effected their purpose, so sturdy was the resistance offered, that they lost 1,054 men killed and wounded, while the American loss was considerable less than half that number. So obstinate, indeed, was the fight, that the hill was captured and recaptured several times during the day;—and to this time a

cannon ball is shown, lodged in the brick wall of a church in Boston, said to have been fired during this memorable battle.

A granite obelisk, about 250 feet high, has been erected to the memory of the brave patriots that fell here:—I ascended it, and from the summit enjoyed even a still more extensive range of view, which as the day was bright and clear, extended far over land and ocean, like which seemed to form one gigantic panorama.

On my way home, I visited CHARLESTOWN DOCK-YARD and arsenal,—a very efficient naval establishment, provided with covered slips, dry and wet docks—and, in short, every accommodation for the construction of the largest ships and war-steamers. The whole yard is kept in admirable order, and great cleanliness; nor is there a single invention of machinery that is not here applied on a large scale. The rope-walks, and sail-makers' sheds also were well worthy of notice; and I was much surprised to see the great quantity of cannon, bombs, shells, and cannon-balls, as well as small arms, kept in the yard, ready for immediate service. Lastly, let me observe, that here, as everywhere in the United States, I found the officials uniformly courteous and attentive to my inquiries.

During my stay in the neighbourhood of Boston, April, 1856, the inhabitants sustained a great calamity in the destruction by fire of the well-known *Gerish Market;* and the loss was estimated at half a million of dollars (£125,000), owing to the number of warehouses

and workshops destroyed; besides which, several hundreds of workmen were thrown out of employ and lost their tools into the bargain. The steam fire-engine did most essential service; and I could not but admire, most warmly, the methodical coolness and plucky bravery, with which the Boston firemen exerted themselves in saving life and property. As respects the tenements burnt, however, I could not but observe how thin and fragile the outward walls were;—and as this condition of things has no doubt led to the great losses that are so often sustained here by fire, I think it is high time that some stringent State-law should be passed to prevent the erection of houses without the approval of a properly educated surveyor appointed by the State. Such a regulation would at once be the means of saving not only vast amounts of property, but the lives of brave firemen and others, who hazard their existence under thin, tottering walls that may fall any instant and hurl them into eternity.

As an example of the hazard these firemen run, from their extraordinary exertions, I may cite the case of a young man, who, on a hot summer's day, was employed with others in dragging an engine to a fire at a distant part of the city. They had no sooner reached their destination, than the youth, overcome by the exertion, was taken ill, and died in a very few hours from the profuse hemorrhage caused by the breaking of a blood-vessel. The parents of the young man were in good circumstances, much respected, and the youth

himself was a great favourite among his companions, who resolved to give him a public funeral. The scene was so imposing that I shall never forget it. All the six fire companies of the town of Dorchester followed him to the grave, the cortege being further enlarged by the attendance of a Boston military company, whose band played solemn music during the procession (much to the annoyance, by the way, of the horses drawing the hearse, who became quite unruly):—the whole, indeed, was a very solemn, impressive sight,—and last of all, when the coffin was lowered into the grave, a volley from a file of soldiers once more announced the tidings that the firemen had lost a brave brother, and the soldiers a gallant comrade.

Boston Athenæum is a place well deserving a visit. When I was there, a pleasing collection of paintings and sculpture was on exhibition. Among other pictures I was much pleased with a life-like portrait of the great Napoleon in his coronation-robes, a fine painting of the Archangel Michael, and another of "Two Ladies and a Gipsy," from the Art-union of London. The leading pieces of sculpture were by Power and Ball Hughes (the latter a pupil of the celebrated Bailey, R.A., of London), and I saw, also, the original bust of Washington and his wife. Lectures and soirees are occasionally given at this institution; and, in a separate building, it has a well-selected library of 30,000 volumes.

On the same evening, I visited *Boston New Theatre*, a new building, erected by a company of shareholders,

admirably constructed both for sight and sound, and very similar in size and arrangement to the Academy of Music at New York:—it is said to be capable of seating 3,000 persons.

The chief piece of the evening was Shakspeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream," got up with a taste and magnificence that must have been highly gratifying to all the admirers of our immortal bard. The principal performers were Mrs. Barrow—late Julia Bennett, once a great London favourite; Mrs. John Wood, and Mrs. Hudson Kirby, likewise from London; with Messrs. John Wood, Daly, Gilbert, and Belton; most of whose names are known in England. The Theatre generally is conducted with great spirit, and with a desire at any expense to please the numerous patrons of the drama; the manager being a Mr. Barry, whose conduct in that capacity has deservedly made him a great favourite of the Bostonians.

On another occasion, I went to see Balfe's Opera—"the Bohemian Girl"—the leading vocalists being also well known to me, that I could almost have fancied myself within the walls of Old Drury. These were Louisa Pyne and her sister—the first, an immense favourite, styled here "the English Queen of Song;" with Harrison and Borrani, the former of whom sang with the same sweetness of voice so habitual to him, though I fancied with less power; I also have seen Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, those very popular favourites, who played with great success at this Theatre.

XVII.—EXCITEMENT-MEETINGS IN AMERICA.

EVERY one knows that Brother Jonathan dearly loves to be excited by itinerant political lecturers; and none love this better than the citizens of Boston.

During my stay, Mr. Gough, the great advocate of Teetotal Temperance, who had previously been known in England by his eloquent harangues at Exeter Hall, gave a lecture here at *William's Hall*—a place capable of holding between two and three thousand people; and verily it was crammed to suffocation by an audience of all classes, up to the very highest, including some hundreds of most bewitching American ladies, arrayed in dresses of every style—tarlatan, silk, and satin. The lecturer spoke with his usual eloquence, and illustrated his subject by many touching allusions and examples of the fearful consequences that result from drinking intoxicating liquors. After the address, a collection was made in behalf of a coloured girl, for whom, as Mr. Gough told us, a sum of money had been subscribed by certain humane citizens of Boston for the purchase of her freedom, though not sufficient for the purpose; and he hoped to make good the deficiency among the audience. The girl was then led on to the platform, and sang some plaintive nigger songs, while the collectors went round for the contributions of such as chose to aid the cause; after which the proceeds

were handed up to the lecturer, who, after counting the sum collected, declared that considerably more had been gathered than was required for the girl's manumission. The report was received with three hearty cheers, and it was voted by acclamation that the surplus should be handed over to the poor girl. Thus terminated the proceedings of this curious meeting, which practically rather concerned slavery abolition than temperance.

Such scenes as this, however, are of no unusual occurrence in the Free States; for the Rev. Beecher Stowe, the abolitionist clergyman of New York, frequently brings forward cases of the above description at the different places that he visits, as an itinerant advocate of the anti-slavery cause; and, generally, by dint of great eloquence, aided by the presence of the party whose sufferings are meant to arouse the sympathies of his hearers, contrives to collect sufficient in a single morning to purchase the freedom of the candidate presented to their notice.

Another lecture I attended at the Music Hall of Boston, by the well-known Irish agitator, Mr. F. Meagher; and, as the subject was Catholic Emancipation—or rather, the history of it, methinks, seeing that emancipation was granted some four-and-twenty years ago—the audience were composed chiefly of Irish. The speaker was a young man, six-and-twenty at most, and of racy brilliant *ad captandum* talent, like his great teachers, Shiel and O'Connell. The poetic vein seemed

to be his principal forte; for he described in metaphors, that brought down rounds of applause from a most excited and enraptured audience, his pleasant home and pretty vicinage of the parental domain in dear Erin, "that land of the free," and then most pictorially described the griefs, sufferings, and privations, that he had endured during his judicial banishment in the penal settlements of Australia. I must confess, I had little sympathy with one who deliberately rebelled against the powers that were; but I could not help admiring the racy wit and fervid eloquence which he used in illustrating his subject. The character of LALOR SHIEL was the leading topic of his discourse, and he certainly did ample justice to the wonderful talents, startling oratory, and true patriotism of Shiel during the long struggle for Catholic emancipation; but oh, what a change was there in his note, when he spoke of the *Right Honourable* Lalor Shiel, a placeman in the Saxon government—the enslavers of Ireland—verily he became himself a slave. He was very severe, also, on the conduct of various English sovereigns that had visited Ireland, but on none more so than George IV., whose epicurean and profligate habits, as well as the fawning servility of his courtiers, he lashed with unmitigated severity.

XVIII.—POLICE SYSTEM OF BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

I ONE day looked into a police-court, when a trial was going on respecting the stealing of a coat. The accused and the witnesses were coloured people, and, no doubt, the crime had been committed in the locality where the negro population reside, called *Nigger Hill.* The young defendant had several witnesses to speak as to his character. One elderly coloured man stated that he had known the accused from his infancy, and always known him to be honest; and, continued he, "if Johnson took de coat, it must have been because he was not tinking; but, gentlemen, I's sure you don't believe he done it. The charge brought by that gentleman dere is all out of spite." The case took a more serious look when a pretty little Creole girl spoke, with tears coursing down her cheeks, in the young man's favour. The counsel, in examining the witnesses, seemed to have a quick off-hand manner, and spoke with as much assurance as if he had been the judge instead of the prosecuting lawyer. The aspect of the Court closely resembles those in England, only that here, and indeed in all the law offices, high or low, throughout the Union, neither judge, counsel, nor any of the officials wear either wigs or gowns. For my part, however, though I dislike parade or useless show of any kind in such cases, yet I think that a gown at least

serves to give the officials of the law a distinctive appearance as the parties actually connected with the Court, and without it, a stranger can scarcely distinguish, in a crowded Hall of Justice, the lawyer from the witness, until the former begins to speak.

I shall now say a few words about the POLICE FORCE OF BOSTON. "A sturdy and well-chosen band are they." Being all picked men: selected for their good character, respectable connexions, and great physical strength. They patrol the streets with small canes in their hands, and, I must say, kept the city in excellent order; but, in the event of a disturbance, a weapon is carried in their pockets resembling a life-preserver, which, if required, they use with great effect on those who violently resist their authority. They wear no uniform, like the English police, but have, by way of distinction, a small silver star on the left breast, which is covered, however, when their overcoats, are put on, and they have the appearance only of ordinary American citizens.

When I first arrived in Boston, as a perfect stranger, I was much indebted to the courtesy of these men for directing me about and explaining matters of which I was ignorant; in fact, it is only just that I should bear witness to their gentleman-like deportment in general. I wish I could say the same of the New York police; but the specimens I met with (the choice, it is true, might have been unfortunate) were the most uncouth jacks-in-office I ever encountered. I am fully

aware that the Broadway is a crowded thoroughfare, and that their tempers are hence sorely tried; nevertheless, civility costs no more than churlishness in answering a stranger's questions. What may be the reason of the difference between the policeman of the two cities I know not; but I have heard that the Boston police are more liberally paid, receiving as much as twelve dollars a week. If this even be the case, they well deserve it for their uniform good conduct and civility.

The law in the *Granite-city* (so they sometimes term Boston) with regard to drunkenness is very stringent; for all persons found intoxicated in the streets, whether riotous or not, are at once taken off to the station-house. I asked an American the reason of this, and remarked that this practice accorded but ill with my ideas of a free nation; whereupon, he explained that the motive was a good one; that drunken men were often robbed and ill-used, and hence that the civic authorities had deemed it best to have them taken care of till morning, and mulcted in a small fine of two dollars and a half, or else merely reprimanded and sent home sober men.

Another curious fact, showing the strictness of the police is this, that any person found smoking a cigar in the leading thoroughfare—Washington Street—is liable to a fine of not less than three dollars; and though this severe law is not always carried into effect, still persons are in danger of being tapped on the shoulder and asked to accompany the man with the star to durance vile. I

have often, unconscious of wrong, smoked the forbidden weed in the above street without rebuke; but on the other hand, I have seen cases reported in the newspapers of persons fined for this factitious offence. On inquiring the reason for the enactment of such a law, I was told that it was intended to counteract the filthy and ungentlemanlike propensity of certain silly juvenile *swells* for spitting on the ladies' dresses, as thay walked behind them, puffing their Cubas. This, if true, says but little for the gallantry of some of the young Bostonians; and it seems rather hard that all the community should be deprived of an innocent recreation for the offences of a few, who should be well horse-whipped on the spot for so gross a breach of good manners.

XIX.—HISTORICAL NOTICE OF BOSTON.

HAVING now pretty well exhausted all I had to say respecting the capital of Massachusetts, I shall give a brief sketch of its history, which is more than usually interesting, and conclude with some remarks on the state of education and literature in that city.

Boston was founded in 1630 (only ten years after the landing of the Pilgrim-fathers at Plymouth), by the settlers at Charlestown, on the shores of Massachusetts' Bay; and it received its name out of compliment to the Rev. John Cotton, a persecuted clergyman from Boston,

in Lincolnshire. Throughout the whole period of its history, its inhabitants ever displayed great energy in asserting popular rights, and showed it, especially in the reign of George III., by opposing the taxation of the American Colonies; in consequence of which, the port of Boston was closed by an Act of Parliament in 1774, and at the same time a British garrison was stationed in the city. This was more than the freedom-loving Bostonians could endure; and they flew to arms, the result being, that the royalist force under General Howe were blockaded by American troops under General Putnam; and although the latter were dislodged after an obstinate defence from Bunker's Hill, and the suburb of Charlestown was burnt to the ground by the British, Boston was only a month afterwards invested by Washington, and the British general was eventually compelled, in 1776, to evacuate the town. In all these events, and the diplomatic correspondence that ensued with France, during the War of Independence, a leading part was taken by the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who first saw the light here, January 17, 1706. Finally, let us compare the present population of Boston, 121,460, with that fifty years ago, 29,093; and we shall find that it has increased during that period 233 per cent., or about four and a half per cent. annually. If, however, we include the suburbs of Charlestown, Chelsea, Cambridge, and Roxbury, the aggregate population cannot be less than 170,000.

Boston has always been favourably distinguished for her attention to education and literature. Harvard University, the oldest in the United States, was founded at Cambridge (then called Newton), in 1638, less than twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrim-fathers. It has a president, twenty-seven professors, and about four hundred and fifty students, who receive instruction in classics, science, divinity, law, and medicine; the school for the last of these departments (founded in 1782) being at Boston. This institution is more richly endowed than any other in the United States, and it has a library of about 60,000 volumes. The city has likewise a grammar-school, a high school for mathematics and the higher branches of learning, numerous public free schools, about eighty primary schools, &c., to the support of which, the civic authorities contribute some 250,000 dollars a year. The Boston Athenæum I have already mentioned; besides which, there are three learned societies that publish transactions:—the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the Boston Natural History Society. Numerous reviews and magazines, likewise, are published here; one of which, *the North American Review*, has obtained as world-wide a reputation as the Edinburgh or Quarterly of our own country;—besides which, there are eight or nine daily newspapers, and some twenty others. Finally, as regards religion, there are about eighty churches: sixteen of which are Unitarian, twelve Congregational, eight Episcopalian,

and nine Methodist; the rest being for Roman Catholics, Universalists, Free-will Baptists, Quakers, Latter-day Saints, and several others, including two for the coloured inhabitants, who, even in this Free State, are not allowed to worship with their pale-faced brethren; and there are some fifteen Bible, Missionary, and other Religious Societies. Hence, Boston, holding the second place in the Union, on the score of its commerce, may be considered as equally well entitled to a similar position, if not a higher one, as regards its intellectual advancement.

XX.—LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

> ——— Though only few possess
> Patricians' treasures, or imperial state;
> Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
> With richer treasures, and an ampler state
> Endows at large whatever happy man
> Will deign to use them.
>
> AKENSIDE.

WHILE speaking of the periodical literature of Boston, I may, perhaps, be permitted to make a few remarks on the literature of the United States in general; which, though comparatively modern and scanty, when contrasted with that of old and highly cultivated nations, like England, France, and Germany, is yearly assuming a greater importance and more masculine spirit. The

first American poets were Tompson and Higglesworth, the latter of whom in the middle of the seventeenth century wrote "The Day of Doom," a poem which, at the time of its appearance, won golden opinions on both sides of the Atlantic; while Jonathan Edwards and Timothy Dwight, at the close of the eighteenth, equally distinguished themselves as theological and philosophical writers, and are as well known and read in England as in the United States. As reviewers and essayists, we might mention Dr. CHANNING, R. H. DANA, Neal, Hawthorne, and many others; PRESCOTT has, by his lives of Ferdinand and Isabella and Philip, won, like BANCROFT before him, a world-wide reputation as an historian; Captains WILKES and FREMONT, and Drs. ROBINSON and KANE have nobly distinguished themselves as travellers and geographers;—and, among the novelists and lighter writers, we have a long list, including the honoured names of WASHINGTON IRVING and FENIMORE COOPER, with Edgar Poe, Whittaker, Hawthorne, N. P. Willis, Maria Cummings (the authoress of the "Lamplighter"), Mrs. BEECHER STOWE and her husband, Mrs. ———, better known as "Fanny Fern," and numerous others. As for the poets, their name is legion;—but far above all soars H. W. LONGFELLOW, the writer of "Evangeline," "Excelsior," "Hiawatha," and many other poems, which will live as long as the English language. Pierpoint, Mrs. Sigourney, Peabody, O. W. Holmes, and some twenty others might be added, who have more or less distinguished

themselves in the imaginative walks of poetic literature; but I feel myself incompetent to pursue a subject which were better handled by a professed and accomplished critic, than by a tourist who pretends only to write dottings of his observations for the eye of the general public. There is one subject, however, to which I would call the reader's attention; and that is, the necessity of an international copyright law between England and America, for the preservation of their mutual rights. Twenty years ago, two-thirds of the literature of the United States consisted of reprints from books published in England; but at the present day the case is exactly reversed—two-thirds as many American books being now reprinted and published in England as there are American reprints of English books, and the proportion is yearly increasing. It, therefore, becomes an important object with American writers to secure returns from this foreign market; and though the English have, in past years, severely suffered from unlicensed reprints, we see no reason why, following out the *lex talionis*, they should throw obstacles in the way of an arrangement to equal rights of copyright to authors on both sides of the Atlantic.

XXI.—WEALTHY EMINENCE AS ATTAINED IN THE UNITED STATES.

PERHAPS in no other quarter of the world, is the fact so observable, as in America, that men have risen from the masses, to that of wealthy attainment; and ye who condemn our transatlantic cousins, as too fast with the go-a-head mania, will here see, that many of them find sufficient time to create ideas, to trade advantageously, and to build up large fortunes from very humble beginnings. Almost every city in the Union can boast of its self-made, wealthy, commercial men. BOSTON is well-known to count many, that has sprung to eminence by patient toil and unflinching energy—in fact, the whole of the State of Massachusetts is rife with those that have elbowed their way to opulence. PHILADELPHIA is noted for its men that have battled their way to fortune; STEPHEN GIRARD, the once friendless and penniless French boy, that landed on American soil, has proved by his accumulation of millions of dollars the remarkable fact, how great a man can become in worldly possessions by his individual and independent exertions in early life. I could quote many other States of the Union, that contain men of the same stamp—but suffice it to say, that I have from good authority the names of several gentlemen of NEW YORK, the great fortunes of whom bears the striking illustration that prompt action of go-a-head, sometimes leads to success.

Wm. D. Astor is considered the richest man in New York! he inherited his wealth. Stephen Witney, 5,000,000 dollars, owes his fortune to speculations in cotton, and the rise in real estate. W. H. Aspinwall, 4,000,000 dollars, came of a rich family, and gained vast increase of wealth in the shipping business. James Lennox, 3,000,000 dollars, which he inherited. The late Peter Harmony, 2,000,000 dollars, came to this city as a cabin boy, and grew rich by commerce. The Lorillards came from France poor, and made their huge fortunes in the tobacco and snuff business. The late Anson G. Phelps, 2,000,000 dollars, learned the trade of a tinner, and made a large fortune in iron and copper. Alexander T. Stewart, 2,000,000 dollars, now of the dry goods' palace; began business in a little fancy store. Of those who are put down for 1,500,000 dollars:—George Law began life as a farm labourer; Cornelius Vanderbilt as a boatman; John Lafarge as steward to Joseph Bonaparte. Of the millionaires:—James Chesterman began life as a journeyman tailor, and Peter Cooper as a glue maker. George Bancroft, Professor Anthon, Thomas M'Urath, and Dr. Francis, are each stated to possess 100,000 dollars. Edwin Forest is rated at 250,000 dollars; so is Sydney E. Morse, of the *New York Observer;* Mr. Bennett is said to be worth 150,000 dollars. But perhaps the most remarkable of all is, that Mrs. Okill has made 250,000 dollars by keeping school! And among the most generous hearted of the

present day of America, ranks MR. PEABODY—who, by his munificent donation to the City of Baltimore for the foundation of three excellent institutions, has earned the title of a benefactor to his country, and enrolled his name in the records of his nation's everlasting history.

XXII.—NEW ENGLAND GLASS WORKS AT EAST CAMBRIDGE.

IN the course of my residence near Boston, I received an invitation to inspect the above establishment, situated at East Cambridge, one of the suburbs of Boston. The first room we entered was the GLASS-GRINDING department, a very large, long building, in which all kinds of articles, as lamp-shades and glasses, tumblers, wines and cruet glasses, dessert-dishes, &c., &c., were undergoing the process of finishing, which is effected by means of lathes, turned by steam-power, with a skill and rapidity that perfectly astonished me. In the same department I saw the process of engraving on glass, which is brought to such perfection, that leaves, flowers, and even landscapes, are most accurately executed, and so much of this work is already done by machinery, that at no distant day, perhaps, living workmen will have ceased to be employed altogether.

We next passed to the GLASS-BLOWING SHOP, where

thirty furnaces were at work, all flaring with white-hot coal and metal; and what with the number of men and boys besmeared with rosin and smoke, the noise of the glass popping, and the confused sounds of orders and answers, I was reminded of the incantation scene of Der Freischutz, or some demon-drama of the Victoria. The process of glass-blowing is very interesting: a long iron tube is brought by a boy from the furnace, with a lump of red-hot metal at its extremity, which the artizan, by blowing from the other end, and fashioning at the same time by rolling on a table or some other process, forms into the size and shape of the article required,—which done, the boy seizes it with a pair of tongs, and carries it off to be annealed and finished. Some articles, however, such as fruit-stands, glass-dishes, &c., are cast by pouring liquid glass into steel moulds, which are pressed by a machine, and the handles or feet are subsequently fastened on by a workman, who shapes them while red-hot. The artizan in this case has what is termed *a chair*,—a sort of short form, with a rail on either side, so that the article at the end of the tube rolls with the tube itself; and it is astonishing to see the dexterity and rapidity with which a handle or a foot can be attached to any thing without either rivet or solder,—the only tools used being small tongs and shears. By way of experiment, I blew down a tube myself;—but I must, I suppose, have blown too hard, for it expanded to so thin a texture, that it rapidly fell to pieces. The workmen and boys

were divided into gangs, to work alternately day and night, this being rendered necessary by the requirement of a constantly even temperature in all the several furnaces. The labour and exhaustion, from being constantly exposed to such intense heat, causes the wages for good mechanics to be very high in this department.

Our next visit was to the MOULD-MAKERS' ROOM, where the melting pots are cast; and this is a very spacious chamber, as the pots placed here to dry are of very large dimensions. The clay, from which these crucibles are made, costs great labour in its preparation, as no other means have been devised at all equal to that of treading it into an equable consistency by the human feet; for should the clay prove faulty during the melting process, great losses would be sustained. We were shown some two or three tons of clay, which had been danced upon by bare feet for two months without a day's intermission, in order to prepare it for the mould-maker. The work is done in a sort of vault or stable, each man in a separate wooden partition; and here, for about a dollar a day, these poor fellows—chiefly Irish—tread, tread from early morn till dewy eve. I verily think some machinery might be contrived to do such meer routine labour, which is not only degrading to man's character, but very injurious to the health, and perhaps tends to shorten life.

THE MACHINISTS' ROOM is the department in which the steel dies and patterns are made to assist the glass blower. Some of the designs that I saw were most

beautiful; and no less than sixteen first-rate skilled mechanics are constantly employed in making these moulds.

We next saw the apparatus used for crushing the crucibles, when they have done their work in the furnaces. It consists of eight iron monkeys, or oblong hammers, similar to those used for pile-driving in the construction of our bridges: they are worked up and down by steam-power, and smash the pots into small pieces, after which the fragments are ground to powder by being passed between cylindrical rollers, the material being afterwards carefully collected and again used in making the melting crucibles.

The RED LEAD DEPARTMENT next claimed our attention; and it is the most pernicious to the health of any section in the whole business. Ordinary plumbers' lead is melted in large furnaces, till it becomes perfectly fluid, when it is taken out, passed through other processes, and then sifted, the fumes and dust from which are a subtle poison. Hence is it that those who work in this dangerous business have portions of sweet oil served out to them for the purpose of counteracting the effects of the poison they inhale; yet so silly are many of the men, that they would rather sell the oil than swallow it; and for this reason an overseer stands by to see them take it. The red-lead, or litharge, made here, is said to be the finest in Massachusetts, and is chiefly used in the coloured glass department, though large quantities are sold for other purposes.

Lastly, we visited the GROUND GLASS WORKS. The opaque appearance is given to glass articles, such as chimnies, lamp shades, vases, &c., by filling them with small pebbles, and then placing them in a circular wooden framework, carefully and tightly packed with straw, after which a band is applied to the frame and the whole whirled rapidly round by steam for a couple of hours, at the expiration of which they are perfectly opaque, like ground glass.

There are two magnificent SHOW-ROOMS, in which are exhibited all the newest designs and choice specimens of the art, including also many costly samples of coloured and gilt vases, &c., that have a most chaste and splendid appearance; and I would recommend all, who can appreciate art of this kind, to pay a visit to the New England Glass Works.

These works are the property of a joint-stock corporation (the shares of which are 500 dollars each); and so successful has their business been, I was informed, that the dividends have exceeded the limits allowed by the United States' Government; in consequence of which, they are obliged to expend the surplus in improving the machinery and building new workshops. I may here state that the great draught chimney, for carrying off the fumes and smoke from the furnaces, is 230 feet high, being considerably the longest stalk in the Northern States.

XXIII.—FOREST HILL AND MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERIES.

THE former of these is beautifully situated about seven miles from Boston, on a high eminence, commanding a noble prospect over the Bay of Boston, the blue granite hills of Milton, and its own surrounding woodland scenery. It is very prettily laid out in the style usual with American burial grounds, with ornamental enclosures for the graves, and monuments of domestic love interspersed here through the grounds, which are further embellished by a large lake, on which several swans sail majestically about. In an allotted space, at one corner, I noticed the humble graves of some poor Germans, having plain wooden crosses and tablets—affecting monuments of emigrants, who had left their native land in the hope, perhaps, of a future return. This cemetery was first laid out by a gentleman, whom the undertaking nearly ruined; it is now, I believe, managed by a company, and bids fair, when completed, to be the finest necropolis of Massachusetts.

The Mount Auburn Cemetery, only a few miles from that just described, is the largest and best cultivated in the New England States, and as it has been planted for several years, the trees are sufficiently grown to give it a very beautiful appearance in summer. The many paths that traverse it are quite bewildering,

and the visitor is obliged ever and anon to look at the colossal statue that towers over all, near the entrance, and use it as a landmark, else he would fairly lose himself. The flower-beds, moreover, are very neatly laid out; and as one looks at the floral beauties around, the thought very naturally arises, how much pleasanter it is to see the remains of those we love deposited in such a beautiful paradise, with the birds singing merrily above them, and all so placid and serene, than in a dreary cold catacomb, or a dank and noisome town churchyard. The rates for ground, however, are so extremely high, that none but the very wealthy can get a resting-place here. The inscriptions are Spartan in their simplicity, but not the less touching. "My Mother," "My Father," "My Willie," "My Cary;" such are a few of them; but they speak volumes to the feeling heart. I felt indeed a pleasing melancholy, and was forcibly reminded of Cowper's lines:—

> Learn then, ye living; by the mouths be taught
> Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
> That soon or late death also is your lot,
> And the next op'ning grave may yawn for you.

The statues and monuments are most of them large, and well-executed by the most eminent sculptors of the United States.

XXIV.—LOWELL, AND ITS FACTORIES.

THIS large and increasing manufacturing town is, as the reader perhaps knows, situated about thirty miles to the north-west of Boston, on the south side of the river Merrimac, below Pawtucket Falls, and close to the confluence of the Concord. As I visited it in the company of an intelligent American gentleman, the reader will perhaps allow me to show him through its factories; but, first of all, it may not be uninteresting to take a brief review of the early history of this important industrial hive.

It is now rather more than a third of a century, since Lowell (originally called *Wamsit* from a tribe of straying Indians), and which is now the great centre of the American cotton manufactures, first came into existence. In 1819, a few gentlemen of Boston, with some capital, and a great spirit of enterprise, Messrs. Francis C. Lowell, Samuel Appleton, and others, resolved to invest their united property in the manufacture of textile fabrics. They had often heard of the Pawtucket Falls on the River Merrimac, which rising in the White Mountains, flows first south and then east towards the sea. Two or three of them went to see these Falls, but, disguised as fishermen, in order to lull suspicion. After becoming satisfied that the locality was in all respects suitable for their projected operations, they called upon the proprietor of the ground to see if he were willing

to sell his farm; but he, as shrewd a Yankee as themselves, having seen them in deep consultation at the Falls, smelt a rat, and manifested no very strong desire to part with his property. Thinking to tempt him, they offered a very liberal price for his land, far more, indeed, than it was worth for any farming purposes; but this, so far from having its desired effect, awakened his suspicions yet more, and he pricked up his ears in anticipation of an excellent bargain. Finally, however, after a good deal of haggling, four hundred acres of land were purchased for 100,000 dollars (£20,000), and the fortunate landholder became a rich man. In 1821, the ground was laid out in streets, and in the succeeding year, the first incorporated company was formed under the title of the Merrimac Manufacturing Company; soon after which, they erected their first mill. Such is the early history of Lowell.

Great has been the changes that have taken place since then. In 1820, there was barely 200 persons on the estate; but in 1830, the population had risen to 6,300; in 1840, to 21,000; and at present, it cannot be less than 45,000! In fact, the wilderness has become not a town, but an incorporated city—an active, busy city—possessed of property to the amount of some 20,000,000 dollars; boasting of a refined population, and endowed with churches, schools, and charities, lyceums, and mechanics' institutes, besides having a well-conducted magazine (the *Lowell Offering*), and several newspapers.

The *one* factory has grown to nearly *fifty*, all large, substantially, and some elegantly built, and well adapted for the purposes designed; and the *one* corporation has grown to fifteen, with an invested capital of as many millions of dollars; while the busy workers in this hive of industry, turn out annually 111,000,000 yards of cotton and woollen goods, but chiefly the former; valued at some 14,000,000 dollars. Its 200,000 spindles thus using up, with the water-power of the Merrimac to aid them, more cotton every year than is produced in the four great cotton-growing States: Arkansas, Florida, North Carolina, and Texas. The wages paid per month average 180,000 dollars, and the floating capital employed in manufactures amounts to about 11,000,000 dollars!

Having furnished the above interesting statistics, from the most modern accessible sources, I shall now report my own individual observations. On first emerging from the railway car, at the Lowell Station, I looked around, expecting to see smoke and smoke-begrimed buildings, as in Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow; but I was agreeably disappointed, for I saw instead, long lines of large, clean, red brick buildings, many stories high, and streets as clean and well kept as those in the best parts of Boston. This absence of smoke, the reader will understand, is wholly owing to the vast water-power of the Merrimac, which alone is sufficient, when fully employed, to move nearly double the number of spindles now at work.

On presenting our letter of introduction to the manager of one of the most extensive cotton mills, my friend and myself were most courteously escorted through the establishment, and readily furnished with every information in answer to our inquiries. All the work-rooms were most spacious, and each section of the business was conducted on its separate floor. The smell of hot oil, so indispensable for lubricating the machinery, is far from pleasant to a stranger, and the din of the myriads of wheels and spindles made the place seem like a modern Babel, though without its confusion, for nothing can possibly be more orderly and methodical than the internal management of a cotton mill. The spinning business is, as in England, almost wholly conducted by girls, under the management of male overseers; and, I believe, the aggregate number of girls thus employed in Lowell, is more than 8,000. And truly they could say with their country's poet—

> Each morning sees some task begun,
> Each evening sees its close;
> Something attempted—something done,
> Has earned a night's repose.

Some of the females I saw were very pretty, and seemed on the whole tolerably happy, though I could not help remarking a certain pallor and anxious sadness on their countenances; the result, no doubt, of their daily confinement for so many hours in a close, hot atmosphere; but this we fear is inseparable to the

business, and as it cannot be cured must be endured by these fragile, delicate daughters of industry. These young ladies, however, are not devoid of personal vanity and coquetry, as the numerous little looking-glasses for arranging their hair, and the arch looks and quiet smiles which they gave us, as they raised their heads from their work when we passed, abundantly testified. Of late years, I believe, many German and Irish girls have joined the ranks in these factories; but the far countervailing majority are American girls, who prefer the independence of a factory life, and the recreations offered to them after work-hours, to the total confinement of domestic servitude.

The most beautiful specimens of machinery, and all the improvements, whether of English or home invention, are here—and when I saw the numerous mule-jennies and water-frames, with their thousands of spindles in full play, I could easily believe the statement I have made above, of the many thousands of bales of cotton and wool converted into thread, and subsequently by the power-loom into textile fabrics. The mill I visited, had the most commodious work-rooms that I ever saw—spacious, lofty, light, and scrupulously clean; besides which, hose is laid on all through the building to furnish an instant supply of water in any part on an alarm of fire. I noticed, also, in all the several rooms, printed rules for the hours of attendance, summer and winter, as well as the cleanliness and behaviour of the different work-people; and I was pleased to find

(what is less observable in our great British factories) that the characters of the girls are strictly investigated before engagement; and, moreover, that the boarding-houses in which they live—nearly all of them are provided with libraries, and some even with pianos—are under the jurisdiction of the superintendents of the several factories. Many of these young persons, in fact, are not a little accomplished, as their contributions to the *Lowell Offering* have from time to time abundantly shown; and they are passionately fond of music and dancing. I was amused to hear an anecdote of them, showing their smartness in settling the arrangements for their balls and sleighing parties—for they take their pleasures and enjoy them just as keenly as the most fortunate of their American sisters. The year, 1856, was a leap-year, in which the ladies are licensed to take the initiative with their admirers; and much amusement was created by these girls hiring the carriages or sleighs to take their partners to the ball, as also paying for their admission, supper, &c.; and, to crown all, asking the favour of their bashful partner's hand for the next waltz or cotillion.

The Power-loom Factories and Calico-printing Works are also extremely well worth a visit. They are not always open to inspection; but when I explained that I was a stranger, wishing for my own mental improvement and satisfaction—not out of mere idle curiosity—to see the vast business done at the American Manchester, I readily obtained admittance; and right

well-pleased was I, as also astonished, to see the completeness as well as magnitude of the weaving operations in the steam-loom factories, where a few dozen girls, or women, aided by a score of men, do—and do better—almost as much work in a day as would be done by a thousand hand-loom weavers in a much longer time. The process of calico-printing is highly interesting to the inexperienced stranger. Large copper cylinders or rollers, engraved on their circumference with ornamental and fanciful designs, are fixed on revolving pivots, and when charged with colour, turned by steam-power, the calico to be printed being then inserted between the cylinders, which transfer to it the colour and pattern required. There are many other processes used in these works, as rolling, glazing, starching, washing, bleaching, dyeing, &c.; and in the process of dyeing, I noticed that the cloths are lifted in and out of the dye-vat by machine lifters—a plan which saves much time, and prevents unwholesome effects to the workmen from inhaling the steam of the dye. There are three companies, I believe, established in printing and dyeing various fabrics; and they print or dye annually about twenty millions of yards.

Having now related the results of my visits to the textile factories, I shall just add, that the manufactures of this class carried on at Lowell, comprise sheetings, drillings, shirtings, calico and union cloth, printed cotton and mixed goods, negro cloth, flannel, waterproof woollens, broadcloth, moleskin, cassimeres, carpets, rugs, &c.

The only other place that I visited was the Locomotive and Machine Establishment of the Lock and Canal Company—a most extensive range of buildings, provided with great numbers of turning-lathes, worked by steam power; and when we looked from one end to the other of this long shop, it seemed like the vista of the Thames Tunnel, only of course not quite so dark. Some of the turning-lathes we saw were of gigantic dimensions and herculean power, large enough to execute the engine work of the largest marine or locomotive engines; and I was told that the workshops had accommodation for a thousand men, though—from some cause or other—not half that number were then employed. The moulding and casting departments are on an equally large scale, and the red-hot metal, as it issues from the melting furnace into the moulds, had the appearance of lava proceeding from the crater of a volcanic mountain.

We had not time in a single day to visit any more manufactories; but I may observe, that Whipple's gunpowder mills, the waterproofing works, paper mills, whip, harness, and carriage factories, with many others, well deserve inspection from those who have leisure to bestow two or three days on the wonderful industry of Lowell, which little more than thirty years ago had not "a local habitation nor a name"

We returned home after a long and fatiguing, though very instructive day's visit; but I cannot conclude, without remarking how lively the streets of

Lowell were at the factory dinner-hour, crowded with streams of operatives and mill girls, all bustling home at the commencement of the allotted time of relaxation, and returning to work at the close, laughing and chatting, well-pleased at the opportunity of breathing fresh air, and enjoying a short respite from toil.

XXV.—AMERICAN RELIGION; ITS OBSERVANCES AND ABUSES.

> The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
> Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
> But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
> Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.
>
> POPE.

IN no country of the world, perhaps, is there such a splitting of sects in the Christian church, as in the United States, where Episcopalians, Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists, Wesleyans, Moravians, Unitarians, Universalists, New Jerusalemites, Quakers, Mormonites, and twenty or thirty other sects, scarcely known even by name in England, such as Memnonites, Shakers, Tunkers, &c., have a substantive existence, and large bodies of church members; and sad is sometimes the contention that arises from the perfect liberty of religion, and its total severment from the business of the State. A recent American almanack contains a list of the different sects, and from that it would appear, that out

of 21,000,000, the presumed population of the United States, about 5,000,000 are Baptists of one or other class, 4,000,000 Methodists, 3,000,000 Presbyterians, and not quite 2,000,000 Congregationalists; these four sects, with their subdivisions, thus comprising two-thirds of all the inhabitants, while the Episcopalians and Universalists are under 1,000,000 each, the Roman Catholics about 1,500,000, and the Unitarians, (an important body in most of the western cities) have only 300 churches, and 200,000 attendants. I may here add, that each denomination is supported by its own body.

Amid all this multiplicity of sects, it is sad to find so much conflicting animosity; and I regretted, in particular, to see the Irish and German Roman Catholics treated with so much contempt and evident hatred. I recollect passing through a village in Massachusetts, where I saw a Roman Catholic church with its shattered roof; and, on inquiry, I found that a few months previously, some mischievous fanatics had planted a train of gunpowder inside and blown off the roof. Such acts and feelings as these are surely disgraceful in a country which makes it her boast to allow of a perfect freedom of religious opinions. I am not a Romanist myself, nor do I pretend to uphold their dogmas in any respect, but the violation of property, from religious rancour, is the last expedient likely to convert mistaken men from the error of their ways.

In the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and

Unitarian churches, the mode of worship is as simple as possible—just as we find it in England among those sects. The prayers are delivered extemporaneously, and differ therefore on every occasion, a circumstance which some consider to give them an advantage over the stated formal prayers of the Episcopalians, which deal, they say, in vain repetitions, that make little impression on the heart, and substitute the form and the letter that killeth, for the spirit that giveth life. For myself, I highly admire the sublime Liturgy of the Church of England; but, perhaps, it would be better if the mode of using it were revised, so as both to shorten the prayers and give somewhat of variety to keep alive the attention of the careless.

The interiors of American churches, or meeting-houses, have a very comfortable look, with their cushioned seats and carpeted floors; the former, with the hassocks, being provided by the church authorities in order to preserve uniformity, and avoid that hybrid look which is so common in many English churches, where yellow, green, red, and blue offend the eye. The Boston churches, in particular, are some of them beautifully constructed, as regards their interior architecture, and very lofty—provided with organs, and well-trained choirs engaged and paid for the purpose. In the country churches the service is of course much more simple, and the quality of the singing must depend on the resources of the neighbourhood; but, I can safely say, that in many country places I have heard church-music quite as good

as in some of the large cities. One peculiarity I noticed in most of the country churches, that covered sheds are erected in the churchyards to shelter the horses and vehicles from the piercing cold of winter, or the intense heat of summer, during the time of divine service, as the owners have sometimes to travel many miles to a church, or meeting-house, of their particular creed.

It were, perhaps, invidious to single out for eulogy any particular clergyman in a country that has so many of talented, faithful, and devoted servants of the Most High; but I must be permitted to express my admiration of the deep fervour, high talent, and impressive eloquence of the Rev. J. Means, of Dorchester. His illustrations of the Gospel were so pathetic, his admonitions so affectionate, his concern for immortal souls so evidently sincere, and his own life was so striking an example of the religion that he eloquently pourtrayed, that he won the hearts, and often, too, was the instrument under heaven, of changing the lives of many who came within his influence. One discourse, in particular, I shall never forget: it was a funeral sermon on a young man, who had died of consumption at the early age of twenty.

The youth was an active member in a literary institution to which I belonged; and hence, in company with about sixty more, I followed him to the grave. The procession of so many young men, with flowing crape on the left arm, following the hearse, must have

been very impressive, and I shall never forget the solemnity of the scene, when, after the sermon, each of the deceased's relations and friends approached the corpse to take a last farewell look at the departed. This, however, would not be intelligible, were I not to explain, that the coffins in America are made of polished wood, instead of being covered with cloth, and have a sliding panel in the lid with a pane of glass fixed beneath, so that when the panel is withdrawn, the face of the deceased is visible without removing the lid.

Having said thus much about an American funeral, and they are nearly all alike, I shall offer some few remarks on *Irish funerals*, which not unfrequently are, in my humble opinion, most disgraceful exhibitions. At no great distance from my residence was an Irish Catholic cemetery; and scarcely a day passed that I did not see long lines of coaches or sleighs following the hearse to the grave; and I have counted as many as fifty ricketty old chaises, of every size and decsription, following the body in a continued stream. The plan of the poorer class of these people is to subscribe twenty-five cents (1s.) each towards the expenses, and a general invitation is given to all the Irish who like to attend. If decorum were observed, no fault need be found with the number of followers; but it is their holiday appearance, their unbecoming carelessness, their loud laughter, and rollicking recklessness that shocks the reflective mind. This, however, is not all: they must needs have a drunken carouse before they start, and actually

take bottles of whiskey and short dudeens to drink and smoke as the funeral cortege moves along the road, as fast as the lean, worn-out cattle can take it. Again, family quarrels often ensue, in consequence of the inebriety of the mourners over the very grave, which not unfrequently terminate in pugilistic encounters, As soon as the funeral is over, too, a general rush is made to the carriages, and the merry mourners return helter-skelter back to town, often racing against each other with three vehicles abreast; and so many have been the accidents resulting from this dangerous practice, that the town authorities put on extra police along the road to prevent mischief. Nay, as an instance of what these men will do under the influence of drink on these, as they ought to be, solemn occasions, a man actually pushed himself into the hearse, and there sat with his legs hanging down behind, smoking and drinking, as he returned from interring a deceased friend.

A word or two, ere I conclude, about marriages. In the Presbyterian, sometimes called the Orthodox Churches (because I suppose Presbyterianism was the prevailing religion of the first British and Dutch settlers), the ceremony differs materially from that used by the Episcopalians, which resembles that adopted by the Church of England. When the bride and bridegroom enter the church, the organ plays, and the choir sing an anthem, after which the minister offers up a short prayer; which done, the nuptial couples (one or more, as the case may be) approach the clergyman,

who then reads the admonitions and questions—not the prayers—contained in the marriage-service. Then comes a prayer and singing, immediately after which the couples are joined in the nuptial tie; and as soon as this ceremony is completed, the minister shakes hands with the husbands and wives, wishing them joy and prosperity in their wedded life. In the Orthodox Church, I believe, no ring is placed on the bride's finger at marriage. Of course, if the bridal party be well known, the friends make a strong muster, and a full church is the result.

XXVI.—SPIRITUALISM, SPIRIT-RAPPING, AND MORMONISM.

It need hardly be stated that the fictitious science of Spiritualism, supposed to be engendered by fanaticism, and supported by superstition, held once a place of some importance among the many creeds believed in by our excitable, go-a-head cousins across the Atlantic; and though, I believe, the delusion of Spiritualism to be now on the decline, it still has many staunch adherents.

Having a curiosity to witness one of these spirit-rapping exhibitions, I attended an evening meeting at the Music Hall, Boston, where a Miss Jay was to exhibit her powers as a spirit-medium. The hall was filled chiefly by followers of her sect—but partly, also, by

persons led from motives of curiosity like myself; the former of the male sex being distinguished by their long flowing beards, and countenances, really or otherwise, indicative of deep and serious thought. At the appointed hour, a gentleman appeared on the platform to announce that Miss Jay was about to deliver her lecture; or, in other words, indulge in an hour's trance; and then appeared the fair aspirant to spiritual fame—a pale-faced, spare young female, dressed in a tight-fitting black dress. Soon after she approached the table she began to doze, and in less than three minutes was in an apparently comatose state, exhibiting, ever and anon, convulsive and painful emotions—that being the required condition for the medium to hold converse with the departed.

It would appear that Miss Jay had been powerfully influenced by some deceased clergyman; for she delivered a very good sermon, with all the eloquence and argumentative power of an ecclesiastic, and her face, when animated, was exceedingly pleasing; but when in a serious or pathetic mood, her look and expression were painful in the extreme. I need scarcely say, that her eyes were closed during the whole discourse, which during the three-quarters of an hour that it lasted, made one imagine that the address was by a girl stricken with blindness. At its conclusion, she showed symptoms of returning consciousness, and the same painful emotions as before. Soon afterwards, however, she became more composed, and went

into another mesmeric slumber, during which she sang a melancholy sort of ditty with a voice of great power and sweetness,—having been spiritually influenced, I was told, by a deceased singer of great note. This lasted for about ten minutes, after which the lady again recovered her consciousness, and the proceedings terminated.

It is melancholy, at such an era of scientific and intellectual advancement, to see people by hundreds and thousands the victims of delusion; but so it is, and ever will be, that novel doctrines, however absurd, occasionally exercise an influence that cannot be explained or accounted for on the public mind, even in the highest stages of civilization and religious enlightenment.

But still, blameable as the Spiritual creed may be, it is not cursed with the disgusting details as that of Mormonism. The monstrosity of the leaders of the Mormonite delusion, and the weakened stupidity of its duped followers are such, as to cause justly the strong arm of the law of the United States to intervene, and put a stop to the outrages of morality as perpetrated in the *Salt Lake Valley*. How imbecile is human nature, when we consider the myriads that have been packed off from England to *Utah*, by the plausibility of shark-like agents, who, for a paltry pittance, seize on their prey, and, under the cloak of religion dare to brave the Almighty's vengeance, in thus ruining, body and soul, numbers of their fellow creatures.

XXVII.—ANTI-ENGLISH PREJUDICES OF THE AMERICANS.

THE great topic of American conversation during my stay was the War in the East, and the conduct of the French and British respectively at Sebastopol. As those battles are now over, and a matter of history, well-known to my English readers, there is no need for me to advance any opinion of my own on the much vexed question of the gross mismanagement of the war; my sole object in mentioning the subject being, to show how eager a certain class of Americans are to seize on any topic that gives them a chance of abusing the mother-country; and I fear this feeling is as general now, among the less informed classes in America, as the notion that prevailed a quarter of a century ago in England that France and Great Britain are naturally foes. This is not the case, however, I must allow, with the better educated and refined classes of Americans, who are much more liberal and impartial in their views, as respects the parent-country, because education has taught them how to value the peace and good-will of Old England, and how to appreciate the benefits resulting to America itself from British emigration; inasmuch, as to use the words of one of their greatest statesmen, "it is Emigration and Toleration that have made the country."

The distrust and jealousy of certain Americans against the English is owing probably to the fact, that some years ago great numbers of them, as well as other Europeans, fled from the justice which their crimes demanded in their own countries—some of the very worst of characters having made America a lurking place to hide themselves from the terrors of the law. To reason from a few cases to universals, is at best very bad logic, if not flagrant injustice; yet we can scarcely wonder, that when a stranger from Europe—himself, his connexions, his business, his character, wholly unknown—first arrives among them, they should treat him shyly and with caution, until they have had some opportunity of ascertaining his habits, temper, and character. As to my own part, I have every reason to speak of the Americans most favourably; for as soon as the ice of reserve was once broken, I was received with the most sincere cordiality, and I trust that I still have *many, many* firm and attached friends on American soil.

I have not the least doubt, however, that a certain class of Americans have a deep-rooted dislike to England, as a nation; for in very many of the lectures that I heard on various subjects during my stay, the unfortunate old country was somehow or other sure to be introduced for the purpose of ridicule; and I recollect one lecturer in particular, who had been in London, England, telling his audience, as a proof of the churlish manners of John Bull, that when he asked a person the direction to a certain street, the man, instead of answering

civilly and complying with his request, commenced swearing at him, for giving the trouble of replying to such a question; another case, forsooth, of terribly false logic, but which was no doubt brought forward to suit the presumed passions and prejudices of his audience. As far as my own experience goes, the feeling of intelligent Americans, who have visited England, is exactly the reverse of the above; for I have myself heard many such say, that when walking through the busy streets of our metropolis, they were surprised at the ease with which they found their way about, and at the almost uniform courtesy and cheerfulness with which their inquiries were answered by strangers; adding, likewise, that our police were especially commendable for their readiness in giving them all the information they required. One of these was the Rev. J. H. Means, who expressly said to my relatives in London (to whom I had given a letter of introduction), that he was most agreeably surprised to find that instead of the boorish churlishness that he was led to expect, he found strangers prepared to take all pains in directing him, wherever he wished to go. Had the *lecturer* fairly stated how many civil answers he received, to countervail the brutal one of which he complained, it would have been well; but that did not suit his purpose. If I had done as he did on my first arrival in the United States, I might have drawn very unjust and unfavourable conclusions, when walking through large cities containing people with such different habits and tempers; but I had no object to serve in

distorting facts, as some have done about us, with an eye to business, and for the purpose, as they imagine, of winning popular applause.

England, it is true, is not a republican institution like America. Ours is a constitutional monarchy, endowed with freedom of the press, civil liberty, and, were it not so heavily taxed, would be all that a freeman could desire. Yet those who vituperate Old England shut their eyes willingly against anything favourable, and place her most unjustly on the level with other European countries that are governed by absolute and despotic sway, not allowing her even one redeeming quality. Let us hope, however, for the honour of our common origin and common nature, that such jealousies and prejudices will ere long wear away entirely. That they will do so, I firmly believe; for I see bright promises for the future in the establishment of an international telegraphic communication, which shall not only expedite commercial intercourse between the two countries, but, by tightening the bonds of amity, remove all mutual doubts and suspicions from people who are both scions of one stock, and members of the great Anglo-Saxon family;—so that *Uncle Sam*, and *John Bull*, may ever be united in firm and lasting friendship.

XXVIII.—DRINKING PRACTICES IN AMERICA.

Drink, drink, the demon cried!
Away with care and sorrow;
Be happy while you can to day,
And never mind the morrow.

THE bar-rooms, or public-houses, in the United States differ materially from those in England; for few of them have a vestige of a seat, however tired a person may be, and though they have loads of bottles, liquors, and cigars, there is no attempt at that show and splendour which characterize our gaudy gin-palaces on this side of the Atlantic. When two friends meet, and shake hands, the first words after the welcome universally are, "I guess, we'll liquor," or have a drink, and they then adjourn to a bar. If brandy be the stimulant called for, a bottle—containing perhaps a quart, and nearly full—is handed to the customers with a couple of half-pint tumblers, into which they pour what they please, and as there is no fixed limit, a greedy dram-drinker may regale himself to his heart's content at low cost. The more general custom in these rooms, however, is just to cover the bottom of the glass with the liquor, gulp it down, and then cross over the road to some other dram-shop, to get another dose, and so on; the price of each, only about eight cents (or fourpence), enabling those that wish, to get drunk at small expense;

for the American brandy, be it remembered, is considerably above proof, and very fiery and impure. As for good liquors, they can of course be purchased at a certain price, but only in certain places, which to a stranger are difficult to find. It were undoubtedly, however, much to be desired that this bad habit should gradually diminish in operation; for it prevails at present, even among the highest classes, to an extent that is anything but creditable to the members of a great and wealthy republic.

There is a peculiarity, however, in American public-houses which I could wish to see in England. Never scarcely does one see a woman enter them, either as an applicant for drink, or to serve behind the bar. I do not, of course, mean that women there do not partake of the inebriating cup (whether beer or spirits) at all; but this I do mean, that very seldom are those disgusting scenes of female intoxication and debauchery seen in the United States, that are daily occurrences in London, and all the great cities and towns throughout the British Empire.

If such habits ever are indulged in by American women, when abroad, it is not at public bars, but when they are sitting quietly in oyster saloons, protected by curtained partitions from the public view; and granted, even, that this still shows a bad state of morals, females do not incur that loss of self-respect, which would result from their exposure in the garish brilliance of an open English bar.

Let me add, that there are none of those pretty, well-dressed, showy, and coquettish barmaids, that are too often employed as a lure to attract liquorish-toothed elderly men, who often spend hours, chatting to, and flattering the girls behind the counter, the chief object of whose graciousness and amiability is—to bring grist to their employer's mill. Young men may do this with perhaps some palliation, on account of their juvenility, for thus dangling and playing the gallant with a fair bar-keeper; but for aged and married men, with wives and families, thus to crush all their domestic happiness is a sin and a shame. They manage these things better in America.

XXIX.—BLUE HILLS, AND THEIR SNAKES.

One day, in the winter of 1855-6, I paid a visit, in the company of an American friend, to the Blue Hills, or mountains of Milton, a few miles from Dorchester. They are of great height, and approached by a sort of forest or jungle, which, if report be true, is infested with rattle and black snakes—the former fatally poisonous, the latter perfectly harmless. For myself, I saw neither alive, but numbers of them were lying about dead, or at all events apparently so, from the

intensity of the cold. I was told subsequently, however, that two or three days after my visit to these hills, a very large rattle-snake had with much difficulty been destroyed, a fact which showed that these localities cannot be approached without danger. In fact, there can be no question that rattle-snakes exist in considerable numbers amid the less-frequented tracts of the Blue Hills. In the autumn of 1855, a woman living near Worcester, in Massachusetts, went out with her baby a boy about a year old, to pick blackberries in a field near her house, and set her charge on the grass, while she gathered the fruit. As long as the little fellow laughed and crowed, she knew he was safe, and in her ardour after the blackberries, she turned round a rock out of sight. His voice, however, suddenly ceased, and on turning back to discover the reason, she saw him sitting perfectly still, with his lips parted and his eyes intently gazing on some object; and great indeed was her horror, as she approached nearer him, at seeing a large rattle-snake about four feet off, approaching her baby and fixing on him its fascinating gaze. Almost fascinated herself, she scarce knew what to do to rescue her darling; but in her hand she had a broad tin pan, and with this she, quick as thought, covered the snake, and stood upon it, until assistance came in answer to her screams, and the venomous reptile was dispatched.

The view, from the top of these hills, well repays the trouble of the tourist, for the panorama of the magnificent surrounding scenery is wholly unequalled

in Massachusetts. The ascent is easily accomplished—but not so the descent, as the paths are rocky and very slippery, causing the foothold to be somewhat uncertain and insecure. These mountains, as seen from the distance, form an excellent barometer for ascertaining the state of the weather. In fine, cold weather they have a pure blue aspect; in a bright summer's day they wear the semblance of a deep sea-green; and when the change is for rain, they assume a frowning look of gloomy darkness.

XXX.—AN INDIAN SUMMER.

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more
Well pleased I tune.

THOMSON.

THE serene weather that very generally occurs in September and October is thus denominated; and the term (Indian Summer) is said to have originated from the circumstance that the Indians used to worship the sun more in these months than at any other time of the year. The dark-skinned rovers of the forest, we are told, imagined that the Great Spirit was more easily propitiated at this season, and that the beautifully tinted skies of clear azure, so peculiar to these months, with the kindly attempered rays of the sun, no longer of scorching heat,

bowed the heads of proud warriors to the earth, in token of their submission and gratitude. A lesson might be learnt from these untutored children of the forest, even by us who boast so much of our civilisation; for when we survey the glories of nature in all its manifold and beautiful varieties, it argues a moral indifference, that we are not more frequently directed by the observation of nature, "up to Nature's God," the great Designer of all that is lovely and perfect, and thoroughly adapted to the purposes it is intended to fulfil in the economy of creation. Nay, not only does the man of the world overlook these glories, but actually laughs them to scorn, and turns sneeringly aside.

XXXI.—PROTECTION OF SONG BIRDS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Few Europeans are aware that these birds are protected by law in the State of Massachusett. The reason of this enactment was, that the Americans, being very fond of field sports and passionately devoted to gunning, were in the habit of destroying all the members of the feathered tribe that came within their reach, and among the rest, the birds of song. On this, some humane persons, fearing the annihilation of their favourite songsters, petitioned the Houses of Congress in the State to remedy the evil, and an Act was passed to protect them

in this State at least. Could those pretty little warblers speak, it were well, if they told their brethren in other States, how they are protected here. Shore-birds, by the water's edge, may be freely shot at; but a heavy fine, and sometimes imprisonment, is inflicted on those who slay little songsters. The Massachusetts people therefore may say, with the poet, of their birds, that—

> The blackbird amid leafy trees,
> The lark above the hill,
> Let loose their carols when they please,
> Are quiet, when they will.

The birds of America have a decidedly handsomer plumage than those of Great Britain, but are not such good singers. Those most common, and known also in England, are the nightingale, linnet, thrush, lark, redbreast, shrike or butcher-bird, humming-bird, sparrow, yellow-bird, blue jay, cuckoo, woodpecker, crow, snow-bird, owl, cat-bird, &c., &c. Pigeons also abound, of very large size and quite tame, wandering at will, even about the streets, for they are included under the Protection law; and woe to the luckless carman or truckster, who smacks his whip at these privileged members of the feathered tribe! The redbreast and sparrow are three times as large as those in England; and most of the birds that bear English names are scarcely recognisable as congeners of the British varieties. The cat-bird is so called from having a peculiar mew like a cat. Humming-birds are confined chiefly to the Middle and Southern States;

and as for canaries, they are not found at all in America, but imported, as is the case with European countries—and in vast numbers—they being in high esteem, as cage-birds, among the fashionable ladies in all parts of the Union.

Speaking of this law about birds, I am reminded of a romantic adventure that befell a lady and gentleman previous to its enactment. The gentleman had gone out "gunning" in a wood; but, after taking aim and firing at some birds, he was suddenly alarmed by shrieks in a loud key, and then subsiding into low moans of intense agony; he instantly hurried in the direction indicated by the sounds, wondering what on earth could be the cause of them. He was not long in discovering the source of his anxiety, for, on the green sward—the other side of the thicket or plantation—lay a most prepossessing young lady, whom he had accidentally shot instead of the bird he aimed at, as she was innocently walking in the grove near her father's house. The gunner (for we cannot dignify a persecutor of small birds with the name of sportsman) was horror-struck at having thus unintentionally, as he supposed, cut short the life of an innocent and lovely girl; immediate action was indispensable, so he carefully lifted her up and bore the inanimate form in his arms to her parents' house. The father and mother were poor, but they doated on their only daughter with all the vigorous strength of parental love; and hence the young man's distress was not a little augmented on hearing their

exclamations of woe, at the melancholy event that had befallen the pride of their hearts, and one whom they looked forward to, as the comfort of their declining years. Medical aid was procured with the greatest dispatch by the anxious parents, whose joy may be better imagined than described, when the surgeon pronounced the wound to be but a very slight one in the arm, and that the patient was not dead, but had only fainted. The young gentleman gladly paid all the medical expenses, and was only too anxious for the young lady's recovery. Indeed, solicitude ere long was changed to love; in a word, he made an offer of his hand to the victim of his carelessness, and was accepted. To make the romance complete, the girl's father was an Englishman, who, having quarrelled with his wealthy relatives at home, had come out unfriended, and almost unprovided with means, to seek his fortune in the New World, where he had been only very moderately successful, and was still poor. As soon as the young couple, therefore, were married, the husband caused inquiries to be set on foot respecting the relations in England, and, to his intense gratification, discovered that a large fortune had been bequeathed, or come by hereditary right, to the humble settlers in the United States.

XXXII.—PROVIDENCE—RHODE ISLAND STATE.

On the approach of Christmas—a day, by the way, little observed by the Americans, who, like the Scotch, carry on business the same as on any other of the three hundred and odd working-days of the year,—* I resolved, in compliance with our own time-honoured national custom, to give myself a few days' holidays; and, having been invited by an English friend to spend them at his house, I devoted Christmas-eve to the business of travelling by rail to Providence, which is some fifty miles to the south of Boston. Ere we had proceeded far on our road, the carriage windows were covered with frost, from the congealed moisture of the passengers' breath, so that it soon became no easy matter to look out on the passing scenery, immersed as it was in wintry vapour and gloom; and when I did, the aspect of the ice-clad fields and trees, festooned with icicles, like miniature glaciers, fairly made me shudder, and huddle myself again within my wrappers.

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* The Americans strictly observe their New Year, Thanksgiving, and Sacramental days, in conformity with their several religious creeds; but none, except the Episcopalians, keep Christmas-day, Easter, and Whitsuntide.

Having thus no occupation—left to my own reflections, and rendered drowsy by the stove-fire (which is indispensable in railway travelling here during winter), I fell into a sort of dreamy slumber. How long I slept, I have no idea; but my dream was suddenly and very roughly interrupted by jolt, scream, whistle, and shouts. The cars, in fact, had arrived at the Providence Depôt, and the cab drivers were shouting out the names of the several hotels, for which they were touting; nor did it require many seconds to convince me, that I was no longer in England, whither my imagination had carried me, but at Providence, in Rhode Island, anxiously looked for by my friend—and who, very soon, to my great joy, made his appearance and took me to his home.

PROVIDENCE, which is the capital of Rhode Island State, and the second city of the six New England States in population, wealth, and commerce, is situated at the head of Naragunsett Bay (commonly called "the Sound"), about thirty miles from the Atlantic, and is built on elevated ground on both sides of Providence River, over which there are two bridges, uniting the two divisions of the town. It is indifferently and irregularly built, but has many good houses, especially in the upper parts, which being deemed more healthy are inhabited by the "Upper ten," or "big bugs," as they term them here, of the Rhode Island moneyocracy; the chief public buildings are the State-house, the Railway-station (one of the

handsomest in the United States), the Arcade, the Athenæum, Brown University (originally founded in 1764), the Dexter Asylum, and some seven or eight very handsome churches. Providence is a place, also, of great trading and manufacturing activity, having about 46,000 inhabitants, who employ an aggregate capital of about six millions of dollars in manufactures, with five millions more in wholesale and retail trade; the former—which consist of flour, sawing, marble-polishing, cotton and woollen mills, foundries, India-rubber shoe factories, tanneries, furniture, and carriage factories, jewellery works (pretty extensive), and other metallic works, &c., &c.—being carried on by the water-power from the Pawtucket Falls, aided by about fifty steam-engines; besides which, there is a large coasting and fishing trade. Nevertheless, in my opinion, the town is very dull, and deficient in that life and bustling energy which characterizes Boston and Philadelphia.

The early history of Providence is not uninteresting. It was originally settled in 1636, by a body of emigrants under Roger Williams, who had the honour of establishing the first political community, founded on the principle of perfect religious toleration. It suffered much during the Indian war of 1765, when many of the inhabitants removed to Rhode Island for shelter; but in the War of Independence the favour was reciprocated, as great numbers of the rural population sought refuge in Providence. In 1801 the town was

almost laid in ashes by a conflagration, and in 1815 a savage gale, by raising the tide twelve feet above its usual height, caused a destruction of property to the amount of nearly two millions of dollars.

A few months before my visit, a sad event happened at the Providence River to a French family, to whom I was introduced by my English friend and entertainer. A gentleman from France, who had resided several years in America, had two married daughters, who, with their husbands, were spending a few days' holiday at the parental home; and as it was summer (July, 1855), the two young couples proceeded with their bathing dresses to cool themselves by a dip in the river. The party, however, had not been long in the water, ere cries of distress were heard from the ladies, who, alas, had been carried away by the under-current, so frequent in these rivers, and were drifted with great velocity down towards the bay. The husbands swam, buffeted the current, did all in short that man could (barely escaping themselves) to save their beloved partners—but all was in vain; nor could the aid of those who flocked to the banks assist the unhappy ladies, who were drowned within sight of their parents' house and grounds; and I saw the new made graves that cover their mortal remains in the neighbouring churchyard. The poor father and mother, even at the time of my visit, were still enduring all the poignancy of a green and recent sorrow; and the father, in particular, seemed almost broken-hearted with the intensity of his grief—

the affecting nature of my interview with this sorrow-stricken family being not a little enhanced by the presence of an innocent, prattling, dear child, left as a legacy to its grand-parents, by one of the unfortunate mothers.

The Christmas-day (Tuesday) of 1855 was mostly rainy, but in the evening an intense frost set in, causing the dripping trees, shrubs, and house-eaves to be covered next morning with icy pendants, as beautifully bright and resplendent as the clearest crystal. Such beauty, however, was the cause of great mischief; for many of the trees, overpowered with the weight of snow and ice, staggered and fell with a deafening crash, while others were obliged to be sawn asunder to prevent them from falling on the passers-by, very few of whom ventured out, as the footing on the pavements was anything but safe, owing to the ice with which they were coated. So intense, indeed, was the frost, that the telegraph-wires were in many instances destroyed, and the communications interrupted; while the boys skated along the road with as much nonchalance as if they had been disporting on the glassy surface of a pond or river; and the few sleighs that ventured abroad, were drawn by horses provided with well-spiked shoes, to prevent them from slipping as they trotted along the ice-bound highways. As I retraced my way by rail to Boston, the fields and woods that we passed in the cars had a strange but grand appearance, forming, as it were, a perfect mass of crystallized ice; and when I

arrived at Boston, I found a similar phenomenon, though not so prettily developed as at Providence; besides which, I heard of many accidents to life and limb, that had been caused by so sudden a setting-in of severe frost.

XXXIII.—A YANKEE POSTMASTER.

THE English are apt to suppose that the term "Yankee" is applicable to all Americans, whether living in New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, or New Orleans, but it applies, in fact, only to the inhabitants of the six New England or Northern States — Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, who alone esteem themselves true, full-blooded Yankees; and such is the spirit of rivalry, that they look upon the people of New York, and other cities in the Middle and Southern States, with a marked feeling of pity, the latter looking upon them in the same wise.

Having thus explained the true meaning of the term "Yankee" (a corruption I believe of *Anglais* or *Anglish*), I shall present a rough but characteristic sketch of a worthy Yankee *Postmaster*, residing not a hundred miles from Dorchester. When I first arrived at the town, honoured by this worthy official's services, I very naturally went to the Post-office for the purpose

of inquiring for my letters (as in the country towns no letter-carriers are employed); whereupon, before answering the question, he for some time scanned my countenance, remarking—"I guess you are a stranger in these parts," to which I nodded a reply. He then continued, partly soliloquizing, partly addressing me—"It is strange, I guess, that I never noticed this young man before;" and then collecting his inquiring powers, as if for one grand effort, he said:—"Don't you board down ——— Street?" to which I again answered in the affirmative. This reply elicited from him a sort of musing *sotto voce* reflection:—"Very strange!" said he, "I live down ——— Street, and yet I have never noticed him go up and down."

The little post-office was by this time literally besieged by boys and girls, young and old, just turned out from school,—some calling for letters for their parents, others coming to buy groceries, or chat idly with the numerous customers, as they passed in and out. The postmaster, however, was not to be turned aside from his purpose by this interruption; for, after some hesitation and circumlocution, he proceeded to ask me from what part of England I came, how long, and at what town, I was going to stop in the States—with other questions dictated by pure, naïve curiosity. To the first query, I answered, "London;" to the second, "only for a short time;" at which he expressed some surprise, observing, "Very few ever wish to return after getting here." "To that,"

replied I, "I shall make an exception; for I came not here to better my condition in life, but to take a two years' trip, as a visit to Uncle Sam, across the Atlantic." At length, thanks to my lucky stars, I was dismissed from the interrogatory, and he proceeded to answer the numerous applicants for letters, who had been thus long patiently waiting till he was at leisure to attend to them.

On inquiry, I found that the respected post-office keeper had formerly been the schoolmaster of the town—an appointment that he resigned in favour of his eldest son, subject to the option of the school committee; and he was then installed in office, as *select-man*, a sort of town-magistrate and assessor of the property-tax;* holding at the same time the office of postmaster. It is only fair, moreover, to state, that however curious he might be about other peoples' affairs, he was a downright good man in every sense, a benefactor to the town in which he lived, and a real blessing to the poor. His advice, always gratuitously given in law-matters and their technicalities, was eagerly sought by his neighbours; and many a time have I seen the kind old man take down volume after volume from some dusty, out-of-the-way shelf, to satisfy the doubts and meet the case of a trembling

* There is also a small tax of a dollar and half per year (6s. 3d.) on every native and foreigner over twenty-one years of age, called, I believe, a poll or protection tax.

applicant, threatened with the terrors of the law by some more powerful neighbour.

Another occurrence of quite a different character, to which I was witness, speaks equally strong to the old man's generosity. A farmer's son, one bitter, snowy morning, when I was taking a letter to the post, came trailing along the icy road with a cord of wood, his shaggy pony covered with snow-flakes, and halted in front of the post-office, for its worthy master, who was also surveyor and measurer of the loads of wood passing through the town, which, if not at least eight feet square each cord, are not allowed to proceed to their destination; all offences against this regulation being visited by heavy fines, and sometimes imprisonment. Well, the wood was duly measured and found to be correct, whereon the poor lad cried to the horse to *get up* (that is, go on), anxious to proceed with his journey; but the kind-hearted old postmaster, with that humanity which always characterized this rough-hewn specimen of native goodness, bade the boy stop and lead the horse into his barn, as he wanted the load himself; and thus he saved the lad ten miles dreary travelling to and from Boston, besides all anxiety about the chance of disposing of his wood. I afterwards visited the barn (for I was well acquainted with the postmaster's family), and I found, as I expected, that there was already so much timber or lumber stored there, that charity alone could have dictated the purchase.

The grocery store, which formed this rural post-office, was thronged at night with people of all classes, from the wealthy merchant to the humble artizans, including a sprinkling of farmers and landed proprietors—the all-absorbing theme of conversation being politics; and should Congress be sitting at Washington, the merits and demerits of the several speakers are fully canvassed,—at other times, the policy of the Southern States on the question of Slavery, or the Annexation of Cuba, with other events of perhaps a more local character, only affecting the State of Massachusetts. It may be, however, that the excellent old postmaster has just returned from an inquest (for he is likewise the coroner of the district), in which case, if there be any particular circumstances attending the death in question, he would, as it were, re-open the case, state his own views on the evidence, and in fact hold the inquest over again. At another time, it might be, mails had just arrived from Europe, and then the grand topic was the war in the East, with all the multifarious questions connected therewith. These stores, however, are never kept open late—eight, or at most nine o'clock, being the usual hour of their closing.

This zealous guardian of the post-office, let me observe, was of great service to me, by using his influence in my behalf, giving or procuring me letters of recommendation to various institutions in different parts of the States, as well as of introduction to numerous American

gentlemen of note at Washington and elsewhere—which, as an entire stranger, I found of great value. His warm-hearted kindness, therefore, was beyond all question; yet was he a thoroughly strict disciplinarian, as regards matters of business. On more than one occasion, I have been late with my letter for England (for there was at that town but one post on each day), arriving out of breath only a few moments after the closing of the mail-bag; when the precise old gentleman, looking at me with a half-displeased gaze through his spectacles, would exclaim; "I am surprised at a young man coming at this time with a letter—a foreign one too. I guess you know the time; why don't you rise earlier?" Somewhat hurt at so sharp a lecture, I would excuse myself on the score of having been compelled to write late the night before, and then offer to let it wait for the next mail. "No, no," said he; "you shall not post it next mail, but in this;" and the genial smile that beamed on his countenance, as he unstrapped the mail-bag, at once convinced me that I had no further cause for anxiety. The time for the post's leaving was half-past six in the morning; and, early as was the hour, it was my business to have been in time. In conclusion, I may apply to this worthy postmaster, the lines of Wordsworth:—

He was among the prime in worth,
An object cheerful to behold;
Blunt, but ingenuous, and bold.
If things there were that wanted grace,
At all events they were not base,
And never blush was on his face.

XXXIV.—A DAY'S FISHING IN BOSTON BAY.

In the mackerel season, Boston Bay abounds with these brilliant looking members of the finny tribe, which being desirous of catching, at least a hundred out of the myriads that resort thither in immense shoals, I formed a party with some young friends, and engaged a yacht for the purpose. The manner of taking these fish is very simple—by means of a line sunk by a plummet, having a small piece of pork on the hook, which is merely dropped from the boat's side. A minute or two afterwards comes a jirk; and the line, when hauled up, is found to have a fine mackerel at the end of it, which, by a peculiar movement, is easily unhooked; and then the tackel is thrown in again, with such repeated success, that hundreds are often taken by a single boat in six or seven hours. Some, however, are more expert than others at this sport, no sooner dropping their line than a fish is hauled up, while others close along-side may wait for a quarter of an hour without a bite. I suspect, however, that the true cause of this difference of success is, that the former use a choice kind of ground-bait. Upwards of 10,000 tons of shipping are employed in this branch of the fisheries alone.

The other fish caught in the bay are pickerings, smelts, eels, &c.; besides which, further out at sea, are taken halibuts, turbots, soles, cod, &c., &c. The first

of these is of most delicious flavour, and extremely large in dimension. Indeed, when the fishing-boats have come up to Boston, I have more than once seen halibuts of such enormous size as to require three or four men to haul them on shore. They are retailed in the market at from two to five cents per pound, and are cooked in many ways, being in all equally delicious.

Another source of excellent sport is angling for smelts, which are here so delicious, as to be justly termed, the dainty of Boston. They are from six to nine inches long—sometimes as much as twelve, and they run up the bay to spawn in March and April, returning to sea in May; but they come back to winter in November, which is the best season for catching them. They are caught in such immense quantities, that I have known a hundred dozen to be taken by one fisherman in a single day; a very favourite mode of catching them being by running lines let through the ice. An expert hand at the business will attend to two or three lines of this kind, skating between times to keep himself warm, and taking sufficient of these fish home, after a couple of hours, to satisfy himself and his family.

Eel-spearing is much practised, likewise, in the fresh-water rivers of Massachusetts. This is usually done by breaking the ice, and striking them with a long spear-headed pole, when they approach to inhale the oxygen of the atmosphere; they are then speedily pierced and hauled on to terra-firma to be deposited in the fisher-man's basket.

The fisheries of Boston, however, are not confined to its bay; for it sends, annually, great numbers of fishing smacks to Cape Cod, a few hundred miles to the south of Boston, provided with six-weeks' provisions,—such being the usual duration of the voyage; and more than half the cod, caught by the United States' fisheries, belong to Massachusetts; the annual yield of which, reaches half a million of quintals. The employment, I am told, is somewhat monotonous, as the fish are not always in the humour to bite; but when they are, on go the leather gloves for the line to run through; the fish are caught, not by scores, but hundreds; and as soon as taken, cleaned and salted down in barrels shipped for the purpose.

A word now about the OYSTER TRADE. This is a business of some importance in all the sea-board cities of America, where oyster saloons are to be found in almost every street, lane, and alley, offering these beautiful mollusks cooked in a variety of ways—stewed, roasted, or fried—though seldom raw and in the shell, as our transatlantic cousins love them not as we do, *au natural*. The Boston oysters, however, are not so large as those caught at the mouth of the Rariton River, and served up in the oyster saloons in New York,—the latter being, some of them, so large as to require division into three or four pieces, before they can be disposed of with comfort.

Aprôpos of fishing, I must here narrate a strange and rather perilous adventure that befell some friends

of mine during one of these expeditions. A party of four young men, of Dorchester, went out fishing in a small sailing yacht on the bay, and had only started a short time, when the sun, that had been shining brightly all day, set in fiery splendour, indicating too surely the rising of the wind and approach of a storm. Ere long the fitful gusts rose to a very tempest, carrying everything before it; and all the fishing craft, including that of our friends, made haste for the shore; but their efforts to effect a landing were abortive. As night drew on, their friends on land became alarmed at their non-appearance; nor were their apprehensions lessened by the constant arrival in port of half-wrecked vessels, with masts broken and sails torn to ribands by the gale; and we could ourselves see, two miles even from the shore, the waves rolling in sullen fierceness, with crests of foam boiling in the surge-beaten sea. The occasion was one for action, not helpless fear; and, with trembling anxiety, all seemed to say—

> Man the life boat, man the life boat,
> Help, or yon ship is lost!

A large schooner was kindly sent out in search of the absent party, while horsemen at the same time rode along the beach in the hope of finding them; but both projects were vain, and the schooner returned to port. One of the missing fishermen happened to be the nephew of a Dorchester merchant—the same who sent out the schooner just mentioned; and great, beyond expression, were the anxious sufferings of himself and

his lady, while their darling nephew was out on the bay during that tempestuous night, as nothing but a miracle seemed capable of saving them.

——————— How sunk their souls!
What black despair, what horror fill'd their hearts!

Daylight succeeded to night, but no abatement was there of the storm. Nevertheless, the stout schooner put out once more to sea, with some of our missing friends' relatives, as well as the crew; and while she was away on the search, I shall never forget the eager vigilance with which all who knew them watched the sea, and the oft repeated, anxious, and almost heart-broken inquiries made by sorrowing mothers, sisters, and neighbours. At length, evening again approached, and the schooner had not returned, which so far augured well, as there still was hope. I was wrapt in thought, at the probable results of so dreadful a calamity, so awful a visitation of Providence, when suddenly I heard a distant shout—then the tramp of steeds, and on going to the window I beheld a horseman tearing along at full speed, shouting as he went, with all the power his exhausted breath would allow—"They are saved—they are saved." To make a long story short—their boat had been drifted down the bay by the storm, with broken mast and disabled rudder—a mere helpless wreck, more than half-full of water from the waves that dashed over it every instant, drenching all on board to the very skin. In fact, when night came on, they had

given themselves up for lost; but, by a merciful Power, they were driven on to a small island — the very last there was, before entering the open ocean, when their fate must have been inevitable. On this island they found a ruined hut, in which they managed to dry their clothes and cook the few fish they had caught, before being overtaken by the storm. They were anxious at the thought of the alarm they had caused to those at home, and with whom they could not communicate; when at last, to their great joy, they were rescued from their desolate place of refuge by the vessel that had been sent to look after them. Great, indeed, was the rejoicing in Dorchester that night, and fervent the thanksgivings that were offered up for the signal mercy by which these young adventurers had been delivered from a watery grave; nor shall I ever forget the alteration which only two days' privation and suffering had made in them,—for they seemed to have shrunk to half their usual size, and to have lived a dozen years in thirty hours.

XXXV.—IRON FOUNDRY AND CHOCOLATE MILLS, DORCHESTER.

In England we are often surprised at the calm endurance of intense heat, by the workmen in a gas factory, on a hot summer's day; and the surprise would be greater

still, on seeing them so engaged in the roasting days of July, so oppressive in the United States. The condensed atmosphere in iron foundries is, perhaps, a trifle less overpowering; but, verily, near the immense furnaces that are to be seen at the Savan Hill Iron Foundry, Dorchester, there is quite heat enough to make one quickly cry "Hold, enough." The metal is run from the furnaces into moulds of sand or clay, and curious is it to behold the glowing, molten liquid, as with a lambent flame playing over it, it runs along the channel made for it from the furnace to its destination. I saw, also, several large trip-hammers worked by steam, and one of them so large and powerful as to require an engine of its own to put it in motion. The workmen at the time of my visit were at work on an immense anchor, that had been heated in the forge and swung by means of a huge crane over a sort of anvil, on which the giant hammer beat at it for half-an-hour, while the men moved it in different directions; and then it was returned to the forge to be re-heated, and again beaten as before, for the purpose of shaping and making the metal hard and tough, as anchors ought to be.

A great number of men—all hardy-looking half-clad Vulcans—are employed here; and the excessive heat that I felt, when the anchor was taken fresh from the fiery furnace at once convinced me of the great exhaustion to the physical powers that must result from long continued labour in so highly-heated an atmosphere. I may observe, that Savan Hill, Dorchester Heights, was

the spot where George Washington pitched his tent, when he brought the patriot army to relieve Boston from the blockade of the "Britishers," at the very opening of the American war.

I was surprised, on visiting a factory for the apparently simple purpose of crushing the kernels of the cocoa-bean, and converting them into chocolate, to find that machinery, so intricate and expensive, was deemed requisite. Such, however, is the case; and as I witnessed the successive processes, I was at once convinced of the vast improvement thus effected, both as to the rapidity of the manufacture and the quality of the article produced. Some, persons, however, there are, who discountenance machinery, as calculated to cause the capital of a country to be concentred in the hands of a few, to the detriment of the hard-working mechanic and artizan; but such objections, to say the least, are short-sighted, and based on imperfect views, as respects the call for labour, and the mutual relations of supply and demand. What, indeed, would either England or America be at the present day, but for the invention of the steam-engine, the cotton-mill, and the railway? Away, then, with such shallow, timid objections, more worthy of the fifteenth than the nineteenth century!

XXXVI.—AGED AMERICANS.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old:
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.

WILLIS.

SOME writers have alleged that our transatlantic cousins are not, as a rule, so long lived as ourselves; but, be that as it may, in the town where I resided, I met with many examples, in both sexes, of persons in very advanced life; one old gentleman, ninety-two, and several others over seventy. One, in particular, in whose house I resided for a short time, was eighty-four; a hale, hearty old man, who, after dinner or supper, would invite me to join him in a social cigar, discoursing meanwhile on the family and local incidents of the past, or on the stirring events of his country's history in the days of his youth; and, when in good health and spirits (for he suffered intensely from violent pains in the head), he would relate with much humour the courtships of himself and his friends, seventy years ago, and how the amorous swains would ride on horse-back, pillion-fashion, to visit the fair enslavers of their hearts; whereas, "now," said he, "nothing but a lazy mode of travelling suits young folks, such as carry-alls, buggies, and covered chaises, none of which

were known in my time." To this old gentleman I became much attached, for I never met a person of his age of so pleasant and equable a temper. Years had not soured, but rather mellowed him; he was ever cheerful, had a kind word or merry joke for young and old, venerated by all who knew him, and welcomed with smiles wherever he went—all whom he visited seeming as if they could not make enough of him. Yet was he not inattentive to his eternal interests; an humbler Christian never existed, and I believe he lived in a state of continual preparation for the call of his Maker to his everlasting rest, hoping there to meet the kindred of two generations that had gone before him. The old gentleman was waited on by an only remaining daughter, who was truly, absorbingly devoted to her charge, watching every change of his features, anticipating every want, submitting to any sacrifice rather than leave him to the charge of strangers; and, in short, doing all that the fondest daughter could do to soothe her parent's declining years.

One more illustration, ere I close this subject of aged Americans. A near neighbour of mine, a gentleman on the shady side of threescore and ten years—I used to be on visiting terms with, and while chatting with him respecting his country, &c., I could not but observe a curious, but benevolent trait in the character of this old man; though possessed of good landed estate and property in the immediate neighbourhood, yet six or seven hours a day were devoted to the handicraft of

boot and shoe repairing (which it seems he had learned in early life as a livelihood, before coming into possession of the property above mentioned), and all women and children's shoes taken to him were carefully and cheerfully mended without charge; and true it is, good nature is sometimes trespassed upon, for the children of the neighbourhood would now and then call with a shoe of their own to be repaired, when perhaps it was but just new; the old gentleman would remark this to them; the little rogues would apologise for troubling him, intimating they thought they saw a hole in the sole; and, instead of making their exit, loitered about the entry, until the benevolent old man would call them in, and ask if they would like a few apples (a dozen barrels full from his orchard was well-known to be in the house by the youngsters), of course a ready reply of, "I guess I should," and out they would caper with the prizes won by their ingenuity.

XXXVII.—AN ECCENTRIC ORNITHOLOGIST.

In the course of my walks and drives in the rural districts, I heard of a strange character devoted to this science, who arrived some years ago from England, and took up his abode in the woods near Dorchester, where he built himself a hut, his only companion being his rifle, with

which, being a sure shot, he made sad havoc among all classes of the feathered tribe, in utter defiance of the States' law against the destruction of singing birds. The specimens shot by him he stuffed and prepared in the forest, procuring the services of a cabinet-maker, residing in the outskirts of the wood, to make the mahogany cases, and engaging him also (for he would never be approached himself) to negotiate the sale of them, which realised large sums of money.

In one of my rambles, I happened to call unexpectedly on the cabinet-maker, and there to my surprise I found the recluse, who appeared to have more the appearance of an Indian, than an educated European, with his tanned brown complexion, long flowing beard, ragged elfin locks, and clothes torn to shreds by the brambles, through which he was wont to make his way in pursuit of his feathered prey. On my entrance, he turned aside, and speedily retired—

And, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

Nor had many seconds elapsed, ere we heard the crack of his rifle ringing through the neighbouring woods. After he left, the worthy carpenter informed me, that this modern Timon was a person of considerable ability, and would converse with ease on any subject whatever, but a single forbidden one—that of his early history. As to the cause of his retirement, various were the opinions and speculations I heard,—some holding that he had retired from the world, disgusted with its sel-

fishness, or that crossed in love, he had become sick of human society, and like Childe Harold—

> ———— Knew himself the most unfit
> Of men to herd with man, with whom he held
> Little in common, and was glad to find
> A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

I incline myself, however, to the less romantic opinion, that he was devotedly fond of a rural life, and followed ornithological pursuits, not only, like Wilson and Audubon, as a science, but also as a means of livelihood. His food consisted of berries, the less valuable birds he shot, and some scanty supplies of bread and groceries, purchased for him at the neighbouring town. His mode of acting, too, showed a true spirit of independence; for, when I offered to buy a number of bird-skins to take over to England for my father's museum, he told the cabinet-maker who negotiated between us, that he should decline selling me any, as he intended ere long to return himself.

PART III.

My Trip to the South.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures.

HAVING resolved to visit some, at least, of the Southern or Slave States, ere I returned to England, I embarked at Boston Wharf, on a Saturday afternoon, in the month of April, 1856, on board the steam-ship *Joseph Witney*, bound for Baltimore, the capital city, and principal trading port of Maryland.

After parting with my American friends, to several of whom I was obliged for letters of introduction, that afterwards proved of great value, and as soon as I had shaken off that feeling of loneliness that is apt to overcome one on being suddenly thrown among entire strangers, I looked round to see who were my fellow-travellers; and, as the season was still early for the sea route, I found they were limited to some twenty, two-thirds at least of whom were of the rougher sex—while the remainder consisted of a small party of agreeable young ladies.

I.—BY STEAMER, FROM BOSTON TO BALTIMORE.

A voyage at sea, and all its strife,
Its pleasures and its pain,
At every point resembles life—
Hard work for little gain!
The anchor's weighed, smooth is the flood,
Serene seems every form,
But soon alas! comes on the scud
That speaks the threatening storm:
The towering masts in splinters shivering,
The useless sails in tatters quivering;
Thunder rolling, lightning flashing,
Waves in horrid tumult dashing!

DIBDIN.

On leaving Boston Bay, I was much struck by the picturesque beauty of the numerous little islands that dot its surface, and shine in the sun-rays, looking like patches of gold, which became more brilliant as the fiery circle went down, and all, except their own crimsoned tree-tops were immersed in the gloom of fast approaching night. The sun, indeed, as seen at sea, either when it rises or when it sets, is a sight of exquisite beauty, of which a landsman can scarcely form any conception, until he sees it declining, like a radiant ball of fire, and finally dipping below the horizon, leaving the expanse of waters in the gloom of night.

Such was our first evening; but during the night a most unfavourable change took place, materially subversive of our personal comfort; for the rain came pouring

down in a vast deluge, and the wind blew in fitful gusts, and gave every indication of one of those storms so frequent at this season of the year. On running through the small outlet, called the *Narrows*, which separate the harbour from the ocean, a schooner happened to make for them just at the same time as our steamer; and as there was not room for two to pass at a time without risk of running aground, the two vessels came into collision with a dreadful crash, though, fortunately, without either being driven ashore. The result was, that we carried away the schooner's bowsprit, besides otherwise injuring her, and the locality was so peculiar, that had we so willed it, we could not stop to ascertain the extent of the mischief. I must say, however, I was somewhat surprised to see the cool uneoncernedness with which our captain and officers treated the accident; and all the explanation I got at supper was, that the schooner was in the wrong, and well deserved what she had got; whereas, our steamer was not materially injured; and "well it is so," continued the captain, "for we shall need all the strength our vessel possesses to ride out and withstand the gale that is breaking on us this night." These hints, it may be supposed, tended to make us anything but comfortable; and as I had always heard that Cape Cod, even in fine weather, was considered what sailors call *a rough spell*, I thought that the gale just setting in would not contribute to make it any the smoother.

As soon as I retired to my berth, I was seized with

a headache and nausea, that lasted all through that tedious night; and truly I wished myself anywhere but in my narrow bed, has I heard the wind howling fearfully, and felt the vessel pitching and rolling, as she battled with the elements, groaning, ever and anon, as though in a pain, when a huge wave gave her a more than usually powerful broadside. Nay, more, I much regretted, having thus willingly exposed myself to danger and discomfort by taking the steamboat to save some 460 miles of railway travelling—though by sea it is said to be a great many miles more. Morning came at last; but the rain still beat heavily, and the wind was every whit as boisterous as during the night. Six carpenters were altering the cabins, &c.; and, I must acknowledge, I felt a cruel satisfaction in hearing that even these sturdy sea-dogs, who had doubled Cape Horn, were prostrated by sickness, and were not able to continue their work. Fortunately, however, the gale abated early on Monday, so that the passengers were able to sit up to table for their meals, and the men to do the required work in the cabins. After crossing Cape Cod, which has such a world-wide reputation for its fishery; and Cape Henry, further south, we next passed Smith's Island, and finally entered Chesapeake Bay and the Petasco River, reaching the busy city of Baltimore at six o'clock on Tuesday morning, not a little fatigued by the buffeting we had endured in the sea trip from Boston—during the storm, which, as I afterwards heard, had caused the wreck of about sixty vessels along the coast and the loss of numerous valuable lives.

II.—BALTIMORE—"THE MONUMENTAL CITY."

On my first arrival in a Slave State, I could not help remarking the many coloured people, who were yelling and shouting to one another from the numerous fishing vessels at the wharf, while others—driving teams, carrying loads, &c., were making such a din in their nigger tongue, that it seemed, at first, as if I had been transported to some unknown land. In fact, there is a very great contrast between this city and New York, Boston, and other towns in the Northern States, where the heavy labour is chiefly performed by the Irish, the few coloured people in these States performing the duties of waiters, coachmen, &c.; while, in Baltimore, they let themselves out for every kind of work, paying their masters a given sum for the loss of their services, and keeping a trifle for themselves. The more genteel of them are here employed principally as waiters.

I was much amused on sitting down to dinner at the hotel, to see so large an assemblage of persons at the banquet, partaking of the good things of this life—and on a given signal from the head attendant, the gong sounded, and a coloured waiter stationed at each dish, all lifting the covers at the same moment; after which, to the end of the meal, they kept constantly trotting about, attending to the numerous wants of the company at table. Any person wishing for elegance

and comfort, will find them combined at Smith's, Maltby House, situated in the centre of the business part of Baltimore, which I can conscientiously recommend for its admirably regulated arrangements.

Baltimore (which was founded as recently as 1729) is a city of large dimensions, having about 110,000 inhabitants, and takes rank as the third in the United States, as regards population and commerce; but in hot weather, it must be far from healthy, from lying low, and being frequently visited by the fevers of the South. The principal street is Baltimore Street, which forms the great promenade in fine weather, and contains many handsome shops and stores. The ladies that I saw here dressed quite gaily, in colours well suited to their complexions, which are very delicate in Southern climes, sometimes almost breaking the hearts of many unfortunate swains, not blessed by the reciprocation of their affections.

The animals employed to draw the carriages here, are principally mules and Pennsylvanian horses, which are larger and better bred than any others in the United States. The mules, however, seem best suited for draught, and are certainly more hardy than horses in the warm season, especially when they have to draw the long cars that run on the railroads, which are seen at the side of the leading streets of Baltimore. These carriages are driven at great speed, and as they seldom stop or get out of the way of other vehicles, it is requisite to be very careful in crossing the street

when one of these teams is approaching. The houses here are built mostly of red brick, and are many of them of great height; some of the pavements or side walks being of the same material. The streets, too, are spacious, and laid out generally at right angles to each other, some few here and there running diagonally, and hence the ground-plan of the city is not quite so formal, and like the squares of a draught-board, as that of Philadelphia and other towns in America. Baltimore, moreover, is intersected by a small river, called Jones's Falls, which is crossed by three handsome stone bridges, and four others of wood. The principal public buildings are the City Hall, in Holliday Street, a plain edifice three stories high; the Court House, in Monument Square; and the State Penitentiary; the last of which, with its various buildings and gardens, cover four acres of ground. There are also two Theatres, two Museums, an Exchange, Custom-house, University, Catholic College, and Public Hospital. The city is also plentifully supplied with water from public fountains, several of which are tastefully constructed like miniature temples, enclosed by circular iron railings. Baltimore, moreover, has an excellent harbour, easy of access, the entrance to which is effectually defended by Fort St. Henry. It is divided into three parts, an outer, middle, and inner harbour, and it has a depth of water ranging between ten and twenty-five feet. The shipping, annually entering the port, amounts to about

120,000 tons. In fact, Baltimore is the greatest flour and tobacco market in the world, and exports annually about 800,000 barrels of the former, and 35,000 hogsheads of the latter; the total exports being valued at about 6,500,000 dollars. The imports, I understand, have greatly fallen off in recent years.

One of the most interesting objects that I saw, during my short stay, was the WASHINGTON MONUMENT, a marble column 163 feet high, surmounted by a colossal figure of that distinguished patriot and general. At the base is a sort of balcony, from which public speakers are wont to address their audience in the enclosure below. The site is well chosen, in the best and highest part of the city; and the square in whch it stands is pretty, laid out like a garden and lined on all its four sides with handsome houses. On looking up the pillar, I saw no loop-holes like those in the Bunker's Hill obelisk; and, on paying for admission, myself and two American gentlemen were provided with lanterns to light us up the winding staircase inside. When we arrived at the top, the scene that met our view on every side was most magnificent. Baltimore and its adjacent towns lay, extended like a map, at our feet—while on one side, the majestic ocean rolled in calm grandeur; and on the other, the fertile, well-planted country presented to our view a panorama of no ordinary kind, extending to a distance of many, many miles. Baltimore boasts, likewise, of a marble obelisk, called the BATTLE MONUMENT, erected

to the memory of the citizens who fell in the successful defence of the city and Fort McHenry in 1814, against the British, under General Ross. The names of the patriots are inscribed on the monument in letters of gold.

The "monumental city" has upwards of forty churches, nine of which belong to the Methodists, six to the Catholics, and five to the Episcopalians. Among these the Roman Catholic Cathedral, St. Paul's, and one of the Unitarian Churches take rank, as the handsomest sacred edifices in the whole country. On the outskirts of the city, too, is GREEN-MOUNT CEMETERY, a burial-ground laid out, like most in America, with great taste and at much expense, having, also, a handsome sheet of water, well supplied with gold fish.

The markets, six in number, are very extensive, and well supplied with meat, fish, and vegetables, and I was much amused at seeing the crowds of coloured people that were catering here for their masters and mistresses. They are exceedingly formal and ceremonious one towards another. If, for instance, a young negro girl meets a coloured man, they curtsey and bow to each other half a dozen times, and then come a series of giggles and shakings of the hand, interspersed with questions about uncle Johnson, cousin Jackson, and twenty other darkeys of their acquaintance, whose history and welfare seem to afford to both a vast deal of merriment. In the hotel, too, where I was stopping, I could not help remarking the

hilarity of the coloured waiters, and the great amount of fun which they enjoyed among each other, when out of sight of their employers, and after the work of the day was over. One poor fellow I saw beaten by a brother darkee about the head with a broom till it sounded again, and, so far from resenting it, he seemed to treat it rather as an excellent, practical jest. Many, also, are exceedingly good players on the banjo, which may daily be heard strumming, when not too busy, in the barber-saloons attached to the hotels, or in the streets.

Lastly, let me allude to the extensive railway communication which Baltimore enjoys with all the most important cities of the Union. The Baltimore and Port-Deposite railroad extends thirty-six miles to Havre-de-Grace and there connects with a chain of railroads to Philadelphia, making the entire distance ninety-five miles. The Baltimore and Susquehanna railroad extends to Harrisburg, and by a chain of railways to Philadelphia and Boston. The Baltimore and Ohio railway passes by Harper's Ferry, and terminates at Wheeling, a busy town on the Ohio, thus effecting a direct communication between the Atlantic Ocean and the basin of the Mississippi; besides which, it has a branch line of thirty-eight miles to the federal capital of the United States. It is along this line that I shall now conduct the reader.

III.—WASHINGTON—ITS CAPITOL AND ITS PRESIDENT.

This celebrated city, which dates its existence only from the first year of the present century, can now boast of a population of about 42,000 persons, or about thirteen times what it had in 1800, when it was made the seat of the federal government. It stands on an elevated point of land, formed by the confluence of the Potomac and Anacostia, and covers somewhat more than eight square miles, with streets regularly laid out, crossing each other at right angles, while several broad avenues and open, well-planted grounds connect the different parts of the city, thus taking away much of the formality so common with the great towns of the United States. It must be observed, however, that many of the streets are at present only partly formed, not regularly lined with buildings; and, in the absence of any great trading industry or aristocratic luxury, probably many years will elapse ere the ground-plan can be fully carried out. The avenues and streets leading to public places are from 120 to 160 feet wide, the others from 70 to 110 feet; the former, being named after the several States of the Union; while the latter, beginning at the Capitol, are denoted north and south, by letters of the alphabet; and east and west, by numbers; as A, North-street;

B, South-street; 1st, East-street; 5th, West-street, &c., which, however convenient a plan, has a very droll appearance. A stranger, on first arriving at Washington, cannot avoid a feeling of disappointment at seeing the straggling groups here and there of finished and unfinished houses. In Pennsylvania avenue, however, which runs between the Capitol and the President's house, and is the finest street of the city, the dwellings have a better appearance, and reconcile the visitor for his first disappointment on leaving the railway-station.

THE CAPITOL.

The public buildings have all the splendour becoming a great nation. The CAPITOL, which is wholly built of marble will, probably, when the wings are completed, be one of the finest Senate-houses in the world; for it has already cost more than half a million sterling! The ground on which it stands is elevated seventy-three feet above the river Potomac, and commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country; and the building covers an area of nearly two acres, having a frontage of 352 feet, surmounted by a central dome 120 feet high; besides which, there are to be two smaller cupolas at the terminations of the

wings. The entrances on each front are approached by long and wide flights of steps, above which are handsome Corinthian porticoes, leading to the ROTUNDA, immediately under the dome. The approach to this hall is adorned with sculptured figures of "Peace and War;" Events in the struggle of the *White Man* and the *Indian;* the Pilgrims Landing at Plymouth; Smith delivered by Pocahontas; Penn's Treaty with the Indians; and, lastly—a noble colossal statue, by Greenough, of George Washington. It contains, likewise, in the large circular dome, panels of some good paintings, on subjects connected with American history; as "the Landing of Columbus, in 1492;" the Discovery of the Mississippi in 1541, by De Soto; the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delfthaven, in Holland, July 21, 1620; the Baptism of Pocahontas (the preserver of Smith), in 1613; the Declaration of Independence at the Congress at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776; the Capture of General Burgoyne, at Saratoga, October 17, 1777; the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, in October, 1781; and Washington resigning his Commission to Congress, at Annapolis, on the 23rd of December, 1785. All of them are, in my opinion, beautifully executed; and the groups so tastefully and naturally arranged, that the very look at them seems to carry the spectator back to those scenes of national strife which caused so much bloodshed between the colonists and the mother-country. I

need scarcely observe, that these paintings form a leading attraction to the thousands of visitors who throng the capital during the Session of Congress.

On the west of the Rotunda is the CONGRESS LIBRARY, a room of ninety feet long and thirty-six in height, containing about 40,000 volumes, arranged in arched alcoves; and round the room run three tiers of galleries, the railings of which are of gilt bronze, having a very gay appearance. In the upper part of the south wing is the HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, a semicircular chamber, ninety feet long and sixty high, surmounted by a dome, supported by twenty-four Corinthian pillars of variegated and white Carrara marble. The Speaker's chair is raised above the floor, and covered by a canopy, beneath which, behind the chair, is a statue of *Liberty*, while over the entrance-door is another of *History*, standing on a winged car, covered with the signs of the Zodiac, which are used to form the hours of a clock. Fortunately, I had a letter of introduction to one of the members, a friend of the *Dorchester Postmaster*, who welcomed me as cordially as if I had been an old acquaintance; and through his influence, I got a seat among the members, instead of in the circular gallery running round the room. The chamber, I may here observe, is, like most legislative chambers, whether in England or the European Continent, wrongly constructed for hearing, and so very ill ventilated, as to prevent persons remaining long in the galleries on account of the

suffocating heat. My companion pointed out to me the leading orators and politicians, for or against *Slavery*, the *Maine Liquor Law*, the *Annexation of Cuba*, *&c.*, among whom I may mention Seward and Banks, who, when excited, would rise and vindicate their views, almost out of their turn, with the greatest vehemence. Happily, however, great respect and immediate compliance was shown to the decisions and orders of the Speaker; for, otherwise, the debates between the members from the Northern and those from the Southern States would run so high, and cause such excitement of language, that no legislative business whatever could be transacted.

The SENATE CHAMBER is in the second story of the north wing, and resembles that just described, except in being smaller, as 60 senators do not require so large a space as 260, the present number of members in the House of Representatives. This, the superior chamber, is also more splendidly furnished than the other; the Speaker's chair was canopied by rich crimson drapery, suspended from the talons of a hovering eagle, and has its roof embellished by a magnificent cut-glass chandelier. When I visited the Senate, the senator on his legs was General Samuel Houston (late Governor of Texas), who spoke at great length on the mismanagement of the Naval Board, and defended Commodore Hull, who had been removed by it for some offence, which the General maintained to be purely imaginary; and, considering the patriotic manner in which he

pleaded the naval officer's cause, the words of the poet might not be inaptly quoted :—

> To him, as to the burning levin,
> A once bright, resistless course was given,
> Where'er his country's foes were found,
> Was heard the fatal thunder's sound.

The late Governor of Texas was a fine, hale old gentleman, and went into very lengthy details, citing correspondence, &c., in a studied harangue, that lasted during three days' sittings. Sometimes he would be very vehement, and occasionally so exhaust his voice, as to require to take, ever and anon, a sip of coffee from a cup placed beside him, much in the same way as some of our long-winded orators in the House of Commons suck oranges to clear their throats. The concluding sentence of General Houston's speech—a clencher to his appeal in behalf of Hull — ran pretty much as follows :—"What has the gallant Commodore not done for you and your country? Are years of eminent and faithful service to be cast aside, because some one has slandered his character? No, gentlemen, this must not be; he is as good a sailor, and as brave an officer, as ever trod a ship's deck, and a credit to the Commonwealth, which is more than I can say of his slanderers; and permit me to add, justice must be rendered him—he must be reinstated in his command—one which he has filled for so many years, with so much glory to himself, and such eminent benefit to his country;" and then the General concluded in a stentorian voice—"What he

did for you in the struggle for our country's independence, is amply recorded on the page of history; and now I will tell you what he did not do:—He never struck his flag to the British!"

General Cass, Mr. Brooke, the Senator for Carolina, and Mr. Sumner, the Senator for Boston (the latter since so remarkable as the victim of a disgraceful assault, detailed in the daily newspapers), were there when I visited the Senate; and I could not help noticing the stern expression of resolve, the compressed lip and thoughtful brow of General Cass, as he reclined in his cushioned chair. He seemed to be a tall man, powerfully built, and rather advanced in years.

Below the Senate Chamber, and in a hall of nearly the same size, though very much plainer in its appointments, is held the Supreme Court of the United States, which exercises final jurisdiction, and is a Court of Appeal from the twenty-five District Courts, in all cases, civil as well as criminal. There are also seventy or more rooms for the accommodation of committees and public officers, as well as for the deposit of state documents. The Record Office I was shown through by my friend, and I was astonished to see the vast piles of papers and parchment rolls heaped up here and there, some of them, doubtless, of vital importance to the country, though to me possessing little interest. At the conclusion of each of my visits we walked in the grounds that surround the Capitol; they extend over twenty-two acres, and are highly ornamented with

trees, shrubberies, flower-beds, and well-kept gravelled walks; near the western entrance is the "Naval Monument," a marble column forty feet high, surmounted by an eagle, erected in memory of the officers who fell in the *Tripoli*. There are also several fountains, and the whole of the grounds are enclosed by a handsome iron railing.

The other leading public edifices are the "WHITE HOUSE," or official residence of the *President* (with its adjoining Government-offices), the *General Post-office*, and the *Patent-office*. The first of these, which stands at the north-west extremity of Pennsylvania avenue, is an elegant stone building, two stories high, with a frontage 170 feet in length, in the centre of which is a handsome Ionic portico, serving for carriages to set down their company under shelter. The apartments within, especially the largest state rooms, are admirably suited to their purpose, and splendidly furnished; besides which, the windows from the southern front command a beautiful and most extensive prospect over the surrounding country. This mansion stands in the centre of a pleasure-ground or park of twenty acres, tastefully laid out, richly embellished with fountains, statuary, &c., and extending right away down to the banks of the Potomac. I was fortunate in being able to reach Washington in time to attend the President's last reception for the season. On entering with a traveller friend, we were received with almost an entire absence of formality, and ushered, along with a stream of visitors,

into the state drawing-room, which was covered with a splendid carpet, hung with the richest satin paper, and lighted with numerous chandeliers, that reflected their brilliance on the fair guests who sat round the apartment, arrayed in delicate colours of every hue, tastily contrasted, and set off all the better by juxtaposition with the sombre coloured apparel of the sterner sex. The reception was unusually crowded, and martial music played during the evening, as the guests paraded round the spacious apartment. The President's levée was held in a smaller adjoining room. When I entered the latter, my attention was chiefly directed to a gentleman of middle height, attired in evening costume, with slightly grey hair, quick sparkling eyes, lit up with animation, and a pleasant smile illuming his countenance. This was the *President of the United States—General Pierce*—who, having been apprised as usual by the States-marshal of my name, country, &c., advanced with a polite bow, cordially shook hands with me, and conversed for a few moments, after which, I bowed and passed on, to make room for those who were to follow. It was an honour, indeed, this interview, of which I had little dreamt in leaving England; nor can I even now look back upon it without extreme satisfaction, as being one of the most interesting events of my life—not that I am ambitious of mingling with the celebrities of high society, but because I held converse with *one*, whose words and actions, while in office, had at once amply proved his great political talent, and propitiated

the approbation of his own colleagues, and the respect of men of all parties in the State. The President's lady was also present, who seemed much fatigued with the duties of the evening. Presentations to her can only be effected through the medium of ladies, and when the ceremony has ended, she immediately resumes her seat.

The reader may, perhaps, desire to know somewhat of the President, who played so conspicuous a part on this occasion. FRANKLIN PIERCE was the son of Benjamin Pierce, of Hillsborough county, in New Hampshire, a worthy yeoman of New England, who left the plough at eighteen to join the republican armies, and served in most of the great battles in the war of Independence. He married twice, and by his second wife had eight sons, of whom Franklin was the sixth, born November 23, 1804. Noted alike during boyhood for personal comeliness, an amiable disposition, and diligent attention to his studies, he entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, in the State of Maine, and formed among the students some valuable acquaintances—his two most intimate were Professor Stowe, and that talented writer, N. Hawthorne; it was here, too, that he first evinced the ardour for a military life. His studies completed, he returned in 1826 to his father's house at Hillsborough. The following year Franklin Pierce was called to the bar, but at his first *début* made a total failure; which, however, so far from disheartening him, made him only toil the harder at his profession. At the age of twenty-five, known already as a thorough democrat, he was elected a member

of the legislature for New Hampshire, and for two years served the office of Speaker. In 1833 he was elected a member of Congress. As a parliamentary man, few men spoke less or did more: a diligent attendant on committees, he feared no amount of labour or drudgery, and whenever he did speak, which was seldom, what he said was brief, terse, and to the purpose. The following year he married Jane, the daughter of the Rev. President Appleton, of Bowdoin College, by whom he had three sons, all now unhappily dead. He then applied himself once more to the practice of his profession, and after a few years, gained the repute of being one of the ablest and most successful advocates of the New England States.

In 1847, however, on the breaking out of the Mexican war, Pierce left the law, and took up the sword, enlisting as a private in a volunteer corps; but he found rapid promotion—for soon afterwards he was colonel, and almost directly after, brigadier-general, in which high office he did good service to the State. His exploits there are well known. His horse slipped and overturned him while leading an attack on the enemy's position: he was picked up insensible, with a severe sprain, but yet soon after remounted and continued the attack, which ended in a storming of the Mexican entrenchments with great slaughter. In June, 1852, General Pierce was nominated a candidate for the Presidency of the Union, by the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, and in the November following,

was elected by a majority of 205,000 votes over the Whig candidate, General Scott. Painful, however, to relate, the joy of his success was damped by a terrible domestic calamity, viz.: the loss of his only surviving son, by a railway accident, while travelling with his lady, only two months before General Pierce's installation at Washington.

To return, the interest of the reception was not a little heightened by a somewhat unusual circumstance—the attendance of eight Indian chiefs, who came to pay their court to the President, with the view of paving the way to some territorial adjustment. They were large, finely formed men, though anything but handsome, having huge pouting mouths, and extraordinarily high cheek-bones. These Sons of the Forest, who were clad in their native costume, appeared bewildered at being packed so close in civilised company, and they looked at the ladies, as if they would like to carry off a few to their sylvan homes. Their notice, however, was principally attracted by the music, for they spent the greater part of the evening close to the marine band. Lastly, I may observe, representatives of almost every civilised country in the world were present at this levée,—Canadians, English, Irish, and Scotch; French, Spaniards, and Portuguese; Belgians, Germans, Russians, and Italians; nay, I rather think there were Armenians, Parsees, and Hindoos, present on this occasion.

The friend, who accompanied me was a Scotchman, and not without his peculiarities; for while we were

glancing at the ladies, and I casually asked his opinion as to the beauty of *American ladies,* he blurted out, with a grunt, that he saw no beauty in them at all, to approach that of the Glasgow girls. This sarcasm, however, as I afterwards found, was not without a cause. While in New York, and at one of the wharfs, looking for a steam-boat to go on some excursion, he met a party of the fair sex also hastening on board, and, out of politeness, made way for them to pass first; in doing which, however, he contrived somehow seriously to injure his foot, jamming it under the gangway between the steam-boat and the wharf. In short, he was unable to proceed on his journey, and it was only a miracle that the limb was saved from amputation; yet those, who had indirectly caused the accident, looked coolly on, not manifesting the slightest sympathy. "Ever since then," concluded he, "I have resolved never to give way to such unfeeling creatures, as American ladies." Their conduct, I admit, was most cruel and unlady-like, but I could scarcely agree with the sweeping dislike of the entire sex, which had been engendered by what I hope is a rare case of apathy for the sufferings of their fellow-creatures.

The Presidential chair, in March, 1857, was given to Mr. Buchanan (the late ambassador to England), a gentleman gifted with all the requisites of talent and capability, for the governing of a large Continent like the United States; and I truly hope, by his firmness and decision, all internal differences, whensoever they

happen, will be satisfactorily adjusted; and that the affairs of other nations, in connection with that of America, will, through the united wisdom of its President and Members of the Senate Chamber, and House of Representatives, ever be amicably arranged.

The GENERAL POST-OFFICE is a neatly built, but unassuming marble edifice, of Corinthian architecture, only just completed, and is said to be the finest specimen of a Post-office on the whole American Continent. On visiting it, I found the interior very spacious, subdivided into smaller compartments or offices, and clerks, managers, letter-sorters, and messengers, were hurrying in all directions, on the multifarious duties of their several appointments. I was told, however, that for the last thirty years, the expenses of this department had, except in 1835-6-7, invariably exceeded the receipts, owing to the bad roads and great distances to be travelled, the sparse population scattered very thinly over the rural districts, and the enormous expense of conveying letters hundreds of miles at a charge which till now has not covered the outlay. Nevertheless, in future years, when the railroad system shall have become more developed than at present, there can be little doubt that the Post-office will prove a paying establishment; but we would fain see a better arranged mode of delivery,—for, except in populous cities and towns, people must fetch their letters from the Post-office, as there are few or no rural letter carriers. These should be universal, and paid not by the

recipients of letters as at present, but by the State in which they are employed.

> A noble building, richly stored
> With man's creative genius.

The *Patent-office*, as yet incomplete, will have with its wings, as constructed according to the original design, a frontage more than 400 feet long, and a central portico of the same extent as the Parthenon, at Athens, consisting of sixteen columns in double rows, fifty feet high, and approached by a noble flight of steps. The interior, in addition to many other spacious apartments, has one room in the upper floor 280 feet long by 65 in breadth—one of the most splendid rooms in America, and devoted to the grand and increasing collections of the National Institution—comprising stuffed animals and birds, minerals, fossils, &c.; together with ethnological curiosities—such as Indian tomahawks, calumets, implements of various kinds, and numerous portraits of Indian chiefs—besides a case containing a lock of each President's hair, from George Washington to the present ruler of the country. These locks are cut off, and here deposited, on each one's election to the Presidential chair. The origin of this curious custom I have not been able to ascertain.

On entering that part of the building devoted to models, I was astonished at the immense number of them exhibited in cases, arranged according to classes. The great hall alone is said to contain about 30,000

models, and would take many days properly to examine. They were of every kind, variety, and branch of art—from agricultural machinery, fire-arms, models of ships and parts of ships, to surgical instruments, knives, chemical compounds, and a hundred other things which it were tedious to enumerate. In fact, in no country in the world is the spirit of invention more encouraged than in the United States, where men, living at a distance and in obscurity, whom no one would otherwise have heard of, are, by means of this establishment, brought before the public and abundantly rewarded by increased wealth for their talent and ingenuity. Some, indeed, allege that the American Government will patent anything, whether of merit or not; but this I deny. Vast numbers of patents, it is true, are issued every year; but so strict is the examination of the articles presented, that only about two-fifths of them receive the patent. My belief, indeed is, that, as in Great Britain, so in America also, many an invention is lost to the world by the expense attending the application; for, though the cost to some be a matter of no moment, yet there are many who can ill afford to lose even a moderate sum, which must be sacrificed, whether the application be successful or not. The law respecting patents, therefore, requires—it cannot be denied—some material alteration; for in many—shall I say most cases—those who invent new machines, or discover new processes, are working men; artizans daily employed at such moderate wages, as utterly to place it out of

their power to bear the expenses of procuring a patent in either country—and thus too often a design is abandoned before its completion, or an invention wholly lost, unless it gets patented by some wealthy employer, who purchases the creation of the poor man's brains for "a beggarly denier," and then puffs himself off before the world, as the real inventor and patentee. I am satisfied, that, were the Governments of both countries to reduce the charges for patents, their revenues would be increased rather than diminished, as so many hundreds more of applications would be made by humble, but ingenious artizans, who at present are kept wholly in the background. Having said thus much, I may allude to a very curious invention in Yankee Land—namely, *wooden nutmegs;* for report says, that a whole village in Connecticut is employed in this ingenious manufacture. These nutmegs are of wood, turned in a lathe, so as exactly to resemble the genuine articles in size, shape, and colour—and they are sent all over the States, as well as exported to foreign countries. In conclusion, I observe, that unless I except the Mammoth Exhibition of All Nations, at London, in 1851, I never in my life saw so interesting and extensive a collection of mechanical art, and I would by all means advise every traveller to pay the Patent-office a lengthened visit. Only let him beware of edge-tools, or in other words, not let curiosity induce him to make trials of machines, with the construction and operation of which he is totally unacquainted; for I have known

many dangerous, and even fatal accidents, result from such imprudences in the spectators at mechanical exhibitions.

The other public structures are the Treasury, and other Government-offices, the City-hall, the Smithsonian Institute, Observatory, Columbian College, and the Washington Monument. The SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE is a handsome edifice, facing the garden front of the White House, but on the opposite side of the Potomac; it owes its existence to the munificence of a scientific Englishman, named Smithson, and is intended for the promotion of the natural and practical sciences generally. Lectures are delivered by professors on physics, chemistry, geology, &c.; and the institution possesses valuable museums and libraries, as well as some good pictures of Indian chiefs. It publishes its transactions, also, at certain intervals. The OBSERVATORY stands on an eminence, about three miles from the city, and possesses a highly valuable collection of astronomical instruments, which Lieutenant Maury, the State-astronomer, has made available for the most scientific observations and their results. I ascended to the summit on a sunny day, and enjoyed as interesting a view of the surrounding country as those commanded from the tops of Bunker's Hill, Obelisk, and the Washington Monument, at Baltimore. The COLUMBIAN COLLEGE (which was incorporated by an Act of Congress in 1821) is a spacious brick building, on an eminence, about two miles and a half from the Capitol. It has

accommodation for about fifty resident students, with houses for professors, a spacious lecture hall, and well stored library. The medical department is conducted in a separate building in Washington.

The WASHINGTON MONUMENT, which stands a little at the back of the President's house, is as yet incomplete, though, if we may trust to the designs, it promises to be one of the finest monumental structures that the world has yet seen. It is intended, I understand, to be 600 feet high, but when I visited it last May, 1856, it had only reached 160 feet, or about a quarter of its proposed altitude. The base was in part formed, and is intended to support a gigantic statue of Washington, in a triumphal chariot, driven by Victory, and drawn by six horses. Such a stupendous design, however, is I fear, not likely to be very soon carried out; for the contractors, at the time of my visit, had quarrelled with the United States' Government, and the works were suspended; and the immense sums to be gathered for its erection, by voluntary contributions, will make it a work of time. I may add, that in a temporary building close by, are exhibited some very beautiful designs and models, specimens of marbles and stones, with metallic ores, &c., &c., sent as offerings from the several States, and different countries of Europe. When, if ever the monument be completed, these memorials will be transferred to the marble chamber, inside the base of the structure. The only other monument in Washington is an equestrian statue of General

Jackson, in Lafayette Square, opposite the White House. It is of metal; and the horse, though in a prancing attitude, is made to support itself, instead of being upheld, as usual, by an unsightly rod of iron; while the General himself, has a very pleasing and animated look, as he holds in one hand his hat and plume of feathers. Curiously enough, while looking at the statue, I was addressed by the gardener of the square, who turned out to be from the old country, and to have formerly been in the service of the Duke of Northumberland, at Sion House, near Isleworth. I enquired if he would like returning to his native land; but though I succeeded in awakening his dormant recollections, he said that, however great might be the pleasure of once more visiting the haunts of his youth, he could not remain there, as the remuneration and prospects of success in his business are so much greater in America.

Having thus described the principal buildings of the city, I must request the reader to accompany me to the Navy-yard, situated on the right bank of the Anacostia, or Eastern branch, about a mile south-east of the Capitol. It covers twenty-seven acres, and, besides dry docks, ships, mast-ponds, &c., has houses for the officers, workshops, rope-yards, storehouses, a well-kept armoury, &c., and large supplies of naval stores. No large vessels were building at the time of my visit; but I was told that ships of the very largest size have been built here, the river Potomac being navigable for shipping of any draught uninterruptedly

down to its mouth, 300 miles below Washington. As I approached the anchor-smiths, I found them hard at work, shaping an anchor, and was surprised to see coloured people acting as artizans, an occurrence I had never noticed before. The only suburb of the city is on its northern side, called Georgetown; but about four miles to the south-west is Alexandria, the road to which crosses the Potomac by a strongly-built pile bridge, nearly a mile long.

IV.—NIGGER ANECDOTES.

> The always wise are often dull:
> Then while youth lasts, O let us cull
> The smiling flowers of harmless fun;—
> But injuries and mischief shun.

I SHALL now confine my attention exclusively to the population, beginning with a few words about the "niggers." The very first day of my visit to Washington was ushered in by a heavy shower of rain. As I was passing down Pennsylvania Avenue, patiently abiding the pitiless beating of the storm, I encountered two tall youths of colour, in very ragged attire, walking rather importantly arm in arm along, under an umbrella almost as ragged as themselves. As I passed, they gave me an ironical salute with their all but brimless hats, eyeing me at the same time with a roguish leer,

that showed they were right merry fellows; and seeming to think it an excellent joke that they should be sheltered from the rain, while I had to plod through the deluged streets without any shelter at all; and one said to the other, "I say, Sam; I wonder how it is that all gennlemen does not use umbrellas;" to which his friend, naively replied, "I doesn't know Tom, but s'pose they can't all afford it."

The American negroes generally are extremely simple-minded, but very witty and amusing, apparently happy all the day long, gleesome as kittens, especially when off to a fight or a fire, and ever ready to enter into conversation with any visitor that may accost them at the doors of, or inside the hotels. I remember once, when walking down the chief street of Washington, that a pair of horses ran away with an omnibus without its driver. Here then was fine sport for the niggers, who ran out of the houses in the avenue, shouting to each other by names "Jake, Jim, Mose, Sam," as they tumbled one over another in their eagerness to join in the fun. The horses, had they been left alone, would very probably have stopped; but this was not exactly what these *darkeys* wanted, as the running away of horses and omnibus was not an excitement to be met with every day. They accordingly all shouted lustily *hi, hi, hi,* which means "stop, stop, stop;" but the poor animals were only the more frightened, and galloped away most furiously, striking terror into the nervous pedestrians walking on the side paths. At last, amid

the racing and screaming of the black fellows, a powerful young coloured man fairly distanced the rest, and came up with the affrighted horses, whose reins he jerked from side to side, till they slackened their speed, and he finally stopped them by standing in front of the trembling animals himself.

The above adventure was afterwards very fully canvassed by the coloured waiters at the hotel where I was stopping; and I heard one relating to a companion who had not witnessed the occurrence, the whole affair from beginning to end, but with the most amusing contortions and exaggerations; how the animals reared and kicked, how many miles the valiant Johnson pursued the flying steeds, and how he would have run with them all the way to Baltimore sooner than leave go his hold,—with much more similar rhodomontade. "Ya, ya," continued the excited narrator; "directly I see Ben Johnson come out, I knew them animals was to be stopped by him; for I dont s'pose any other coloured gentleman in the city has got the strength of Ben Johnson." The other listened with gaping attention; and, methought, he looked greatly disappointed at not having been present to witness the *tour de force* performed by his doughty neighbour, Ben! The anecdote at all events shows, that however simple the negroes may be in a variety of ways, they are at least not deficient in courage; for the stopping of a pair of terrified runaway horses, is a feat that none but the most courageous would attempt.

V.—MOTLEY POPULATION OF WASHINGTON.

I NEVER in my life saw such a variety of persons of totally different habits and feelings, under the same roof, as I beheld in my hotel at Washington. They embraced people from every State in the Union,—some on business, as representatives, or else come to obtain a patent, or take a contract; while many others had travelled hither simply for their own pleasure to see the Capitol and all that it contains. Such a difference of pronunciation, too, I never had the chance of hearing before; for there were guests from New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts — regular thorough-bred Yankees,— slave owners from the Carolinas and Louisiana, Kentucky farmers, cotton planters, and rough log-hut settlers from the Upper Mississippi and the Far West. As for myself, I gave my residence in the hotel-ledger as Boston; and I afterwards learnt from a person belonging to the Western States, that I was taken for a regular Yankee by the Southerners. "Well, what if I am," demanded I. "Waal, nothing, I guess," said he; "but you're not a Yankee nor an American either— are ye? ye don't exactly talk like them ere fellows that make the wooden nutmegs in Connecticut, and sell them for raal ones." Our reader, from the anecdote already given, will understand the allusion. However,

I had no great difficulty in setting my inquisitive friend's mind at ease; for I at once told him that I came neither from this nor that village in Connecticut, but from a certain far-off little island, yclept *Great Britain*. He then told me respecting himself, that he had by many years' toil accumulated a fine property beyond Chicago, near Lake Michigan, and had now come to Washington for the purpose of taking out a patent for some improved agricultural implement.

His description of the Illinois country was very encouraging to settlers, for he alleged the land to be of excellent quality, whether for pasture or cropping, and thoroughly permeated by navigable rivers, and the soil throughout to be very fertile, especially in the lower alluvial formations near the rivers, the productiveness of which is said to be all but inexhaustible. "Nay," observed he, "too much cannot be said on that score; for potatoes and pumpkin-seeds put into the ground in the evening, grow in the night so tarnation fast, that they are ready to cook for breakfast the next morning." This was of course a slight poetic exaggeration; but what he meant was, that the black-moulded soil is so rich there, as to render manuring a mere work of supererogation. I objected to the unhealthiness of the climate, to which he replied, "Nothing venture, nothing have; you must run your risk. I never was troubled with either fever or ague, and I have lived there all my life; but new settlers suffer greatly from those complaints, and often die, before they have

got inured to the climate. After all," said he, "out west is worth venturing. A good farm can be procured at little or no expense, except the cost of reaching it; and mind you, those who go out there, men or women, must make up their minds to put their shoulders to the wheel, else they will stick in the mud; lazy people are not wanted there. Large families, too, are a blessing, mind you, not a curse, as in some countries. The air is rife with the sounds of merry husbandry; nature yields her bounties with little toil, and the yellow corn, stored in spacious barns, give us cause to praise our Western farms, and be thankful to God for having thus bountifully made the far West so favoured a spot. Were the tide of emigration," continued he, "to be distributed over the western countries, much benefit would result both to the new and old settlers; for large tracts of land, perhaps three millions of acres, are lying there, that will not be tilled for many years to come. Nevertheless," he observed, "you must not suppose that a few settlers only venture out West, for were you to visit the Chicago railway depôt, and watch the arrivals and departures yet further to the West, of large parties of emigrants, you would be fairly astonished. I have myself seen nearly a thousand passengers arrive by a single train—families and all; yet so great is the extent of the territory over which they are spread, that they are lost, as it were, in the immensity of the land that calls for cultivation," and, as a proof of the amount of tillage in Illinois, he stated, that on an average, four

millions of quarters of wheat and other grain pass out of Chicago, *viâ* New York, for the ports of Europe. The freightage, he said, was somewhat high, which acted as a check on agriculture; but the experiment had been made by merchants and shipowners of employing vessels of from five to six hundred tons, capable of surmounting the rapids of the St. Lawrence, passing through the canal locks, and reaching the cities on the great lakes, thus, after paying all expenses, making great savings, as compared with the freightage *viâ* New York; and so successful had been the result, that many vessels would, in all probability, be embarked in that channel of trade. I may add, from another source, that in the "bottoms," or alluvial districts, the vegetable soil is often twenty feet deep, and produces the most luxurious crops—seventy-five bushels of corn to the acre being an ordinary yield; and about some of the old French towns, the land has produced 100 successive corn-crops in as many years.

VI.—SUNDAY IN WASHINGTON.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

LONGFELLOW.

THE streets and avenues of Washington, on the Sabbath morning, appeared as quiet, orderly, and peaceful, as in most other American cities, not excepting even Boston, which is noted through all the States for its strict observance of that holy day. Divine service is performed in the morning before the House of Congress, by its own chaplain. The fashionable church of the city, however, is an Episcopalian place of worship, of Gothic architecture, in one of the streets crossing Pennsylvania Avenue. I went there on Sunday, and found it uncomfortably filled with a very numerous congregation, the *élite* of Washington, including besides residents, many strangers from all parts, also some richly dressed Creoles, whose bronze but beautifully regular countenances, formed a strong contrast to the pink complexions of their fair, white sisters. I also on the same day visited the sabbath schools attached to the church, and received a kind welcome from the superintendent, who saw that I was a stranger. There were about 200 children of both sexes and all ages, from five

up to sixteen, many of whom were handsomely dressed, as if belonging to the influential and wealthy citizens of the Capitol; nor could I help remarking how cheerful and animated were the faces of the dear children, as if they welcomed the day that brought them instruction in the truths of God. The young teachers in both schools exercised a mild, but thorough control over their pupils, and I noticed that they all took great pains to make the gospels they were reading thoroughly intelligible even by the youngest of the scholars. In short, Sabbath schools, whether in England or America, have been productive of the very best results, by planting the rudiments of religion in the minds and hearts of the young; and which, like the seed cast on the waters, is destined to produce fruit after many days, when childhood has advanced to maturity and old age, a happy serenity and peace of mind—an earnest of that perfect joy, which awaits the true believer in the realms of eternity.

VII.—A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

A STEAMBOAT, starting twice a week, conveys passengers to Mount Vernon; and as I was anxious to view the house and tomb of the *immortal Washington*, I proceeded to the pier on the Potomac, to await the departure of the boat to his late residence, which is situated on

the river-bank at the Virginian side, about fifteen miles below the City of Washington. It was a lovely May morning, warm for the season, and the banks of the calmly flowing Potomac looked bright and beautiful, both on the Virginian and Maryland shores—while the hills in the background, on either side, seemed with their dark forests, to set off the light green trees and shrubberies nearer the river. I had been for some time admiring this graceful scenery, and wrapt in contemplation on the wonderful country to which it belonged, when I was suddenly seized with a fit of sneezing, caused by the dust issuing from a sack or two of flour that a six-foot negro had deposited on the pier from a steamer just arrived. I, of course, pretty quickly changed my quarters; but the sight of this and other coloured men reminded me at once that I was in a district of slaves, and, methought, could that one plague-spot be erased from all parts of the Union, what a model of national greatness would be offered to the world by the United States of America. I am not now going to tire the reader's patience with a dissertation on the hackneyed question of slavery; but I may just observe, from what I saw in the two Slave States that I visited—namely, Maryland and Virginia, that the negroes are more kindly and considerately treated than they are by the accounts of brutal masters and overseers of the rice and cotton growing States further South,—nor will it be long, ere the planters in the two above States emancipate their slaves.

To proceed with my narrative,—the slaves just arrived by the steam vessel, had come from Alexandria, in Virginia, and, like the hotel-waiters, were full of rollicking fun, tossing about the sacks to each other, and doing anything, in short, to raise a laugh; taking especial good care, however, not to let the captain see their tricks, lest they should get well cuffed for their pains. At length, the steamboat on which I meant to embark drew up to the pier, and was speedily crowded with a large party of ladies and gentlemen. The bell rung, steam was put on, and in a few seconds we were gliding down the river at a rapid rate on our way to Mount Vernon. The prospect on either side was beautiful; now pretty, picturesque-looking houses, with green verandahs and sunblinds, placed in the midst of trim, neatly cultivated gardens would meet the eye; then thickly planted groves of pines, oaks, and hickories,—and, anon, a mile or two of tobacco-plantations, producing an amount of the fragrant weed, larger, perhaps, than is raised in any part of the world, except Cuba.

On landing at Mount Vernon, and pursuing our road towards the tomb of Washington, it was with no ordinary emotion that we approached so revered a spot; and I could see from the serious looks and silent footfalls of the visitors, how great was their veneration for a place made sacred by being the depository of all that remains on earth of America's immortal patriot-general, George Washington, and his beloved partner, Martha.

The cenotaph, covering the vault in which his remains were deposited, on the 11th of December, 1800, is a plain building, being within the grounds attached to the house; and if any one would form an adequate idea of the real, but unpretentious greatness of his character, I would recommend him to take a trip down the beautiful Potomac to Mount Vernon, and as he passes through the pleasure-grounds, notice the quiet, unassuming style in which the great General lived, when relieved from the cares of the army and the state. The associations, indeed, are most affecting: yonder was the house in which he dwelt, and where, perhaps, some of his grandest and most difficult projects were planned and matured; here were the favourite paths, in which he was wont to walk and meditate on matters affecting the peace and well-being of mighty nations; and there was the very tree, beneath which he received his death-stroke, as he sat in its shade one chilly, autumnal evening: in fact, so vivid were my remembrances of the peerless patriot, that I could, in fancy, almost see him pass slowly along, ruminating on his stormy career of the past, and smiling with gratitude at the peace and tranquillity of the retreat to which he had retired, after sheathing the sword of blood-red war, and disbanding the patriot armies, which he had so often led on to victory.

The mansion, at Mount Vernon, remains pretty much as it was left by Washington. The rooms seemed somewhat small, though convenient, and everything reminded me of a residence of the old school; the

furniture, pictures, and ornaments, laying about the rooms in much the same positions, I apprehend, as when the General himself was living. Hanging up in one of the rooms, I saw a huge key, which, we were told, once unlocked the Bastile at Paris, and which was presented to George Washington by General Lafayette, one of the heroes in the American revolution. The house, I regretted to observe, was out of repair; but, as it was not State property, no steps can be taken towards its reparation.

The owner, at the time of my visit, was a Mr. John Washington (a nephew of the illustrious General), to whom, as his uncle had no children, it descended at his death. The tomb, like the house, is much dilapidated, for the lack of necessary repairs. Visitors from every country of the world, as well as the Americans themselves, lament such neglect; but that matters but little to the present possessor, who, with obstinacy, shuts his ears against the voice of public censure. This personage does not reside on the property, but at a distance of some few miles: yet, careless as he is of the conservation of such interesting relics, he takes good care to collect a considerable annual sum from the steam-boat companies, for the privilege of landing their passengers on his grounds! The person, who thus indecently makes a paid exhibition of the shrine, containing his noble-minded relative's remains, should, methinks, at least keep it in such a manner as to make it worth a visit from his countrymen!

Some years ago, it seems, this John Washington, the present proprietor, offered Mount Vernon for sale to the United States' Government, but at so extravagant a price, that the purchase was indefinitely deferred. Pity is it, that the matter was not settled by arbitration, or some plan adopted, that might have saved such a spectacle of neglect to the Saviour of his country, and the main agent, under Heaven, in producing her present prosperity. Since then, the ladies of the United States have subscribed the sum originally asked of the Government; but when negotiations were opened, the old man declined their offers, and stated publicly in the newspapers—"that Mount Vernon is not for sale." This last act has greatly incensed the American people, and it is to be hoped that ere long he may be forced by arbitration to come to terms.

The four hours allowed for our visit having expired, we retraced our steps, bringing away with us, some one, some another trifling memento of that hallowed spot; nor, as I glanced over the taffrail of the steamer on our way home, could I help taking a parting look at that humble cenotaph, while I meditated on the unimpeachable character of America's immortal hero—all seeming the while gently to breathe peace to the memory of the great and good man, whose ashes rest at Mount Vernon, and around whose shrine reposes truth and virtue.

In connexion with General Washington, I may observe, that a few days after my visit to Mount Vernon,

I made another to Alexandria, which lies on the Virginian side of the Potomac, about seven miles below Washington. It has a considerable shipping trade, and about 20,000 inhabitants; but the chief interest that I took in the place was derived from its quaint, old-fashioned look, and the connexion it had with George Washington, who was a vestryman, and used to go to church here. In his various letters, he always spoke with great respect of Alexandria and its inhabitants; and on one occasion, writing from Yorktown, he assured them, that "amidst all the vicissitudes of time and fortune, he should ever regard with particular affection the citizens and inhabitants of Alexandria." The sincerity of this interest was proved by his bequeathal of £1,000 to a free-school in the town. I was anxious to see a museum, containing some curious relics connected with the General, but was disappointed owing to the absence of the curator.

VIII.—A TRIP TO A TOBACCO PLANTATION.

Being anxious to make some acquaintance with the process of cultivating the tobacco-plant, as well as to gain some insight into life in the plantations, I one day took the ferry, on the eastern branch, with the view of visiting some tobacco-farms on the Maryland side of the river. On landing, the passengers dispersed in

different directions; and as I was not in this instance provided with any letters of introduction, I was in some difficulty how to proceed,—especially as I was aware, that the Southerners are very jealous of the intrusion of strangers led by mere curiosity. I inquired of some poor negroes at a lone house, not far from the ferry, my way to the nearest tobacco-farm; when they named a Mr.——, with whose name I was utterly unacquainted. "Oh, yes," said I,—"the very man I want;" and after they had directed me, I pursued my way through a straggling wood, resolved to make the best of my adventure, and be guided by circumstances. On—on I continued, not a little alarmed at my utterly defenceless state, in case that I were attacked in so lonely a spot, and I was truly glad when I had emerged from the gloomy, tangled wood, into the open country. The sun now became scorchingly hot, even blistering my face, and ere I had walked many miles I felt thirsty with the heat, and weary, foot-worn by my walk. At last, to my great joy, I heard a clattering of horses' hoofs approaching me, and saw, ere long, a young man mounted, having somewhat the appearance of an overseer, with his broad-brimmed cane hat, peculiarly-striped trowsers, and the air of jaunty ease and command that he assumed, when I accosted him. My first question—where was the nearest plantation?—made him open his eyes to their utmost extent with astonishment, and he replied *sotto voce*,—"Waal, I guess you'll have to walk a considerable distance, afore you reach a

tobacco-farm; but I tell you what you can do, stranger. You can jump up behind me, on my horse; we can ride very well together." This invitation I civilly declined, remarking that I thought the animal had quite enough to carry already on so hot a day, and I feared he would break down with both of us; whereupon, he laughingly observed,—" mighty considerate you are for my horse, I calculate; but he's better to go than to look at, and I guess he's smart enough to carry six like you or me—so come along, and jump up at once." Still, however, I declined, intimating that he was travelling the reverse way from myself—to which he simply replied that he was only going to the Ferry (six miles off) and would not delay me long; " but, let me ask you, stranger," proceeded he, eyeing me askance—" do you want to trade in tobacco; for, if so, I can take you to our plantation, where I am overseer, about eight miles up along." I scarcely knew what answer to make, and, therefore, evading his question, remarked that I had heard much of the cultivation of the tobacco-plant, and was anxious to see the primitive leaves, and examine the process of growing and manufacturing the fragrant weed. My answer only half satisfied him, and he again importuned me to take a seat behind him, adding, that I should repent having declined his offer, when I felt overcome by fatigue and the broiling sun. His arguments, however, no doubt kindly intended, failed to turn me from my purpose,—and leaving him to canter on to the ferry, I patiently

trudged on in no very hopeful mood, in quest of further adventure.

After traversing some miles more—I had now walked upwards of nine—I came to a sheet of water, or river, which had to be crossed by boat, as it seemed too deep to ford bare-footed; but, on looking around, I perceived a rough log put over the stream to serve as a sort of rude bridge. I had just crossed it, and was pondering which way to take, when I saw an aged negro pass pensively by, buried apparently in sad thought, and I hailed him to inquire of my whereabout. He answered me respectfully, and with intelligence, stating his belief that I was out of my course, and had better recross the log-bridge to a house at some distance. I thanked him, and as he accompanied me to point out the right direction, I questioned him as to the reason of his sadness; whereupon he, with much propriety and great feeling, recounted the story of his woes. His master and mistress, it appeared, had ever been kind and indulgent; and, when young, he had married an amiable young female on the same estate, by whom he had a numerous family, who, however, drooped and died, with one exception, ere they reached maturity. His wife, too, died broken-hearted at her repeated losses, and he was at last left alone with a single child, a little girl, on whom he looked as the staff and solace of his declining years. Well, she grew on, improving mentally as well as in person, until she reached womanhood, and the delicacy, the assiduity of

her attentions, only increased the devoted love of her fond parent. "Alas, sir," continued the weeping old man, "my poor, merry girl, the pride of her father's heart, was carried off by that fell destroyer—consumption. Oh, how I watched, and how fervently did I pray that she, the only remaining prop of my far-spent life might be spared; and oh, with what pious sorrow did I listen, as she told me of that better land, far up in the clouds, beyond the sky, where in imagination she could see her sainted mother and brothers and sisters. 'Yes,' said she, 'you will meet us there, and once arrived in that happy place, there will be no more heart-rending separations; all will be sunshine, for our Saviour will be in the midst.' She expired in these arms, breathing out her love, and bidding me speedily join my sainted family; oh, would that I had died in her stead! But no, I am left a solitary, joyless being, without a ray of hope; a few days ago my darling was laid in the cold grave, and I am now only awaiting my summons hence, which will not, I hope, be long delayed." And well might the aged negro have said, in the expressive words of the poet:—

> I am willing to die, when my time shall come,
> And I shall be glad to go;
> For the world, at best, is a weary place,
> And my pulse is getting low.

Such was the old man's story, at the end of which I offered a few words of sympathy and consolation; but the mourner only sighed, as he simply rejoined:—

"Thanks, many thanks, good stranger, your words are kindly meant; but, alas, there is no peace for me on this side the grave." Having thus spoken, he took his leave, as he had by this time put me in the right road.

Journeying onwards, about half a mile further, I met a bustling old man who was advancing on horseback at a good round trot, who, so far from familiarly addressing me, as the overseer had done, seemed inclined to pass on without even deigning to notice the wayworn traveller. Nothing daunted, however, I urged my inquiry respecting the nearest tobacco plantations; when, after giving a stare of quiet surprise at seeing me in such travel-worn trim, he replied, that at no great distance was one belonging to a friend, whom he was going to see, and to whose estate I also should be a welcome visitor. As we jogged along, I found my new friend an intelligent, pleasant gentleman, who had some years before been a planter, and our conversation naturally turned on the country and the slave question. "I'll be bound to say," observed my elderly friend, "that you Northerners" (for he took me for a New Englander) "have a notion that we treat the negroes shockingly bad; indeed, I guess, we Southerners have a beautiful character with you all, for brutality to our people. I wish, however, that those who speak so vehemently at public meetings, railing against our system, would just come and judge for themselves, before they condemn. You, sir, I hope, will speak impartially, when you return to the North."

I intimated in reply, that from what I had seen of slavery in Virginia and Maryland, it looked more nominal than real—all seeming comfortable and happy; "nevertheless," continued I, "as an Englishman, I cannot help joining the Northerners in condemning a system which sinks a human being—black or white—to the level of a beast of labour, or an article of furniture. The emancipation of the negroes, I am well aware, cannot be effected at once; and it would be a hazardous attempt to liberate them in their present uneducated condition; but I see no reason why they should not be elevated by education to the proper enjoyment of the same privileges, as are possessed by the more fortunate whites, who assume to be their owners and masters."

The old gentleman smiled at my warmth, and thought I was exaggerating the grievances of the slaves, as his, and indeed all the slaves in Virginia, were treated with uniform kindness and indulgence. "As far as Virginia goes," replied I, "I agree with you; but the heart-rending cruelties practised at Charleston, New Orleans, and other great slave markets convince me that so far from over-drawing, I have not described in language strong enough the cruel and unnatural system of slavery, which rests like a plague-spot on the United States, making humanity shudder, and smile incredulously at all that may be said as to the high standard of American civilization." Such strongly expressed sentiments seemed somewhat to nettle the old planter; and therefore, as we approached his friend's

house, I sought to turn the subject of discourse; but he continued, with some asperity, that the curse of slavery had been bequeathed by the English themselves—that it was in existence during the British domination, and that the owners could not part with their property, unless they received a liberal compensation for the loss of their slaves' services.

On arriving at the PLANTER'S HOUSE, my companion introduced me as an Englishman, desirous of seeing a little of Southern life, and I was received with the warmest hospitality; the host and hostess ordering refreshments, and doing everything in short to make me welcome. The dwelling was well built and spacious, having a verandah in front, supported by numerous pillars. The apartments, too, were handsomely furnished; rich carpets covered the floors, the walls were ornamented with pretty, light papering, and around the rooms were consoles, couches or lounges, several mahogany rocking-chairs, round and square tables, a piano, &c. I may add here, that as it was evening, and too late to return that night, I was kindly invited to make the house my home as long as I could make it convenient to stay.

The custom in the South, as in the North, is to have an early supper at about half-past six or seven; when tea, coffee, chocolate, fruits, confectionary, every delicacy in fact, as well as more substantial food, are served in the most profuse abundance. My long fast and weary journey had given me a sharp appetite, so that I

wanted but little pressing to do ample justice to the good things before me. I may observe, too, that my entertainers were not in such eager haste to dispatch their meal as I have noticed among some Americans; and hence, I had not to swallow down my food in unseemly hurry, as if life or death depended on the result, but had ample time given me for enjoying it at my leisure. After supper, a conversation ensued on the eternal topic of slavery; the sum and substance of which was, that all the negroes on my worthy host's estate were perfectly content and happy, and that every attention was paid both to their comfort and health, as their sleek appearance would abundantly show; "and it would be well," continued he, "if meddling folks would leave the coloured population alone, and not unsettle them with the glittering deception of liberty—only in name; for, sir, you have lived long enough in the Northern States to have observed, how the free negroes are treated in New England. An abolitionist of the North would almost faint with horror, were an emancipated negro to attempt to ride in the same omnibus or railway car, or to presume to worship in the same house of prayer as himself; and yet these very Northerners have the audacity and presumption to insist that we shall sell off all our slaves, break up our plantations, and ruin ourselves beyond all hope of recovery, because the fastidious gentry, forsooth, do not like slavery with its shocking scenes and horrifying enactments, and, hypocrite-like, profess to hold out the right

hand of fellowship as to a brother on equal terms with themselves; whereas, in fact, they offer not the slightest atom of encouragement for the negro to like his freedom. In illustration of this," continued he, "I will mention the case of a coloured woman, who only a few months ago received her liberty, and went to reside at New York; but she had not been there many weeks, ere she became thoroughly disgusted with the heartlessness and unsociability of those who professed so deeply to commisserate the misfortunes of her race. Indeed, she became so extremely wretched and disheartened with her newly acquired liberty, that she at length prevailed on her old master to receive her back, and let her remain, as she had been, among her own people; for when she was amongst the refined white population of the North, who love to harangue sympathetic audiences from the platform, and draw the purse-strings of tearful congregations, by affecting pictures of slavery in chains, and striped with the gory lash of the brutal overseer, she was still treated, to every intent and purpose, as a slave, a loathsome, degraded outcast, unfit to associate with the free and highly civilized abolitionist." In truth, mine host (the old planter) waxed so warm, and became so excited, that I deemed it prudent to endeavour to change the conversation, which I did by referring to my native soil—old England, and the anxiety that I felt to rejoin those dear and well remembered relatives whom I had left across the Atlantic. My friend then objected to the fogs of London, which for half the year envelope

the country in a vapoury veil—causing melancholy, madness, and suicide. In reply, I contended that the lighter and more genial atmosphere of the Southern States of America was but a poor set off for the yellow fever and insect persecutions incident to so warm a climate, and that the English were more robust and longer-lived than their cousins of the Western world.

My host, again changing the subject of discourse, inquired if I had ever seen the Queen of England,—a question which, as a Londoner, I of course answered in the affirmative, as I had frequently seen Her Majesty in the parks, at the opera, at the play, and also down at Windsor. He then asked, if she were as handsome as the portraits represented her; to which I replied, that I thought she was—fully so. Would she ever visit America, was the next question,—to which I objected the improbability of so important a personage being spared for so long a voyage,—though I had heard a rumour of her intention, at some period or other, of visiting her possessions in Canada. My host then spoke of Her Majesty's numerous family, the eldest of whom was a daughter, and asked whether if the Queen should die, or abdicate, the daughter would be elected in her stead; to which I answered, that male heirs took precedence of all females, none of whom could ascend the throne till the males had been exhausted. This was a principle, the justice of which was by no means convincing to my friend, who could not see why a monarch's daughters should not be placed on a par

with their brothers; and, continued he, "your monarchial arrangements are somewhat curious; but I guess, you know your own affairs best. If the Queen of England ever should visit our American Continent, I am satisfied she will have a most brilliant reception; for we Americans, though not over fond of monarchy, look upon the Queen of Great Britain, as one superior to the ordinary class of monarchs." I was then very politely conducted to my room; nor, after my tedious and fatiguing journey throughout the day, under a burning sun, was it very long ere I was in the embraces of drowsy Morpheus. Next morning when I rose, a deliciously cool breeze was gently wafted into my windows, and seemed to awaken in me new life and vigour, for going, if necessary, through the fatigues of another day's hard toil, like that of the preceding.

IX.—CULTURE AND MANUFACTURE OF TOBACCO.

THE following observations, made chiefly on the spot, will, I trust, be considered to furnish some useful information on the subject of the tobacco-plant, and its cultivation in Maryland and Virginia.

Tobacco—or *Tabasco* (so called from a province of Yucatan, whence the Spaniards first adopted the

name)* was first imported to Europe in the middle of the sixteenth century,—and the Englishman who introduced it into Great Britain, was the celebrated traveller, Sir Walter Raleigh, about the year 1585; he being the first to introduce the practice of smoking this narcotic plant. When, or how, its use came into vogue among the Eastern nations is not certainly known; but they have adopted it for several centuries, perhaps even before the discovery of America by the Western nations.

Tobacco is sometimes used medicinally; but its employment in that way requires extreme caution. It is far more commonly used, either as a stimulant and sternutatory in the shape of snuff, or as a masticatory by chewing it in the mouth, or as a sedative vapour inhaled in smoking; and in the last of these ways it is supposed, by many, to furnish innocent and legitimate recreation, when used in moderation. At all events, thirty millions of pounds of tobacco are annually consumed in the British dominions, realising for the Government a revenue of more than *five millions sterling*,—a pretty strong proof that the weed is held in high estimation by vast numbers in every class of our fellow-countrymen. Nay, even the Red Indians, in the

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* Humboldt, however, has stated that *tabaco* was the Haytian native term for a pipe, and that the Spaniards transferred its use to indicate the herb itself that was smoked therein.—*M'Culloch's Com. Dict.*

countries where tobacco is indigenous, consider it as the choicest offering they can make to their gods, and use it in all their civil and religious ceremonies: besides which, they deem any compact or treaty made over the *calumet*, or pipe of peace, as sacred and inviolable. Smoking, however, though the first, is not the only mode of using it; for the juices extracted by chewing have been deemed by some to possess a cordial quality, for alleviating fatigue and hunger (be that as it may, the unhealthy appearance of inveterate tobacco chewers, bespeak it a practice attended with baneful effects to the constitution of man); while, received as snuff through the nostrils, it has been adopted by some as a refreshing and wholesome sternutatory. For the purpose of chewing, the inhabitants of the settlements in the interior of America manufacture it by a very simple process—spinning the leaves, when properly cured, by means of a wheel into a twist, thicker or thinner as may be required, and then folding it into rolls of about twenty pounds each, to be ready for use. In this state it will keep for many years, becoming milder by age. When wanted, it is cut off in lengths for chewing; or broken into small bits or shreds for smoking; or, thirdly, placed in moderately small pieces near a fire, and then pounded or rubbed to a powder for snuff.

The tobacco-plant is cultivated in Asia, as well as America; but by far the largest quantity sent to Great Britain consists of the unmanufactured leaves exported

from Maryland and Virginia, in which States alone about 120,000,000lbs are raised either for home or foreign consumption—about two-thirds of the quantity exported being sent to Germany and Holland. To return, however, to my visit at the hospitable planter's—I was informed that I was rather too early in the year to see the tobacco-plant, as it ought to be seen by strangers unaware of the rapidity of its growth; but I shall give the result of his descriptions, adding facts, also, that I gleaned upon the spot. It appears there are several species of the tobacco-plant, distinguishable chiefly by their flowers, and the way in which the leaves are inserted into the stalks. The two kinds most cultivated are the "Oronokoe," and the "sweet-scented"—which differ from each other only in the shape of their leaves—those of the former being larger and narrower:—both are tall, herbaceous plants, of erect growth and noble foliage, rising in their native soil to a height of seven and sometimes nine feet, while the stalk, covered with a green-velvet-textured, clammy coating, is upwards of an inch in diameter near the root. The leaves, which are of a spear-shaped oval, have a dark-green hue, and without pedicles—embracing the stalk by an auriculated base, and grow alternately on either side of it, at a distance of two or three inches from each other. The largest leaves are about twenty inches long; but they decrease in size, as they ascend, till they are not more than ten inches long and four broad. The leaves, however, in their earlier stage of growth,

are not more than six inches long, of a full green hue, and rather smooth in texture, the roughness and yellowish hue being the result of age. The stalk of the plant is terminated upwards by large bunches of flowers, collected into clusters, of a delicate red hue, with edges, when quite blown, inclining to a pale purple; and these flowers succeed one another till the end of summer, when they make room for the seeds, which are very small, kidney-shaped, and of a brown colour—each capsule containing about 1,000, and a single plant producing about 350,000 seeds, which are ripe about September, and when dried, are kept in bags for the following season.

The Oronokoe—or, as the seedsmen call it, the long Virginia tobacco — is better suited to northern climates, as the plant is stronger and the leaves have a richer fragrance and potency than in the other kind; the sweet-scented, which flourishes mostly in sandy soils and warm climates — growing also with greater rapidity than the former, and being altogether much milder and more agreeable in flavour. Lastly, the Nicotiana is much cultivated as an annual garden-plant; for it attains a majestic height, and exhibits a most elegant appearance, with its fine luxuriant leaves, and large clusters of flowers crowning the summit of each individual stalk.

The best ground for the tobacco-plant, is a warm rich soil, not subject to be overrun with weeds; and in Virginia, that most usually chosen is a warm but light

sandy soil—the best situation for a plantation being the southern declivity of a hill, or some spot by a wall or bank, sheltered from the keen winds of the spring months. The plants, however, must at the same time enjoy a free current of air, or else they will not thrive. The tobacco-plant, as being an annual, is of course raised exclusively from seeds; and great care must be taken in purchasing the same, for the sowing of bad seed often results in the loss of the expected crop. The good and bad, however, are not distinguishable by the eye, and if the planter be not provided with seed of his own raising, he must rely solely on the honour and principle of the seedsman. The seeds are sown early in April, in beds prepared for the purpose, with warm, rich manure; and, in case of frost, after the seeds have begun to germinate, mats must be thrown over the beds at night, supported by poles at such a height as not to crush the infant plant, but again removed soon after sunrise, that the sun and air may exercise as much as possible their maturing influence. This is continued till the plant has attained a height of about two inches, which it reaches in a month from the time of sowing, when the time arrives for transplanting.

The transplanting is done about the middle of May, much in the same manner as we do with lettuces; the ground is carefully prepared for the plant by being ploughed or dug up, and made as mellow and light as possible with good vegetable manure. Great attention must also be paid at this time to keep the earth soft

and free from weeds, taking care to prune off any dead leaves adhering to the bases of the stalks; and when the plants begin to flower, cutting off the heads, so that only twelve or sixteen of the leaves may be left to receive the whole nutriment, and thus become larger and thicker. When the tobacco is intended to be a little stronger than usual, only twelve are allowed to remain; when unusually powerful, only ten or eleven; while, on the other hand, if the planter wishes to have an especially mild crop, he suffers from eighteen to twenty leaves to remain on the stalks. This operation is called *topping the tobacco*, and is much better done by the finger and thumb than with any instrument, because with the former, the pores of the plant can be closed up at the time of plucking the leaf, which cannot be done with the latter, the consequence being, that the juices of the plant are impaired.

When the tobacco-plant has reached maturity, and is fit for gathering, the stalks are severed as near as possible to the root, this work being usually done a little before sunrise on days that promise to be fine. Thus far accomplished, they are placed carefully on the ground, and there allowed to remain exposed to the sun throughout the day, or at all events, until the leaves have been entirely *wilted*, that is, made limber and flexible, so as to bend in any way without breaking. Should there, however, be heavy and continuous rain, when the plants get ripe, they must be cut down and housed with all possible dispatch. The places, in which

they are thus sheltered, are barns or sheds, on the floors of which the plants are thinly scattered, until the leaves become limber, and then laid in heaps to ferment, care being taken to turn them about occasionally, in order that the whole may be equally fermented; and the longer they lie in this condition, the darker will the colour of the tobacco become. This process is termed *sweating the tobacco*. The plants, after lying thus for about three or four days, are next laid in a heap, and pressed down with heavy logs for about a week; and while the tobacco is in this state, the planter usually introduces his hand into the middle of the heap, in order to ascertain that there is no excess of heat, and, should there be so, some of the pressure is removed—great care being taken with this stage of the process, as on the right or wrong performance mainly depends the excellence or inferiority of the tobacco. When this process, termed *the second* or *last sweating*, has been gone through, the leaves are stripped from the stalks, after which they (the leaves) are tied up in bunches or hands, which, after being sprinkled with sea or common water, are twisted into rolls, and in that shape exported to Europe or elsewhere. Some persons, however, substitute cider or white-wine for water, with the view of giving the tobacco a finer flavour.

The tobacco-plant, moreover, is subject to the ravages of a most destructive insect, called the *tobacco-worm*, to protect it against which, is one of the chief concerns of the cultivator. To destroy these insects

or at least to keep them under (for it is quite impossible to exterminate them altogether), every leaf is carefully searched, and as soon as one is found to be wounded, the cause of it is at once destroyed; and so rapid are the ravages they commit, that without constant vigilance against their attacks, whole fields of plants would soon be ravaged; nay, even if any be left on the leaves during the curing process, they prove equally destructive. These vermin are found chiefly in July and August—and the process of getting rid of them is called *worming the tobacco*. The insect is of a peculiar horned species, but in what way it is produced or propagated is unknown. It is first discernible when the plants have gained about half their height, when the little creature appears as large as a gnat; after which it lengthens out to the size of a worm, and at last attains the magnitude of a man's finger: it is of regular shape from head to tail, indented or ringed round at equal distances, about a quarter of an inch apart, at each of which indentations a pair of claws springs out, by means of which it clings to the leaf of the plant. Its mouth, which resembles that of the caterpillar, is placed under the fore-part of the head, the top of which is crowned by a sharp-pointed stiff horn of a brown colour, and about half an inch long. The colour of the worm is in general green, interspersed with yellowish white, and the body is covered like the caterpillar's, with short fine hair.

Having thus attempted to describe the culture and mode of curing the tobacco-plant, which is a subject of

no little interest on account of the great commercial importance of the product, I shall return to my kind entertainers, from whom, in the several walks that I took with them round the plantation, I gained most of the above particulars. After I had completed my inquiries, I resolved to return; and when they found that I would not prolong my stay, they accompanied me three or four miles back to the ferry-station. While on our road, we met several negro men, women, and children,—all looking as happy and well-conditioned as those we had left in the plantations behind us. In answer to my inquiries, who was their master, how they were employed, &c.,—they replied cheerfully and with civility,—then went on their way at the measured pace peculiar to them. One feature, in particular, I noticed,—namely, that they often wore clothes of many colours,—the variety being caused by the repairs, which they seem to prefer having made in a hue different from that of the original garments. Their straw hats, too, I should imagine, from their fragile appearance, are not very costly to their proprietors. Finally, after taking leave of my kind entertainers, who—though I was a perfect stranger—warmly pressed me to renew my visit at my earliest convenience, I stepped on board the ferry-boat, and ere long was once more at my hotel in Washington, not a little pleased at having spent so pleasant a time, and gained so much valuable information respecting the tobacco-plantations of Maryland and Virginia.

X.—RAILROAD TRIP TO PHILADELPHIA.

My stay at Washington having been prolonged, by the number and interest of the objects to be visited, several days beyond my intended limit, I now determined at once to close it; for which purpose I put myself and my baggage into a carriage, and reached the railway depôt several minutes too early for the train. Looking carelessly about, to relieve the monotony which ever attends waiting at a station, my attention was directed to a group of people who were watching a peculiar-looking man, somewhat advanced in years, who was dreamily singing a dismal ditty, unconscious of the gaze of the bystanders. On inquiry from a person that seemed connected with the poor melancholy-looking creature, I heard that he was conveying this wreck of humanity to a distant lunatic asylum, and that he had a few months before been condemned to die for most barbarously murdering his wife; whom, not content with slaying, he actually cut up into small pieces, in the maniacal ravings of his frenzy. When the two keepers motioned the poor, unhappy man to follow, he raised himself up, and quietly walked at their side, as a dog would follow his master; and I was told that, as his insanity had been fully proved, his life was spared, on condition of constant confinement for life; and as I

watched the retreating form of the miserable being, methought—

> Ill-fated man! thy guiding spark is fled,
> And lasting wretchedness awaits thy bed.

At length, the train being ready to convey me to Philadelphia, I took my place in the cars, but as I did not observe the unfortunate just mentioned, in any of the carriages through which I passed, I conclude, that such awkward travelling companions are accommodated in compartments by themselves; a plan, by the way, worthy of imitation in England, where one not unfrequently has to sit cheek by jowl in a railway carriage for miles, with a manacled felon, a madman, or a fever patient. Such indecencies as these, indeed, are equally a disgrace to the railway companies and the Government that permits them.

Speedily, merrily rattled on the train in its way to Baltimore; and, every now and then, along the road might be seen various groups of coloured men, who were playing at foot-ball and other games that gave the swarthy players ample opportunity for laughing, jumping, leaping, capering, and the thousand other antics which blacks are so fond of exhibiting. When we reached the suburbs of Baltimore, the carriages, as usual, were unhooked from the engine, and horses or mules attached to each to convey us into the city. Four mules are usually attached to each carriage, and off they go at a merry trot, the driver manfully smacking his whip, and

crying as he goes, "Get up, Miss Nancy," "Get up, Massa Pete," and so on, according to the name of the beast whose speed he wishes to quicken. I was much diverted on our way, likewise, by the sight of numerous sable grinning Dianas, with grotesque looking turbans on their heads of nearly every colour and design, with little black piccaninnies capering round them, as only nigger children can caper. I was amused, too, at noticing, as we passed along, an old negress, with a very small curly-pated urchin in her arms, pointing to us, and apparently explaining to the little darkey that we were a fresh arrival; but whether the youngster understood what she said I have no means of knowing. At length we reached the further suburb of Baltimore, and were again hooked on to the engine, which speedily removed us from the gaze of the hundreds of dark eyes that watched the cars, and we ere long gained the open country, occasionally crossing sections of rivers and lakes, which, as we hung over them, as it were, in the dim twilight, looked anything but pleasant; for had any casualty occurred to the train, in all probability a watery grave would have ended the joys and sorrows of most, if not all of the passengers. I may here also mention, that twilight in America is not of such long duration as in England. I will not, indeed, go to the length of the Irishman, who, on his first arrival in the United States, seeing the moon at its full, confidently told a companion, that the moon in America was not so good as that in Ireland 'sure; but I have repeatedly remarked that the twilights

of the new country are, for what reason I am unable to tell, very speedily changed to the sable darkness of night. I was, I own, a good deal surprised at first, but a little reflection pointed out the reasonableness of supposing, that the density of the atmosphere and other combining agencies may vary materially in different countries.

We had now reached the State of Pennsylvania, first settled by the celebrated Quaker, William Penn, in 1680, and so well-known for the important part she played in the great struggle with England for American Independence. I should remark, likewise, that Pennsylvania is rich in natural resources, being abundantly provided with valuable iron ore, almost inexhaustible fields of bituminous and anthracite coal, with salt, limestone, and other mineral riches. The bituminous coal is, I believe, confined to the west of the Alleghany ridge: at all events, I never saw anything but anthracite, which burn in a way very similar to coke, without the least particle of blaze or smoke, and evolving sulphurous vapours, to obviate injury from which, most housekeepers use an iron vessel filled with water on the top of the stove, for the purpose of collecting and consuming the fumes on its surface. At Pittsburg, I believe, bituminous coal is very largely used in smelting iron; and if it does exist in great quantities in America, I marvel it has not been introduced for manufacturing purposes into the Northern States; the cost of transit, however, is said to be very heavy.

But to return to the journey—we had at a place, the name of which I now forget, to exchange our rail-road car for a seat in a steam-boat to cross a river. After about half-an-hour's delay, during which we had time for taking refreshment, we were again upon the rail and rattling onward to the Quaker City—PHILADELPHIA, which we reached a little before midnight. Ere we arrived, however, my attention was called rather amusingly to an altercation in the carriage about a seat, which a smart young passenger had, no doubt unconsciously, taken from an irascible old gentleman, who would take no apology, but proceeded to high words, and even when somewhat appeased by the other's deprecatory tone, kept mumbling and grumbling till he fell off asleep. A traveller next me smiling at this ludicrous occurrence, we soon got into conversation, and I speedily found that he had come from the old country, tired of its burdensome imposts, in the hope of saving money in a land not cursed with the incessant call of grim tax-gatherers, and their heavy claims on struggling men's industry. Taking a lively interest, like all Englishmen, in his native land, he had many questions to ask, and I to answer. In short, we conversed very pleasantly for a long time, and when the cars reached Philadelphia, he very obligingly, seeing that I was a stranger in that city, offered to escort me to an hotel in a central situation, whence I could easily obtain vehicles to take me in whatever direction I wished.

XI.—PHILADELPHIA, ITS INSTITUTIONS AND PRISONS.

I WAS very much fatigued on my arrival, after travelling nearly 150 miles pent up in a railway car, and gladly availed myself of my fellow countryman's offer to show me an hotel in the centre of the city:—and certainly he was quite right—for the house he recommended was in the neighbourhood of the Exchange, and some of the largest public establishments in the city; the general features of which, with the reader's permission, I will now briefly describe.

Philadelphia, the second city of the Union (having upwards of 400,000 inhabitants), stands on a somewhat elevated plain, about three miles from the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill, and extends, from one to the other, nearly two miles in breadth, running also for four miles along the Delaware, which is here 120 miles from the ocean. The plan of the city—formal, like most others in America—is nearly a parallelogram, having the Delaware on the east, Schuylkill on the west, Vine Street and Cedar Street being the boundaries north and south. The compactly built part of Philadelphia may be about nine miles in circumference;—but there are also several important suburbs, as Kensington, Richmond, the Northern liberties, Southwark, Moyamensing, &c., governed by local municipalities.

The two principal thoroughfares are Market and Broad Streets, which cross each other almost at right angles, and divide the city into four nearly equal sections;—but the great resorts of fashion are Chestnut and Walnut Streets, which contain the leading shops and stores. Some of the ground, however, instead of being wholly built upon, have been formed into squares—among which we may mention Independence Square, a very prettily laid out enclosure; Washington Square, a favourite promenade; and Franklin Square, remarkable for having in its centre a magnificent fountain. Many of the streets, too, are planted with rows of trees, and and most of them well-paved and clean. As for the houses, they are substantially built, chiefly of brick, but have few pretensions to elegance, though many of them are fronted on the basement story with marble, and approached by flights of marble steps.

The leading public buildings are mostly constructed of white marble, and may vie in beauty with those of any other city in the Union. Among the most celebrated, are the venerable old STATE HOUSE, where the Declaration of Independence was framed and signed; the CUSTOM HOUSE, in Chestnut Street (built in imitation of the Parthenon, at Athens); the MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, at the corner of Dock and Walnut Streets, remarkable for its imposing semicircular Corinthian colonnade and elegant cupola; the UNITED STATES' MINT, having two Ionic porticoes and fronts, each 123 feet long, facing Chestnut and Juniper Streets; three

magnificently built marble-fronted Banks; and about five very handsome Churches, out of more than one hundred; besides which, Philadelphia has an University, two Medical Colleges, a handsome, well-managed Hospital, Marine Hospital, large Almshouse, Penitentiary, and other institutions. To say the truth, however, I had begun sadly to tire of eternal lionising; and so I shall content myself with describing in detail, a few only—those which I actually visited.

The old STATE HOUSE, in Chestnut Street—sometimes called "Independence Hall"—is illustrious in American history, as having been the scene of many of those eventful occurrences in which Philadelphia acted a leading part. It is an antique-looking edifice, held in great veneration by all United States' citizens. Here, with closed doors, were conducted the deliberations of the Council, at the time that negotiations were pending with Great Britain, touching the liberties of the American colonies; the citizens, meanwhile, anxiously watching for the close of proceedings that would result either in their continued subjection to the yoke of England, or else proclaim them free to manage their own Government. At last were their minds set at rest by the sounding of the celebrated bell cast many years before, but still bearing the prophetic inscription,—"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE LAND, UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF;" for the earliest sounds it uttered, told the citizens that their country was free; and far, indeed, were the cheers that rent the air on that memorable day, echoing through

the length and the breadth of the United States. The bell is now cracked and useless; but it is kept with veneration as an affecting memorial of the past. The room in which the Congress sat during their deliberations is carefully preserved without alteration; and I saw a part of the step, on which the secretary stood, while reading the Declaration of Independence, which was signed in the Hall on the 4th of July, 1776—not the least interesting mementoes, accessible to the visitor, being copies of the actual autographs affixed by the different members to that most important document. The walls of the hall are decorated with numerous paintings of the leading characters in the American revolution—the most prominent of which are full-length portraits of Washington and Lafayette. Among other interesting relics is an ancient chair, constructed partly from the timber of the first European house ever built in America (by Christopher Columbus)—partly from that of the war-frigate—*Constitution*,* and partly, also, from an elm, under which Penn is said to have sat, while concluding his famous treaty with

* As the English reader may not be aware of the naval exploits of the United States' frigate—*Constitution*, it may be well to remind him that America declared war against Great Britain in June, 1812, and the struggle was terminated in 1814, by the treaty of Ghent. The contest was in great part a naval one;—and among the leading actions were those between the *President* and *Belvidera*—the *Reindeer* and the *Wasp*—the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*—the *Constitution* and *Guerriere*—the *Constitution* and *Java*. The *Constitution* (United States' twenty-eight

the Indians. After visiting the interior, I ascended the clock-tower, from which we had a magnificent view of Philadelphia and its environs.

> Oh! blessed, blessed, do ye seem,
> For even now, I turned
> With soul athirst for wood and stream,
> From streets that glared and burned.
>
> MARY HOWITT.

I have already spoken of the SQUARES or GARDEN ENCLOSURES of Philadelphia; and really I know no more pleasant treat, after a long walk through the hot and dusty streets, than to rest oneself in the shade of one of these prettily planted gardens, cooled by the plashing of water from numerous fountains, and gaze on the deer quietly grazing, perfectly tame and unconscious of the bustle around. While I was seated thus, one day, I felt a curious sensation, as if something larger than a spider or mosquito was stealthily climbing up my back, and on hastily rising, I found that I had disturbed a fine squirrel, who, however, came in front of me, nothing daunted, as soon as I resumed my seat, and begged for biscuits and nuts, usually given to these pretty creatures by good-natured loungers. He next

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gun frigate) in both cases gained a decisive victory over the British ships, and its commander—Captain Hull, was publicly thanked by Congress, and rewarded by a present of 50,000 dollars. The Americans, on the whole, won nine actions during the war—the English only one. The former, however, had the largest ships and heaviest metal.

leaped in my lap, and extended his paws, as if for my donation; but, unfortunately, I had gone out unprovided with the accustomed gifts. I patted and stroked him, therefore, but this would not serve his purpose; so, giving me a look of disdain and pity, he leaped down and speedily ensconced himself in the lap of some one near, whom, perhaps, he would find more generous than myself. All these squirrels are very tame, for they seem to enjoy an immunity from the pranks of mischievous boys, such as we have in England; and they are regularly fed by the city authorities, as well as by the bounty of private individuals.

The FIRE-ESTABLISHMENTS of New York and Boston have already been described; but, for rivalry and frenzied excitement among the firemen, the Quaker City—oddly enough—beats them all. I suspect, however, that sober Quaker-principles have, by this time, been pretty well swamped in the universal go-ahead mania that prevails more or less throughout the Union, from Maine to Louisiana, and from New York to the Missouri. On the last day of my stay in Philadelphia a great fire broke out, which consumed about seventy houses; and, of course, all the fire-engines and their companies were out,—the latter exhibiting towards each other a degree of hostile rivalry, that too often terminates in bloodshed. The custom is—as soon as the fire-bell is sounded—for every member of each company, no matter what he is about, or what may be the wants of his employer, to throw down his work and

run off to join his engine; and the moment a decent number of men have mustered, off they go helter-skelter, dragging the machine by ropes to the scene of destruction. Another company's engine may be bound in the same direction, and then come taunts, gibes, oaths, and even worse, dictated by the ill-blood and jealousy of rival members. On this occasion, in particular, I remember a dispute arose from some very trifling cause between two firemen of different companies—when one stabbed another to the heart—the victim of unbridled fury falling dead without a groan; and, in a second case, a fire-marshal, interfering to stop a quarrel, was shot dead on the spot. Surely such horrible scenes as these, more worthy of wild Indians than civilized Christians, should be put down at once by the strong arm of the law, and regularly *paid* fire-brigades be substituted for these clans of lawless ruffians, who set all law and civil order at defiance. It is only fair, however, to observe, on the other hand, that there is no amount of labour, fatigue, and danger, that these "very fast" young men will not undergo in their particular vocation; and though the firemen disagree among themselves, they are very courteous to strangers. During my stay I went to a station, desirous of inspecting a Philadelphian fire-engine, which is reputed to excel all others throughout the States in size, power, and decorative beauty. The fittings of some of them are most elegantly plated and gilt, and the panels beautifully painted in exquisite devices: in

fact, they look too pretty and costly to be subjected to such rough work. The fire-trucks or escapes, I also noticed,—the ladders are placed on them horizontally, and they are drawn by three or four horses to the scene of action; but, considering the great length of the ladders, they must be somewhat awkward to manage, when turning through short, narrow streets. I may also add, that when the firemen are laboriously employed at conflagrations, the neighbouring citizens are wont to supply these hardy adventurers with coffee, chocolate, and other refreshments; this trait of hospitality being almost universal, I believe, throughout the States.

The PRISONS of Philadelphia, I had heard, were well worth a visit; and, as I was anxious to see a model Penitentiary on the separate and silent system, I procured a ticket of admission to the "Cherry-Hill State Prison." The buildings, begun in 1822, covers ten acres of ground, and are surrounded by a wall thirty feet high: it is built on the panopticon principle, having seven concentral corridors of cells (about twelve feet by ten each), capable of accommodating 500 convicts, each in a separate cell or workshop; and all the corridors, as well as cells, are artificially warmed and lighted with gas:—in truth, everything is done to promote the cleanliness, comfort, and health of the prisoners. Nevertheless, when I crossed the grounds and entered the prison, I could not avoid a sensation of chill, as if I were approaching a tomb rather than an abode of living men.

The prisoners confined here work at different trades; and I was shown some curiosities carved in ivory with great ingenuity. These employments, no doubt, serve in some measure, to lessen the severity of the total solitude and seclusion in which the convicts are kept; but, in my opinion, the human family requires companionship, and we have no right totally to exclude a fellow-creature from all society, and in fact keep him for a succession of years in a living tomb, until at last his health and mind decay, and he has to end his days in a madhouse. I know that there are many persons, more used to discuss such questions, and therefore more competent to judge of them than myself, who defend the separate system on the ground that, under this discipline, a criminal has a better chance, when he returns to society, of regaining his character; because, though lodged in the same building, he is quite unknown to his fellow convicts, and therefore not so liable to be pointed at, as a liberated felon, when he returns to the world. Be this as it may, the discipline is so severe, and calculated to produce such disastrous and even fatal effects, that it ought never to be exercised, except under the constant supervision of an experienced and humane physician.

It is but just, however, to state, that the management of the prison is excellent, and the health of the prisoners good;—very few deaths having occurred during the previous year, and only one suicide, said to be caused by the prisoner's suspicion of his wife's

fidelity—though it is equally probable that it might have been brought on by the melancholy, consequent on long solitude. I was also struck by the perfect cleanliness of the entire building; and, on entering some of the empty cells, I was pleased to see many neat and tidy—some of them even tastefully papered. Divine service is administered on Sundays by a clergyman, who stands in the corridor, and prays or preaches so as to be clearly heard by all the prisoners, whose cell-doors are left partly open for that purpose, but with chains drawn across to prevent any communication between the convicts; and, during the service, a couple of officers pace up and down the passage to enforce attention to the words of Christian exhortation.

On another occasion I paid a visit to the COUNTY PRISON, which is of a different kind to the above, conducted on the social, not the silent system. It is a large, massive stone building, entered by strongly barred gates, inside which is a court-yard, leading to a long and lofty corridor, containing, one above another, three galleries, in which the cells are arranged; and, I must confess, the busy hum of trades, hammering and other factory sounds, appeared far more suitable than the death-like silence I had witnessed at the Penitentiary. The prisoners, I saw, often came in contact; for, when shown into the bakery, I found many of them busily employed as bakers, daily turning out large batches of apparently excellent bread, sufficient for the supply of 500 inmates—the number, in both sexes, at

the time of my visit. The prisoners, also, cook the meat, wash, clean, in fact, do all the laborious work of the prison. The arrangements of the cells, too, I found extremely good; attached to each sleeping room is a workshop, in which the prisoners, male and female, work at their respective trades; and the whole, including the bedding, struck me as being scrupulously clean. The prisoners, also, all of whom are sentenced for long terms of confinement, are allowed daily exercise for an hour or so in the court-yards, during which time they have ample opportunities for social intercourse. Now to this I as much object as to the silent system; for the conversation of criminals is, with very rare exceptions, of a loose and debasing tendency, and must act as an insurmountable barrier to their moral reformation; to my thinking, persons so confined should be kept, as far as possible, separate, or at all events prevented from holding discourse, except in the presence, and with the permission of the prison officers. I object, also, to the inequality with which the law is administered in assigning convicts their sentences; for, as matters are now arranged, it depends solely on the whim of a judge or magistrate, as to a poor wretch—whether his crime be great or small—is to be consigned to a place of comparative ease and comfort like this, or adjudged to spend years in dreary, hopeless solitude.

One portion of the county-prison is for persons awaiting trial; and while passing this department, I observed a youth conversing with a young female

prisoner through the aperture of her cell door. The poor girl's eyes were swollen with weeping, and her companion, a lover, perhaps, or a brother, seemed equally affected. I inwardly hoped that she might be acquitted; for the confinement and atmosphere of a gaol are of themselves sufficient to deter a person from a second crime, when only just embarked in the career of sin.

Among the several educational institutions of Philadelphia, the first place is due to the UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, founded in 1791 by the union of two previously existing colleges, the first of which was instituted in 1755. It is divided into a general and medical department, the latter of which (attended by upwards of 400 students) is the most flourishing and distinguished school in the United States. The University-buildings consist of two handsome edifices, standing in cheerful-looking enclosures, and besides lecture halls, a museum, &c., there is a library containing about 7000 volumes. The above institution is aided in its educational efficiency by the Jefferson Medical College, which boasts of seven professors and a hundred and forty-five students.

My attention, however, was principally directed to GIRARD'S COLLEGE, about a mile out of the city—a magnificent orphan school, founded by a bequest of more than two millions of dollars, left by the late STEPHEN GIRARD—by birth a Frenchman, but who came out to America in early life, as a friendless,

deserted boy. His first situation was as a lawyer's junior clerk or shop-lad, to sweep out the offices, and make himself generally useful;—and, as he grew up, his indomitable perseverance and strict integrity rose him step by step, acquiring the esteem and confidence of his employers, till at last he became connected with the most extensive transactions of commercial enterprise in the United States:—in fact, in the course of a few years, the poor, friendless boy had, by his own unaided efforts, become a merchant, a shipowner, and a millionaire! During the insurrection and massacre of St. Domingo, in 1806, the wealthier inhabitants sent their valuables on board of the ships lying at that port, and Mr. Girard happened to be the owner. The revolt against the French tyrant, Dessalines, happened sooner than was expected, and most of the inhabitants were slain in the sanguinary tumults that ensued. The property on board Mr. Girard's vessels was duly advertised; but, alas, the owners were no more:—so, after allowing the usual time to elapse for claimants to appear, the property in due course became his. What he did with the bulk of it is sufficiently apparent from the erection of this magnificent College for fatherless children. At the time of my visit, there were nearly 500 boys, clothed, boarded, and educated in all the branches of liberal learning, at the sole expense of the founder; and, I believe, there are surplus funds enough to provide for 100 more,—were there sufficient buildings for their accommodation. Singularly enough, however, Girard in his will expressly

stipulated that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister should hold any appointment in the College, or be admitted, on any pretext, even as a visitor within its precincts. This restriction seemed to intimate a wish in the founder to exclude the object of his charity from all religious education; but the difficulty was got over by liberally interpreting a clause in the deed, directing that "all pains should be taken to instil in the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality:" From this it was inferred that he had no intention of excluding the use of the Bible; and hence, the directors bound the president to hold family worship twice a day, and to perform divine service, either himself, or by some lay-deputy, twice on each Sunday.

The building consists of a central mansion, with a portico 218 feet long and 160 feet in depth, surrounded by a colonnade of Corinthian pillars 55 feet high; besides which, there are two other buildings at the sides—each 152 feet long and 52 feet wide:—the whole is constructed of the purest white marble. The establishment is divided into five sections, four of which are appropriated to the accommodation of the boys and the numerous teachers and officers connected therewith. I first entered the dining-rooms; and, except at Christ's Hospital, I never witnessed such an immense array of tables, knives and forks, plates, &c., all ready to receive the viands prepared for the several meals. The bed-rooms were light, airy, and with the bed-linen, scrupulously clean; but what amused me most

was the wash-room, along which, on each side, were hung on their respective pegs long lines of bright bowls, with their necessary adjuncts of soap, towel, tooth-brush, and tap for each boy to stand at, while performing his ablutions. Nothing could exceed the admirable, soldier-like regularity of the whole arrangement,—convincing me at once that no one thing had been neglected, that could conduce to the welfare and comfort of these fatherless children.

The central, or principal building, is devoted exclusively to the education of the boys; and it is approached by a flight of steps leading to a Corinthian portico, under which is the entrance to the several schools. These are judiciously arranged with reference to the capacities of the scholars,—so that each one has a fair chance of bringing out his talents under competent instructors, either in the rudimental or advanced branches of learning, the foreign languages, or the arts and sciences. At length the time for recreation arrived, when the boys were allowed to leave their studies for twenty minutes; and during this intermission, their gambols, caperings, and half-mad vagaries were truly diverting; nor could I help thinking how great were the blessings conferred by this noble institution on so many unfriended children, who—but for it—might have been wandering the streets, associating with the worst characters, and finally have become inmates of prisons, or outcasts from the world. May such colleges be speedily found flourishing in every land,

training up youths to become honest, useful citizens, whether in professions or trades—honourable merchants—and generous, enterprising capitalists, like the noble-minded founder himself, whose marble statue adorns the entrance hall.

Before leaving, I ascended to the roof, which is said to be one of the most curiously constructed in the United States, and certainly I never saw anything like it before. I had noticed in Massachusetts, and elsewhere, that the roofs of slate and tile are often cracked and destroyed by the great power of the summer sun; and as for what are called *shingles* (oblong pieces of wood shaped like flat tiles), though they do not warp and crack in the sun, like tiles, they get soddened and rotten by the heavy rains. Now all this is obviated at Girard's College, by the adoption of laps or slabs of marble laid one over another, somewhat like feather-edge boarding, which renders the roof equally impervious to the scorching heats of summer and the heavy, soaking rains of winter. On the other hand, however, the weight of such roofing must be enormous, only suitable for the strongest buildings, and its great costliness must ever be a bar to its general introduction. Finally, the whole building is enclosed within handsome iron rails, and the boys have ample scope of playgrounds for pursuing their various amusements.

Philadelphia has four or five theatres; but the only one I visited was WALNUT STREET THEATRE, a prettily decorated place of amusement, though not so spacious as

some in New York and Boston. The play, on the evening that I attended, was "King Lear," the part of the ill-used, mind-destraught monarch being enacted by the celebrated Forrest. The piece was well put on the stage, and the part, where he curses his daughter Cordelia, enacted with deep pathos; his full sonorous voice was heard to advantage in many of the passages of this fine tragedy; the intonation of which, was, perhaps, somewhat too powerful, for it caused the light tones of the other actors that played with him to appear insignificant; it is, however, seldom in American theatres that a good cast is obtained to support a tragedian.

The MARKETS of Philadelphia are of a size and excellence fully suited to so large a city. They extend, with some interruptions, almost two miles up the banks of the Delaware; and I was amused, on rising early one morning purposely to visit them, to see the amount of business done there. The railroads and rivers give admirable facilities for goods-transit in every direction, and hence the markets are abundantly and cheaply supplied with every imaginable article of consumption—meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, and fruit. Neither are even the poorest neglected; for coffee, cakes, gingerbread, and tripe, are there in abundance, with every variety of fish from sea or river—all, in short, that heart can desire. I was particularly struck, too, by the pretty white, brass-hooped pails, standing here and there, or hoisted on peoples' heads, and I wondered what they could possibly contain. I found, when the snow-white

covering was removed from the interior, that the riches they contained, were golden balls of beautiful butter.

I may in this place, likewise, make mention of the LARGIER BEER SALOONS of Philadelphia, which are a general evening resort for smokers,—many of whom are Germans. An immense business is done in these places, and the company are amused by comic and other singers, who enact their parts on a stage at the end of the room, much in style of the renowned Evans's Hotel, and Canterbury Hall, of London, and the *cafes chantants*, of Paris. The great heat, however, and the dense smoke, made the visit of my friend and myself anything but agreeable, and speedily compelled us to beat a retreat.

It has before been remarked, that the streets of Philadelphia are generally cleanly kept. This quality they in a great measure owe to the FAIRMOUNT WATER-WORKS (about two miles north west of the city), which raise abundant supplies of water from the Schuylkill, by powerful and ingeniously contrived water-wheels. The works cover an area of thirty acres, the greater part of which is occupied by large reservoirs, placed on a hill 100 feet above the river. The water is raised from the Schuylkill, to these reservoirs, by immense force-pumps, propelled by water-wheels of prodigious diameter, the very first sight and sound of which, as they suddenly roll round, distributing power by means of large cog-wheels to others of smaller size that work the pumps, are sufficient to bewilder and

terrify the beholder. The place set apart for spectators to view the works is railed round and perfectly safe;—yet such is the vibration and the din, that the strongest nerved persons are glad to make their exit after a brief inspection. The reservoirs are said to contain 22,000,000 gallons of water, which are distributed through pipes all over the city.

During my short stay at the Quaker City, Commodore Perry's Flag-ship—a screw-frigate, in which he had lately returned from opening negotiations with the Japanese Government, was lying at the Navy-yard on the Delaware;—and I walked down to see her. The *Squehanch*—such is her somewhat odd name—is a fine, nobly-built ship, with a long black hull that gives her a very rakish appearance. On the day of my visit, the vessel was in course of being fitted out for a cruize in the Mediterranean;—so that her decks were a scene of activity and bustle—sailors busy getting in provisions, stores, ammunitions, &c., and officers of various ranks shoutings out their orders, or running in different directions after the men, with as much zeal and ardour as if the ship were to sail with the next tide. Desirous of visiting her interior, I stepped on the gangway, but, much to my surprise, was rather unceremoniously warned off by a surly-looking sentinel placing his musket horizontally against my breast, with a grumbling intimation that I ought to know it was against rules for strangers to go on board. Not to be baffled by an uncouth soldier, I at once repaired to the Commandant

of the yard, by whom I was referred to the chief officer of the Flag-ship; and I thus succeeded in getting on board. All the arrangements were of the first order —the cabins beautifully fitted up and furnished; the armouries and store-rooms admirably neat, well regulated, and strictly clean and bright;—besides which, the weight of gun-metal, of the largest calibre, afforded ample proof, that had the Commodore so pleased, he could have given the Japanese a warming, such as they had never received before, if they had obstinately persisted in refusing to come to commercial arrangements with the Americans. The former, however, were wise enough not "to show fight;" terms were amicably arranged, and trading negotiations successfully opened with that strange and suspicious, though wealthy nation, which for more than two centuries had been strictly forbidden by royal edict, under pain of death, from travelling to, or trading with, foreign countries. The Dutch, indeed, had continued a very limited trade at Nangasacki under very harrassing restrictions;—but, to Commodore Perry is the great credit due of having, without violence or bloodshed, broken down the barrier, that separated the Japanese from the Western nations, and freely opened a trade, in which Great Britain may join, as well as America. I scarcely need observe, that Commodore Perry has published an elaborate account of his expedition to Japan,—which is second in merit only to the great work of Siebold, the Dutch naturalist.

In my account of Boston, I spoke of the numerous

accidents occurring to passengers from carelessly landing from, or going on board of, the ferry-boats that ply between the different parts of the Atlantic cities. I am now about to relate another catastrophe of a far more serious character, from quite a different cause, that happened to a ferry-boat steaming across the Delaware, from Philadelphia to Camden, three or four weeks before my arrival. When the steam-boat was about two-thirds of the way across the stream, an alarm was raised that she was on fire; whereupon it is said the captain, by some mistaken notion, though flames were visible in every part, ordered her to be steered back to the jetty at Philadelphia. The result of such miscalculation was, that sixty lives were sacrificed,—among others, that of the unfortunate captain. The scene, I heard afterwards, was most fearful and heart-rending; for those who were not burnt, were either drowned or otherwise injured. The loss of life, too, would have been far greater, but for the aid of tug-steamers and boats, that instantly put off to the aid of the sufferers, and were the means of rescuing nearly two hundred from a watery grave; for these ferry-boats, be it remembered, are huge vessels, having accommodation for four or five hundred passengers. At the time of my visit, I saw many sorrowing friends and relatives in mourning, with crape round their left arms, whose grave and saddened faces spoke of the recent heart-rending struggle they had sustained on first hearing the crushing tidings of the calamity above described.

XII.—PHILADELPHIA TO NEW JERSEY.

I HAVE already, I fear, tired my reader's patience with desultory descriptions scarcely within a tourist's province; so I shall now at once request him to accompany me on board the steamer, that was to take me to New York. The boat, on which I was embarked, was one of those floating towns so common on the American waters—and miscellaneous, as usual, was the company on board. Rapidly sped we down the noble Delaware, surveying, as we went, the pleasant scenery on both its banks,—the only incident worth remark during the trip, being the conflagration of a factory at no great distance from Philadelphia. Our river-trip, however, was but a short one; for after proceeding about ten miles, we went ashore and got into the railway cars of the Camden and Amboy line, which took us through a country much like Holland, intersected with canals, on which we observed great numbers of heavily-laden barges towed by teams of mules. A ride of some four hours at last brought us to our destination—the city of New Jersey, which lies on the right bank of the Hudson, just opposite New York.

XIII.—NEW JERSEY CITY.—A MISADVENTURE.

New Jersey, though in a separate State of its own name, may, without impropriety, be considered as a suburb of New York. It is regularly laid out in good broad streets, that cross each other at right-angles, and has a population of some 5,000, chiefly employed in glass, pottery, and iron-works. Its suburbs, also, are often chosen by the New Yorkers, as a pleasant retreat from the bustle of their great commercial capital. The neighbourhood is particularly fertile, and furnishes the markets of New York with dairy produce, vegetables and fruits—especially peaches, of a most delicious flavour, immense quantities of which are daily sent across the Hudson. On my arrival, I crossed at once by the ferry to New York for the purpose of calling on a friend, who, being busy, gave me the address of his private residence at New Jersey, kindly bidding me to stay with him till my departure on my way to Boston. I wished, however, to go to the opera at the Academy of Music, in the Broadway, so it was arranged that, after it was over, I should recross the ferry, and join my entertainers at supper. After the opera, I crossed the ferry as agreed; but judge of my confusion, dear reader, when I found I had lost my friend's direction, and was almost unacquainted with the localities of the city.

Memory, however, served me to a part of the address, and seeing a house in about the spot where I thought my friend lived, gaily lighted up, I gave a loud rat-tat at the door. My embarrassment, it may well be supposed, was not diminished, when the door was opened by an elderly gentleman, quite a stranger to me, and I found that I had disturbed a pleasant evening party. Confused at my mistake, I at once apologized, and withdrew, though not before I had received the earnest commiserations of one of the most charming, beautiful young creatures my eyes had ever beheld, and whose image, as I now write, is vividly as ever engraven on my memory. Yes, as Byron sang—

> Sweet girl, though only once we met,
> That meeting I shall ne'er forget,
> I would not say—I lov'd; but still
> My senses struggled with my will.
> Perhaps it was not love; but yet
> Our meeting I shall ne'er forget.

At last, tired and dispirited with so many disappointments, I groped my way through the darkness to an hotel near the ferry-pier; at the bar of which I saw sleepy drovers and cattle-jobbers, waiting for the arrival of the cattle cars. The clerk (or head waiter) stared at my pallid, dew-besprinkled, wearied appearance, and seemed half-inclined to refuse the bed I asked for; but at last he showed me to a little chamber, in an out-of-the-way part of the hotel, and waited for my night's lodging (2s.), which I handed him with a

smile, quite convinced that if I had gone to a wrong house before, I had now, at all events, gone to a wrong hotel. Fatigued and vexed with myself, I immediately retired to rest, and was soon asleep; but, alas, my repose was of no long duration. It was still dark, when I was suddenly awakened by a fearful noise—a perfect chaos of sounds, just below my window. Rising in bed to recover myself, and remember where I was, I thought the sounds gradually died away. Presently, however, the clamour was renewed in the shape of a frightful, discordant bellowing, which I knew must be caused by the arrival of a cattle-train. As far as regarded fear, therefore, my mind was at rest; but the constant din effectually deprived me of all chance of sleep. I scarce need add, that I rose pretty early, and, after divers blunders into wrong rooms, filled with snoring inmates, I at last succeeded in making my exit from the hotel.

By day-light, I was not long in finding my friend's house, to which I was admitted by the servant, fully an hour before her master was up. When he and his wife came down, the relation of my night's adventures made them both laugh heartily, for they feared that some accident had befallen me. However, a good breakfast, and cheerful morning's chat, soon set me all to-rights. I afterwards went over with my friend to New York, and, after making a few calls, started in the evening for Stonington, in Connecticut, which I reached next morning, and then went on by rail, forty-seven miles, to

Providence, where I remained a few hours with the friend under whose hospitable roof I had spent the previous Christmas. I then proceeded by the Boston railway to Taunton, where, as being a place of some interest, I shall request my kind readers to halt awhile.

XIV.—TAUNTON, AND ITS FACTORIES.

TAUNTON, in Massachusetts, is situated on the navigable river of its own name, and is a thriving factory town of some 12,000 inhabitants, extensively employed in spinning cotton, and manufacturing machinery, tools, hardware, and Britannia metal goods,—being, for its population, the largest in the metallic business throughout the Union. *Mason's Machine Factory*, in particular, is an immense establishment, with shops so long, that the perspective lessens almost incredibly in the distance. The number and variety of turning-lathes, slotting-mills, planing and boring machines, &c., were exceedingly interesting to see at work, and must have cost immense sums. The objects of manufacture here are mill-machinery, steam-engines, and locomotives. Two of the latter I saw in course of trial, up and down the rails, on a piece of ground adjoining the factory, previous to being sent off to Egypt, by order of the Pacha of that country. These locomotives, as they

puffed and snorted—impatient, as it were, to get beyond the limits by which they were confined—appeared huge, powerful-looking monsters; and they were gaudily painted in red, blue, and gold—to suit the taste of the Egyptians, who, I doubt not, would be mightily delighted with their new *iron horses*. They were, I understood, to be taken in pieces, packed up, and put on board a steamer building for the same distinguished personage at East Boston,—each locomotive to be attended by its own engineer, to superintend its reconstruction on its arrival at Alexandria.

Another place of great interest that I visited was the *Screw Manufactory*, which, on account of the novelty of much of the machinery, is not usually shown to strangers. As I had, however, no connexion with that branch of business, the difficulty as to my admission was soon overcome. Of course, therefore, I can only give a very general description of the manufacture. The machines, employed in forming the screws, are almost exclusively fed by boys and girls, of whom nearly a hundred are at work on the premises. The first process is to cut the long iron rods into proper lengths,—the second, to form the bevelled heads, which is done by a kind of lathe; after which, a peculiar machine carries the partly-formed screws, one after another, in regular succession and perfect order, down an inclined plane, at the bottom of which a pair of nippers seizes each as it falls, and hands it to a companion nipper, by which it is placed in an ingenious

machine that forms the worm. Finally, the groove in the head is cut, and the work is complete. The perfect, undeviating regularity with which each separate piece of mechanism performs its part, in harmony with the rest, forming hundreds of screws successively, and all of perfect shape, is truly wonderful; nor do I recollect to have seen any manufacturing establishment in the United States, that gave me more interest than the screw factory at Taunton.

XV.—TAUNTON LUNATIC ASYLUM.

After a pleasant walk with a companion to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, which is one of the prettiest in Massachusetts, we resolved, as I was provided with a letter of introduction from my quaint old friend the Dorchester postmaster, to pay a visit to the Insane Hospital, in the suburbs of Taunton,—an institution said to be the finest and best conducted in the country. I was courteously received by the chief medical superintendent, Dr. Choate, and shown through the various wards by his assistant, the surgeon, who seemed to have great influence over the unhappy patients.

The men's department—which I visited first—is divided into an upper and lower section; the first appropriated to those, whose friends pay for their

maintenance,—the latter to those, who, being unprovided for, are supported by the State. On each side of the corridors are the patients' bedrooms, with bathrooms supplied with hot and cold water, and all the modern improvements for warming, ventilation, and cleanliness. Everything, in short, seemed done that could alleviate the maladies of the patients. I perceived, however, the same whimsical characteristics in the inmates here as at South Boston. One I noticed, of gentlemanly mien, clad in a gaily figured dressing-gown, who kept himself aloof from the rest, as if it were beneath the dignity of so great a personage to notice them:—"such a trait," remarked the surgeon, "is common with patients of every grade, however humble, but this unfortunate is truly of good and wealthy family. His case, however," continued he, "is not so pitiable as that of those yonder moping, disconsolate patients, who sit listlessly for hours, never heeding the entrance of visitors, or the strange vagaries of their companions."

Another unfortunate he pointed out, who seemed to have free ingress and egress, of the wards—in fact, much more liberty than the rest; and I was told that he was an inveterate drunkard, who, when he had the opportunity, would drink himself into a maniacal frenzy, and that, consequently, his friends had placed him here that he might be out of the reach of those stimulants which had proved his bane. I could not help thinking within myself, how many in my own country would be benefitted by a similar discipline; and I really do

wonder, that while idiots, deaf and dumb, blind people, and lunatics have been so nobly provided for, no effort has yet been made to establish an institution for reclaiming confirmed drunkards.

A third patient was shown, who had arrived (a few hours before my visit) in a light waggon; and so violent had he been during the transit, that it had been necessary for four men to hold him, though he was strapped down to the vehicle. Immediately on his arrival, however, Dr. Choate ordered him to be set free, and placed in a ward already occupied by about forty others, when he became perfectly docile, sat down quietly, answered the questions put to him by his inquisitive companions, and conversed apparently with as much rationality as if he had never been subject to restraint; a satisfactory proof this, how much more can be done by moral suasion than physical coercion.

The only other case that I shall notice, was one of a wealthy young American gentleman, whose insanity had been brought on by intense religious excitement of the kind called Spirit-rapping. When we entered his ward, our ears were saluted with a volley of abuse, directed to the surgeon, and bitter complaints as to his treatment and needless confinement; and our guide's little attention to him only the more exasperated his indignation. In fine, he grew quite furious, and threatened to dash my conductor's brains against the wall, unless his wrongs were redressed. Hereupon the surgeon promised to intercede for more indulgence, but at the same time, he gave the excited patient a

severe penetrating glance, which at once cowed his courage, and brought him to a state of tranquil obedience; nor had we proceeded far in our walk, before he came back to ask the medical gentleman's pardon for the outrage with which he had threatened him. Little hope, I was told, could be entertained of his ultimate recovery.

Our next visit was to the women's department—the arrangements of which nearly resemble those of the male. The first patient that met my eye was a young girl, who was crying and moaning most piteously; and I was informed, that this was a very common indication of female insanity—a sort of monomania, for which no cause could be assigned, but which did not fail to awaken the curiosity and sympathy of her fellow-sufferers. The most affecting case, however, that has ever yet come under my notice, was that of a young lady, confined to her bed in a little room apart from the rest. She was only about nineteen, but, though so young, at the point of death. When we entered, she partly turned round, and her countenance bore, as is not unusual in such cases, the impress of returning reason prior to dissolution. The surgeon felt her pulse, and whispered in my ear, that she was sinking fast; nor could I help thinking how this bud of fair promise had been blighted—how the joy of her family and friends had been turned by her infirmity into poignant sorrow. I was pleased, however, to see what kind and affectionate attentions she received from her unhappy companions in confinement, and what care they took to bring her

daily, fresh bouquets of wild flowers to adorn her dying bed—a plain proof, that even though the lamp of reason burn dim, the affections and sympathies still continue undiminished in warmth and power. "The anxiety of those around her," said my guide, "has daily been more intense, nor scarcely can I enter the ward without being led to the poor girl's bedside; for these unfortunates imagine, like some sane persons, that our art can accomplish miracles. However," added he, "her sufferings will soon be over, for the pulse already is nearly imperceptible, and the unerring sign of returning reason leaves but little doubt of her speedy death." I inwardly prayed that the Almighty might take her to himself, and left as deeply affected as the surgeon, who was a most humane and feeling officer: this affecting scene is touchingly pourtrayed in the following sonnet:—which was written impromptu by a kinsman of my own, to whom I had mentioned the circumstance, and which now appears in print for the first time.

Upon a couch she lay—young, sick, and pale,
Bereft of reason's soul-inspiring beam,
She who had trod the hill and flow'ry dale—
A village Flora, wandering by the stream;
The roses from her peachy cheek had fled,
The lustre from her bright blue eye was fading,
Those lips now pale, though once so warm and red,
As though ripe cherries were them shading;
Yet not alone—for she had dreaming been,
And so dream'd of those, then gone for ever;
But with those dreams came reason's potent Queen
Yet once again, but soon, too soon to sever,
For quick her bruis'd and weary spirit flew
Up to the stars, which shine in cloudless blue.

The asylum is pleasantly situated on elevated ground, a little out of the town, and the buildings, which are very fine and spacious, command a noble view of the surrounding country. In short, the splendid accommodations for the patients, the admirable arrangements throughout, and the humane, kind treatment, of the suffering inmates—all claim for this hospital the character of being one of the noblest institutions in America for suffering humanity.

XVI.—GOLDEN-PERCH FISHING, NEAR TAUNTON.

The neighbourhood of Taunton comprises some of the most beautiful cultivated lake-scenery in the Union; and there are several streams abounding with trout, perch, &c., that often induce the formation of pic-nic parties, among ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of angling for golden-perch,—a tribe of fish very common in the American lakes and rivers, and extremely beautiful from the golden splendour of their scales. I was invited to a party of this description; and the place of our destination was a stream running through a romantic glen, some nine miles from the town. The ladies of our party were, after some little persuasion, prevailed on to wield their rods, and decoy some of the wary

perches from their watery haunts, vividly reminding me of those lines of Izaak Walton, or Cotton, I know not which—

> The ladies angling in the crystal lake,
> Feast on the waters with the prey they take;
> At once victorious, with their lines and eyes,
> They make the fishes and the men their prize.

And, verily, I think some of my male acquaintances must have been somewhat smitten with the fair anglers' charms; for, while the former unhooked the captive fish, and furnished fresh bait, they with true American flattery stated it as their strong conviction, that the finny victims of these piscatorial charmers must have felt more pleasure than pain at being ensnared by such fascinating anglers! I fancy the poor fish, if they thought at all, came to a very different conclusion. When the day's sport was over, our party returned home, delighted with their trip, and laden with piscatorial spoils,—which were afterwards laid before us and duly discussed, with other delicacies, at the supper given by my kind entertainer. The company, I may add, was partly American and partly English; nor do I ever recollect being present at a reunion, where such entire harmony of sentiment prevailed, and such a strong disposition on the part of all present to contribute to the cheerfulness and merriment of the evening.

XVII.—RETURN TO DORCHESTER.

AFTER an absence of between five and six weeks, I made my way back to Boston, and on emerging from the railway station, heard sounds of martial music, the performers of which were escorting a military company to the parade ground.

Apropo of soldiers, it may not be uninteresting to relate, on my remarking to an American gentleman, the very few troops that I met with in my various travels throughout the States; his reply, near as I can recollect, was as follows:—"That there are but some 10,000 regulars in the whole United States' Continent! the majority of whom are guarding the frontiers from the depredatory attacks of Indians, while the remainder are garrisoned in the various batteries at the sea-ports and in the dock-yards. In case of local riots, the militia companies are called into requisition to preserve order; and in the event of an invasion from a foreign power, the whole of the American citizens that could bear arms, would rise, as one man, to protect their country, their freedom, and their homes, with the last drop of their heart's blood. Thus you see," continued my informer, "we, by this arrangement, could raise an immense army at a short notice, without the great outlay of public money that the standing armies of European countries demand." I thought this answer a good one; nevertheless, I imagine that the immortal Washington's golden doctrine—"Never interfere with the quarrels of foreign powers"—the following-out of which maxim has had somewhat to do with the non-requirement of keeping so many thousands of paid soldiers in the United States.

I arrived safely at my head quarters at Dorchester, where my friends were in some anxiety as to the cause of my long-protracted stay, for I had not regularly informed them of my probable term of absence. During my journey southward, I had travelled by land and water very nearly two thousand miles, and, as a matter of course, had passed and stayed at many country towns; yet, in no instance, did I meet with any place so entirely to my taste as Dorchester—the commanding situation of which, enjoying an uninterrupted view of the pretty silver Bay of Boston on one side, and the Blue-hills of the Granite-state on the other, as well as being so near the "Athens of the West," marks it, to my mind, as one of the most pleasantly located towns in the whole Union. It is not, however, by any means, a place suited for the residence of emigrants leaving Europe with the idea of bettering their condition by agricultural pursuits; for the commerce of the town and neighbourhood is almost exclusively shared among the descendants of the old settlers of two centuries ago, who cling with fondness to their ancient habits and modes of business; besides which, the price of land in Massachusetts is so high, as to be utterly out of the reach of emigrants, unless having a large capital at their command, and even then agriculture would be almost a thankless occupation, as the whole State consists of little more than beds of granite, that have to be quarried or blasted to make room for soil capable of cultivation. Yet, with all

these drawbacks, the land about Dorchester commands a higher price even than that in the environs of London, England—owing to the circumstance, that it has been bought up for the sites of villa-residences, chiefly by the wealthy merchants of Boston. The only exception that I know of, was that of the firm in which I was engaged; and the ground, on which their works stand, was purchased many years ago.

Of the gentlemen conducting the business above mentioned, I feel it my duty to speak in the most honourable terms; for never did I meet with more courteous, more generous, more hospitable treatment, than from them and their superintendents, and, in fact, from every person connected with their large establishment; so very the reverse of *some* managers and foremen of many extensive firms in England—who, if not liberally fee'd, and served with fawning servility, too often exhibit a contemptible meanness to a new hand, by not rendering the least assistance in explaining the style of work needed. The journeymen, too, in English workshops, I am sorry to say, in many cases, glory in the embarrassment of a newly-engaged artizan coming amongst them; for what reason one can hardly imagine, unless it is, perhaps, the new comer may be a quicker workman than themselves, and thus effect a revolution in their old, set, jog-trot ways.

The recently-hired artizan finding a coldness from the foreman, and jealousy from *those*, that call themselves *men*, goes on with his task, which the great

chances are, very generally, get completed not to the liking of the fastidious overlooker, and hence recrimination ensues, finally ending by many a good, steady man leaving in disgust.

However, as I am not writing on the ways of England—but America, I will, with this digression, continue my subject by remarking, that to the various merry-meetings and receptions, in Dorchester, I was ever a welcome guest, and I can safely say, that, although an Englishman, I never heard a sneer or ill-natured remark, at which I could take umbrage. Of course, in the excitement caused by the arrival of a steamer from England, during the late Russian war, some good-natured raillery would take place on the incompetency of the British Staff and Commissariat, the sufferings of our troops, and the general superiority of the French; but I never heard a sentence breathed purposely to hurt my feelings as an Englishman. Had I thought so, I should naturally have felt indignant at remarks derogatory to my country; but, in fact, no one desirous of having his mind at peace, should be over-sensitive or captious, for that course is the surest in the world to aggravate his trouble, as none love to tease a person of that disposition so dearly as young Americans. For my own part, I found them, with very few exceptions, considerate, obliging, and sympathizing—and that too, not only with regard to myself, but my English friends; for whenever I made known to them tidings of illness

among my relatives, on the other side of the Atlantic, they were sure to inquire on the arrival of the next mail if they were recovered,—although they could have no earthly interest in the inquiry, except sympathy with what concerned myself.

XVIII.—FAREWELL TO DORCHESTER.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

> Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own my native land!
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
> As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
> From wandering on a foreign strand.
>
> SIR W. SCOTT.

IT was with no ordinary emotion that I looked forward to the morning on which I was to bid farewell—perhaps for ever, to the many kind friends among whom I had lived for nearly two years. A fortnight's rest, after my Southern tour, I deemed fairly necessary to prepare me for undertaking the fatigues of the sea-voyage to England; and this interval I spent in completing my notes, and responding to the numerous farewell invitations given me by my kind friends in Dorchester. I am not clever at describing the choice and delicate viands, and, as the French call them, *hors d'œuvres*, of a dinner

or supper; but, at all these entertainments, everything was served in a style of profuse liberality and great taste. Scarcely less attractive, too, were the cheerfulness, the laughing *bonhommie*, the pleasant discourse that characterized these merry meetings; nor were the beaming eyes and dimpled smiles of female beauty wanting to add additional lustre to these harmonious banquets. Alas, the only drawback to the great enjoyment I received at these reunions was, the saddening recollection, that in all probability they were the last I should enjoy in the society of my American acquaintances. Of my young male friends, too, let me speak with all respect and gratitude for the unlooked-for kindness they evinced in presenting me with many a testimony of their regard, and the handsome, feeling way in which they expressed their regret at parting with me—a stranger, and an Englishman.

I mention these circumstances, simply for the purpose of showing, that although some Americans may be prejudiced against the Britishers, as they call us, the feeling is not universal, and may, in any case, be conquered by residing among them, and exhibiting a due respectability and rectitude of demeanour; in fact, I am satisfied that had I remained among them to the present day, the same feeling of amity would have continued, as subsisted between us during the whole of my stay. Why two countries, so closely allied in language, manners, and commercial interests, should be on terms of jealous rivalry, I cannot conceive; but, nevertheless,

there undoubtedly are many restless spirits at work on both sides of the Atlantic, whose great delight is to exaggerate, misrepresent, and abuse the peculiarities of their cousins on the opposite side—taking every opportunity, also, if possible, to exhibit a hostile demeanour and provoke remonstrance or recrimination. I believe, indeed, that there is fault on both sides; for each tries to measure the other by his own standard, and quarrels with any deviation from it, instead of making allowance for differences of circumstances and associations. It is to be hoped, however, that this sentiment of jealousy will be gradually diminished, and finally annihilated, by the lightning rapidity with which interchanges of friendship and business-intercourse will, ere long, be effected between the two countries; besides which, I augur well for the future, from the graceful act of the American Government in refitting one of our lost Arctic-discovery vessels, found by themselves, and presenting it to the Queen of England.

At length the hour of separation came; I felt it a very painful and saddening task to shake hands with, and say a few parting words to the many, many with whom I was engaged in business; and, I must confess, I was somewhat unnerved, when they all crowded round me as I left, and with a long, loud cheer, wished me a prosperous voyage. Still more affecting was the farewell meeting I had with my kind fair friends, whose society had given me such true enjoyment; but at last that ordeal, too, was gone through, and in a few

minutes more I and my baggage were safely deposited in the carriage for Boston. I was, in fact, glad to abridge the pangs of leave's-taking; and as the vehicle whirled rapidly along, I gave one last, lingering look at the many friends and companions who waved their adieu, and sighed to think that I was leaving the time-honoured, good old town of Dorchester,—to each of whose inhabitants my heart's wish is, that they may enjoy all peace, prosperity, and happiness—both here and in another life.

My stay at Boston lasted only a few hours; and I thence proceeded to New York, at which city I embarked on one of the early days in June, 1856, on board an American sailing-packet for England; nor, as our trim-built, taught-rigged ship glided through Long Island Sound, could I help gazing with a regretful interest on the Empire-city, which my eyes were beholding probably for the last time. A truce, however, to such gloomy reflections: the freshening wind speedily caught the sails, and ere a couple of hours had elapsed we had lost sight of that immense continent, inhabited by so many millions of people akin to ourselves, and respecting whom so many conflicting opinions have been advanced.

Our homeward voyage had but few incidents worthy of the reader's notice. In a gale of wind that we encountered, our foremast snapped like a reed, and fell with a terrific crash on the deck, but by good fortune only slightly injured one sailor. As for the passengers,

the majority consisted for the most part of young Americans, crossing the Atlantic on a visit to Europe; the residue being Europeans, some of whom were returning—disappointed or dissatisfied with their trip to the Western Continent; and among the latter was a little man, who (as we neared the shores of Old England) most vehemently and perseveringly condemned the whole American nation. I must remark, however, that not a hundredth part of the British, Irish, Scotch, or German emigrants to America (and these in the last twenty years have amounted to *more than two millions!*) ever return: such cases are quite exceptional.

In just twenty days after quitting New York, we sighted British land; and joyful, indeed, were my emotions, when I once more beheld the shores of my native soil, and all dear to me that it contained. My joy was consummated by my safe arrival in London, on one of the last sunny mornings in June, 1856.

XIX.—CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS ON THE UNITED STATES GENERALLY.

The reader will very naturally expect, that after a residence of two years in the United States, I had enjoyed opportunities for arriving at certain definite conclusions respecting the condition and prospects of the country, and its suitableness as a field of labour for

emigrants from Europe, and Great Britain in particular. The last of these subjects I shall dispose of first, as being that most nearly affecting the English reader.

The first question that an intending emigrant should ask himself is—"will my prospects be improved,—and if so, how far,—by making the United States the scene of my future labours?" The answer to this will, of course, involve an examination of the essential attributes of a country suited for emigration. Now, it cannot be denied, that many travellers and writers about America, have greatly agreed in the progress made there in civilization and agriculture, as well as the extension of commercial enterprize, and eulogized, beyond all doubt, the Municipal Governments' good arrangement and great cleanliness of their cities—New York excepted, the port at which four-fifths of the emigrants from Europe arrive; and I maintain that many of the lower and less public streets of the Empire-city, near the wharfs, are as unwholesome and densely populated as the lowest purlieus of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, chiefly by German and Irish emigrants—who, instead of pursuing their way into the interior, content themselves with settling down here, thus crowding the city, with great disadvantage to themselves and to others. This is wholly wrong; and any who think to better their condition by remaining in the Atlantic seaboard cities, unless they be first-rate skilled mechanics, will find themselves miserably deceived. Unmarried men may succeed in gaining

situations there with liberal salaries; but these are quite exceptional cases. In fact, so great is the competition even among Americans themselves, and so vast the influx of candidates for employment from Europe, that the labour-market in the great cities is constantly glutted, and the least depression of trade produces intense distress. Only a few days before sailing for England, I was accosted on the wharf at Boston by a poor Irishman, who, seeing me looking after a vessel, said, with a sigh and an emotion, which I have no doubt was real:—"Oh, sir, how I wish I was going home with your honour!" I asked his reason, and he replied, as I had anticipated, that he had been four months in Boston, and ever since his arrival had found no regular employment; the high price of food, lodging, and clothing, meanwhile, rendering it a matter of difficulty for him to eke out a living at all. I told him that he should at once go into the interior to the Western States; but poor Paddy's answer was simple, but very natural, that his great object had been to get to America, and he was not aware that Boston was not the Promised Land of industry and plenty. He had landed almost penniless on American soil, and had expected that employers would flock round him for his services as plentifully as blackberries in July. Alas, I believe thousands, besides the poor Irishman, have spent their every penny on the sea-voyage, never dreaming of the long and weary journies that they yet must undertake in order to reach the interior either of Canada or

the United States, where alone their labour can meet with a remunerative market. Now the Germans usually manage matters far better; for their custom is to employ an agent in their own country to arrange with the owner of the emigrant ship not only to take them for a given price to one of the Atlantic ports, but also to stipulate that, for a sum paid down at starting, they shall be conveyed, free of further charge, by land-route, railway, or steamer to the exact place of their destination, however great its distance may be. The Irish, in fact, though enthusiastic in their aspirations after the "New Country," too often go thither with little information and yet fewer means. Their poverty, their untidy habits, and their national oddities, cause them to be slighted, despised, and treated as mere drudges, and thus they are often baffled and disappointed at the first outset. Though, as a class, they have done good service to the Americans, in cutting their railroads, &c.,—for without their aid, the great probabilities are, that railway operations would not have so rapidly advanced; as other classes of emigrants generally turn their attention to mechanical businesses, or become tillers of the earth. Few, however, out of the many thousands of Hibernian emigrants, return to the old country, but patiently toil on at any wages they can get, in the hope that ere long a brighter day will dawn. This habit, like most of the Germans, of working for under-wages, however, sets the major part of Americans greatly against them, and, with their religion, operates to make

them, in the eyes of the natives and other settlers, a separate and degraded people. Where, however, they once get settled as agricultural labourers, or otherwise, they become an improved, orderly, and industrious people, except when addicted to the fatal habit of whisky indulgence, when, as a matter of course, they, as their old song says—

> Get drunk, meet their friend,
> And for love knock him down.

The fact cannot be too strongly insisted on, that the interior districts of the United States, and Canada, is the only legitimate field for emigrants — where the Creator gives, with an expansive generosity, his boundless gifts, and where man has only to labour, in order to reap a fair return, and attain ultimate independence. There, indeed, married men with families are better off than bachelors; for children, instead of being a millstone round a man's neck, dragging him down as in England or Ireland, are an assistance and a blessing. Nay, at close of evening, after a hard day's toil, he can thank his maker with sincerity of heart, as he looks at the happy faces around him, that he is in a land where his labour is fairly remunerated—where his earnings are only limited by his own will and power to work, and the proceeds of his honest industry are not mulcted by the tithe-proctor or tax-gatherer. In our own country the artizan and labourer lack incentives to save their surplus earnings; for the low rate of interest

granted by our savings'-banks, and the stringent laws by which such investments are guarded, positively discourage men from putting in the sums they have economized, thus making them careless and improvident—neither knowing or caring what may become of themselves or their families, when they are beyond the age of labour. How much more favourable is his condition in the recently settled towns and villages of the United States and the Canadas, where a labourer or mechanic can purchase plots of land at very low prices, suited to his slender means, and, when in the course of half a dozen years the locality becomes more populated, sell them again at double and treble the original price, thus making a valuable property out of a small original investment. Savings thus employed very rarely indeed fail in producing ample returns, and thus give the poor man an opportunity of bettering his condition and prospects; the result being, that when he sees his twenty dollars become a hundred or so, he feels more confidence and independence of spirit, becomes more and more provident and careful of his growing capital, and strives his utmost, making it the darling object of his ambition, to attain a good and honourable position in society.

That the industry of the American people is exercised on a most gigantic scale is sufficiently apparent from even a superficial glance at their harbours, which teem with ships, sailing under every flag of the civilized world. Their ideas are not confined within the narrow

limits by which the speculations of older nations are circumscribed, but take a wide and expansive view of things, proceeding so speedily to action, that great rivalry and oftentimes competition is a necessary consequence. Some, indeed, say, that our transatlantic cousins go-ahead too fast; but it is very certain, that if they had not been characterized by quick promptitude and indomitable perseverance, they would never have become the great and enterprising people they now are. Their notion at starting seems to have been that they must succeed; and really so bold a thought and resolution were not surprising, when we consider what a breadth of country was before them, and with what extraordinary advantage they entered on their enterprise,—namely, that of choosing any locality they pleased, in a country covering an area of three millions of square miles, and following without let or hindrance this or that calling of life, according as convenience or necessity might suggest. To this latter fact, I can myself bear the strongest testimony, and will add, moreover, that no person in America is obliged to abide permanently by the occupation he has originally taken up, perfect liberty being allowed to every one of turning his attention at will to any branch of industry he may please. In Massachusetts, for instance, I have seen numerous carpenters, who had been in two or three other trades before taking up that; and when I remarked, that a man could scarcely be a good workman without having been brought up to the business, the

reply made to me was—"Oh yes, we can; we turn our hand to anything that comes along: one assists the other, and we do not notice whether a man has been apprenticed seven years to this or that trade; for if we did so, we should have enough to do." This perfect freedom of action, joined with the immensity of the field of their operations, will go far to account for the restlessness of the American character, an illustration of which came under my own notice. A party of young Americans, near Boston, had formed themselves into a band of pioneers for internal immigration, and I was myself strongly enticed to join them by the most tempting pictures of a life of freedom in the Far West. Such occurrences are frequent in all parts of the States.

Another feature of excellence in the United States is the great attention paid to EDUCATION, not only by the establishment of schools maintained at the States' expense, but by the formation of universities, colleges, athenæums, and asylums, both for training up useful and accomplished citizens, and for maintaining them when disabled by disease or calamity from contributing themselves to the public weal. These, I maintain, are circumstances in favour of the Americans that must never be overlooked by an impartial observer of national character. As to the benefit effected by the free schools, the intelligence of the American people generally bespeak its great and good results; and I myself was a witness to its value in the case of Irish and German boys and girls, who seemed to lose nearly

all their national peculiarities, and to become almost identified with the Americans themselves; for never, during my whole stay, did I see any of those ragged little urchins that whine after passengers for alms in the streets of London and Dublin—but in their stead, well-dressed, healthy, independent-looking youths, whom it was a gratification to behold,—a plain proof this, what improvement education can effect in the national character. Mendicity, however, is in no case tolerated in the United States; and it is so severely punished, that few offences of this kind ever occur. In large cities of course there must always be a certain amount of destitution; but most decent persons have that pride that they would, I am convinced, rather starve than beg—especially as there is always work of some temporary kind or another to be procured by all that are in health, and an abundance of hospitals and asylums for the sick and infirm.

In England the middle classes, borne down by taxation and the low prices that are the invariable consequence of great competition, find it a difficult matter to keep up that conventional appearance which belongs to their station, and educate their children in a style suitable to their code of gentility, and in doing so must often abridge their domestic comforts. In America, things are quite different; for though in large cities there must always be conventional manners and classes, the Americans generally, whether natives or naturalized Britons, have an easy and independent bearing of

which the English have no knowledge; and as for plenty, I never saw a table, even in the house of the very poorest, where there was not an abundance of excellent food for every meal. With regard to dress, too, they far surpass us; for no matter how subordinate the position, all dress well; nor could a stranger always tell by the clothes, the difference between a merchant and an artizan—between a lady and her female servant or "help."

This national prosperity exercises, I admit, in some measure an unfavourable influence on many of the rougher and less refined of the American people. For instance, when a number of men are to be paid their week's wages, they will saunter carelessly into the office or counting-house, and when addressed by the employer or manager, will answer somewhat uncouthly, never removing their hats or caps, and showing an independence of demeanour that we should term disrespectful. And why is this?—simply because the operatives consider themselves under no obligation to their employer, who would at once dismiss them, if they did not suit his purpose; and they deem it beneath an American to acknowledge or cringe to a superior. A little more courtesy, and somewhat more of respect for those that employ them, might, methinks, be easily exhibited, without retracting one iota from the independence of their Great Republican Nation.

The independence of thought and action, peculiar to the American character, is rightly considered to be

consequent on that absence of conventionality and class-distinctions that raise so many barriers to free intercourse in England; but it must not be supposed that there are no distinctions of classes, for these must ever exist, where wealth and education make one man to differ from his neighbour. An educated gentleman would never make a companion of a mere labourer, nor a lady be on visiting terms with her milliner or laundress; but still, they can be approached by their humbler fellow-citizens with less of that formality and observance of etiquette which is required in addressing the aristocracy of our own country, Each one, in fact, speaks his mind with candour and decision. The nation is maintained by every individual composing it, and its money scattered among a score of millions, instead of being absorbed by a few hundred monopolists, as in European countries. But few large individual firms exist in America—causing those monopolies that sometimes paralyze trade, and run up prices to fearful heights; for nearly all undertakings of any consequence, for whatever purpose they may be, are formed by companies, made up of shareholders contributing a limited amount according to their means, on the same principle as that set forth by the recent Act of Parliament in England—an Act that has sent that country half-mad in setting up some wild schemes of joint-stock companies; though it does not follow, because a few have failed, that should be a condemnation to the whole; for if a scheme is started of sound principle, and the officers efficient and

honest men, then I contend that amalgamated capital must succeed. In America, I am bound to say, the system of associated capital works extremely well; for most of the companies that I have heard of, give great satisfaction, and pay excellent dividends.

It is evident, however, that unless there be a healthy CURRENCY, and a well-founded system of BANKING, any permanent commercial prosperity must be a mere chimera of the imagination; for mutual confidence and credit form the sole basis of all such transactions. Accounts in America, I scarcely need observe, are kept in dollars, worth about 4s. 2d. English—and in cents or hundredths, worth one half-penny each;* but, unfortunately, four-fifths or even more of the current representatives of value are in paper,—for there are not quite twenty millions sterling of metallic currency to represent three thousand millions of interchanging property,—the rest being in paper, the value of which depends solely on the individual credit of some 800 Limited Liability Joint Stock Banks, possessing a fixed capital, which in a vast number of instances has proved merely imaginary. The total stated capital of all these banks in 1854, was

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* The copper coins are cents and half-cents; the silver—dollars, half-dollars, and dimes (5d. each); the gold—eagles (41s. 8d.), half-eagles, and quarter-eagles. Gold has been much more plentiful since the gold-fields of California have been opened; but silver is very scarce; and hence the use of small notes in vast quantities is almost universal.

£59,600,000, their circulation £35,000,000, and their liabilities £132,000,000; to meet which last, their sole resource is the repayment (or chance thereof) of loans and discounts amounting to some *ninety millions sterling!* The banking of the United States, in fact, has been but in too many cases a delusion, and thought by many to be a fraud as great as the South Sea Bubble, or the railway mania of our own country; and the banks, as they have been managed, may be reckoned among the retarding—not the accelerating causes of the accumulated and fast increasing wealth of America. This unhealthy state of affairs it is that gives their banks the faculty of creating at will a fictitious something that shall command value, thus causing an artificial, unreal excitement, that raises the nominal value of property, and gives to everything an aspect of prosperity, until at length the bubble bursts, business is arrested, and the community is plunged in bankruptcy and distress; nor was that sound American statesman, Mr. Webster, far from the mark, in his memorable speech on the Currency, before Congress, in 1840;—"Of all the contrivances for cheating the labouring classes of mankind, none has been more effectual than that which deludes them with paper-money,—the most effectual invention that could possibly have been devised for fertilizing the rich man's field by the sweat of the poor man's brow; and light, on the nation at large, would be the oppressions of despotic tyranny and excessive taxation compared with those of a fraudulent currency and

depreciated paper." Since the above memorable words were delivered, I apprehend that a progressive reform has taken place in the currency question; for, individually speaking, in the many miles of which I have traversed in America, I never in one instance met with a circumstance wherein my paper money was questioned; true, the major part of it was from the Massachusetts Banks, which are considered as firm and solid as the granite soil on which they stand; but, in discovering California, much of the annoyance of small notes or bills will be dispensed with, for one dollar gold pieces are now making the circuit of the land; and it is to be hoped the time may soon arrive, when the immense yield from the gold fields will, in a great measure, sweep away the much vexed necessity of paper money.

As respects the FINANCES of the United States, the Government revenue is derived, without much recourse to direct taxation (except in time of war), from customs, tonnage-dues, sales of public lands, post-office profits, taxes on patents, dividends on bank-stock, and other miscellaneous sources, amounting to about £12,000 sterling—of which two-thirds or thereabout are expended in salaries, &c., and the remainder either left as a surplus-balance in the Treasury, or employed in extinguishing the Public Debt, which, in 1854, amounted only to about twelve millions sterling,—not one-sixtieth part of the National Debt of the British Empire. This, however, does not include the consolidated debts of the several States, which amount to

some forty millions sterling,—more than half of which are owed by Pennsylvania, Louisiana, New York, Maryland, and Illinois.

With respect to the *Government* of America, when those colonies burst the bond by which they were chained to the parent country, it was prophecied by many gloomy speculators on the future, that a Constitution not supported by aristocratic power and wealthy connexions would speedily fall to the ground; but nearly a century has elapsed since it commenced operations, and it has stood triumphantly every kind of test or ordeal. Thirty-two States, and seven "Territories," now belong to the Union, and the more sanguine of their politicians expect yet further additions. What will be done with Kansas, however, and how far the quarrels respecting it between the Northern and Southern States are likely to interfere with the Union, it requires a wiser person than myself to form an opinion. The colonists of Kansas, backed by the Northern States, desire to enter the Union on anti-slavery principles, while the Southerners desire to retain it as their own—a slave state—whereupon a civil war commences, and the result is as yet undecided. The only fear is, that the widening gulf between the political opinions of the Northern and Southern States may, in the end, cause divisions that can only be terminated by their complete separation.

Having thus given a succinct view of the present state of politics in America, I shall venture to offer a

few remarks on the *Slavery question.* America, some hold, would have been a glorious, an almost perfect nation, but for the curse of slavery; but then the slave-holders say in return, that the curse—if it be one—was an inheritance from the old country, and should have been crushed at the time of the Declaration of Independence—not allowed to live on and attain a gigantic power that defies all opposition. What is the remedy? The immediate manumission of three millions of slaves would be an act of downright insanity, that would plunge the Southern States, even if they could be brought to consent to such a measure, in bankruptcy, ruin, and anarchy. A gradual removal, then, of this unhappy plague-spot is the only feasible alternative; and what I would suggest is, that from the present time, or the passing of an Act of Congress for the purpose, all coloured persons born in any part of the United States should be *free*, and allowed to enjoy the same civil rights and privileges as the white populaton; those already born, and in a condition of slavery, should be permitted the right of working out their freedom by a stipulated amount of labour, if born on their owner's estate; or by earning the purchase-money, if bought in a slave market; and at the same time, plans of education should be enforced in all the Slave States, especially for the young negroes, to prepare the people for the proper use of the liberty to which they are to be admitted.

It is to be feared, however, that no such happy

consummation will ever be arrived at; nor do I think that all the eloquence of advocacy, and the vast sums spent by the New Englanders in denouncing slavery, will ever convince the people of the South, either of the wrong itself, or of their sincerity in urging its abolition. Example, there is no doubt, goes further than precept in such a question;—and it would be well, if those who look so piteously on slavery, and conjure up, like Mrs. Beecher Stowe and others, such harrowing scenes to enlist the sympathies of their country, would themselves show a little charity towards their sable brethren, and not exclude them, like lepers, from society. The places of amusement (except in some out-of-the-way gallery), the tables at hotels, the public conveyances, nay, even the houses of prayer, frequented by the white American, are shut against the negroes; — nay, so inveterate is the prejudice against them, that white children will shun little curly-headed niggers in the street, as if the very sight of them were pollution, and as for sitting down in the same school-room with them, the idea would be preposterous. Thus, in fact, the coloured population in Northern Cities, though free, are as much under a bane, as if they were labouring in the cotton-plantations of Louisiana; and, until the Abolitionists set about reforming themselves in this particular, they are only injuring the cause and the race that they are professing to serve. If the black people are to be set free, let them be treated as brethren with the same rights, capacities, and responsibilities as

the white population;—to advocate abolition on any lower principle than this, is a delusion and a fraud,—an insult to the common-sense of the whole civilized world.

The *climate* of North America, I believe, has hindered many from venturing out thither, as settlers; and I will admit that the great extremes of heat and cold are very trying and injurious to new-comers. I can speak feelingly of the extreme languor and debility brought on by the heat of summer. Not only strangers, but even Americans themselves lose flesh considerably at that season, and I felt a lassitude—*ennui*—and want of appetite that was far from agreeable;—and the same remark applies to the summer of Canada. Of course, however, some temperaments suffer less than others under these circumstances; and, as a matter of course, the north is not by many degrees so hot as the south. One point, at any rate, in favour of America is the dryness of its atmosphere. Fogs and mists are almost unknown, except in swampy places; and on inquiring the reason I was informed, that the Westerly winds, which prevail on that Continent, lose their dampness from the ocean, in travelling over so many hundred miles of land, before they reach the Eastern States. As for myself, I reached America early in November, which I am told is the best month for a new-comer, as the weather is then pretty calm, and only moderately cold—not so intensely severe as a month or two later:—the winter, however, is, on the whole, to those who are active and warmly clad, one of the pleasantest seasons in the year.

Strangers should, by all means, avoid landing in America during the hot season, as it is highly dangerous; and I would equally caution persons against travelling about the United States and Canada in the scorching heats of June, July, and August, as a fever or a sun-stroke might be the consequence. In a large country, like America, it is idle to suppose that there is only one climate—for there are many; not only greatly differing from each other, but often exhibiting the most remarkable contrasts. The Northern and Middle States, especially in the interior, may be described as having, on the whole, a healthy climate; but on the low flats of Louisiana, and the immense plains bordering on and overflowed by the Mississippi and its almost countless tributaries, all the diseases engendered by miasma prevail, and show their presence by the debilitated frames and sallow looks of the inhabitants.

On the prejudices of Americans towards Europeans, and especially the English, I have already sufficiently remarked; but those narrow-minded views are not entertained by the more reflective classes. They are, as I have observed, somewhat cautious in making acquaintance with Englishmen; for so many rogues and adventurers have sought a refuge there, that such wariness has become absolutely necessary. Once assured, however, that the new-comer is respectable and well-intentioned, they will speedily relax their frigidity, and receive him with genuine, warm hospitality. Still there are some individuals, in England

as well as America, who would only be too glad to avail themselves of any misunderstanding between the two countries, in order to widen the breach and bring on hostilities. I incline, however, to the belief, that such persons will find themselves disappointed; for the interests, political and commercial, of the two countries are too nearly united to admit the probability of any such rupture. The noble act, too, of the American Government in refitting the British discovery-ship, *Resolute*, and restoring her wholly seaworthy to the Queen of England, in person, is a proof at any rate that the Executive of the United States entertain a friendly regard for Great Britain. May such interchanges of fraternal kindness and regard be often repeated; and may no jealousies or heart-burnings ever be allowed to separate nations that speak the same language—claim the same origin—are equal with us in the love of liberty, the patronage of literature, the arts and sciences; and, like us, are fulfilling their great mission of civilizing and elevating the human family by the spread of knowledge, which is—Power.

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